

THE TEN TRAGEDIES OF SENECA

THE TEN TRAGEDIES
OF
SENECA

WITH NOTES

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH PROSE
AS EQUIVALENTLY AS THE IDIOMS OF BOTH
LANGUAGES PERMIT

BY
WATSON BRADSHAW M.D. R.N.
Formerly Staff Surgeon — 1857

Ἄορδα γρηγείν εἶδεν αἰσὶς



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DEDICATED

TO MY DAUGHTER HOPING

P R E F A C E

L A N T I Q U E S S E N E C A the author of the following Tragedies was born 6 years A C and was a native of Corduba in Spain At an early age he was distinguished by his extraordinary talents according to Lemprière and was taught eloquence by his father and received lessons in philosophy from the best and most celebrated Stoics of the age He was appointed by Agrippina the fourth wife of Claudius as the tutor of her son Nero who sentenced him to destroy himself and he is said to have remarked that such a mandate was quite in harmony with the truculent character of the man who murdered his own mother (see Octavia) I pay no sort of heed to the various aspersions that have been levelled at the character of Seneca as a renowned poet for the best of men in all ages have come in for their share of popular abuse and have been made the targets for the poisoned arrows of their calumniators, for further information concerning the life of Seneca I refer my readers to Lemprière from whose pages the foregoing remarks have been quoted The function which I have assumed is to do the greatest justice to his tragedies as a Translator

I have been so long favorably impressed with the force beauty and artistic skill as portrayed in the Tragedies of Seneca as to be convinced that a great loss has been sustained at the hands of many who would have fully appreciated the labors of that admirable poet presumedly because they have never been presented to the reading world in a suitable English form

They have been translated in various continental languages within the last century but an English reader unacquainted with such tongues would be quite at sea in

comprehending them, or of availing himself in estimating the striking beauties of that Poet. They were done in 1581 by several hands, but in very inadequate verse, as also 4 Tragedies, by Sir Edward Sherburne, in 1702, and a perusal of the latter will be an ample justification of my unmitigated objection to verse translations of any Latin or Greek author, especially if he should belong to the genus "Poet." I have done my utmost to transform these Tragedies into impressive readable English, without detracting from the original material, and as far as it is possible, when translating one language into another, owing to idiomatic difficulties. I am sanguine that they will be universally admired for their intrinsic merits, and as they have never been offered in an English form, the public, the enlightened portion too, have been kept in absolute ignorance of their dramatic pretensions. It has been a work of considerable labor, but I shall consider myself amply compensated for the same, if they are destined to afford that satisfaction to the reader, which I have every hope they will fully command at his hands, and that they will, moreover, bear reading and re-reading.

Seneca, as before stated, was appointed tutor to Nero, by Agrippina, fourth wife of Claudius Caesar, but all the sound precepts which he had inculcated upon the mind of his pupil were entirely ignored as soon as that maricidal tyrant gained power, and he was commanded to destroy himself, on the discovery of Piso's conspiracy, and after taking poison and opening his veins to no effect, he was suffocated in a warm bath. He ranked very highly as a Poet, Moralist and Philosopher, and has bequeathed to posterity much admirable literature. His Latinity was chaste and unaffected and a reflex of his own modest and unassuming *morale*. Amongst the rest of his useful and enlightening productions, he has handed down the unsurpassable Tragedies, which form the subject of the present volume.

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HERCULES

FURENS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JUNO
HERCULES
IACUS
MEGARA

AMPHITRION
THESEUS
CHORUS THESSALICUS

ARGUMENTUM

IACUS a Creonte Herculis socius rep-
in exilium missus, absente iam Hec-
Eurysthei iussu peteret Cerberum (sub
detentum, qui cum Pirithoon descendit
pinam, liberavit) occasionem oblatam
Creonte cum duobus filiis et fo-
Megaram Herculis uxorem ad imper-
parat. Opportune reversus Hercules
fractiois, interficit hec tum scilicet
immutat illi furorem quo correptus
interficit. Quod ubi ad se reversus in-
vix Amphitrionis atque Thesei precibus
inferret cum Theseo Athenis purgand-

ACTUS PRIMUS

JUNO sola

Juno Jovis furta, pellices, nothos, Herculem autem maxime
stomachatur qui ab inferis reversus obiecta
infamia uxorem & liberos occidit

SOROR Tonantis (hoc enim solum mihi
Nomen relictum est) semper alienum Jovem,
Ac templa summi vidua deserui ætheris,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JUNO
HERCULES
LYCUS
MEGARA

AMPHITRYON
THESEUS
CHORUS OF THEBANS

ARGUMENT

Lycus being exiled for his crimes by Creon the father in law of Hercules and king of Thebes, Hercules being at that time away in the Infernal Regions whither he had gone to seek out Cerberus at the instigation of Eurystheus here he found Theseus who had made a descent into the regions of Pluto in company of Pirithous with the intention of carrying off Proserpine, bound in chains—Lycus seizes his opportunity and aided by conspirators slays Creon together with his two sons and usurps the Kingdom of Thebes—He then solicits Megara the wife of Hercules to marry him and prepares to resist any refusal on her part—Hercules luckily returning slays Lycus and those involved in the conspiracy Juno not viewing these deeds with approval throws Hercules into a state of delirium during a paroxysm of which he slays his own wife and children Subsequently when he becomes restored to his senses and owing to his intolerance of the anguish which he suffered he was prevailed on though with difficulty to yield to the entreaties of Amphitryon and Theseus not to lay violent hands on himself and accepted the alternative of setting out for Athens in company with Theseus with the view of atoning for his mad acts

ACT I

JUNO (*alone*)

Juno waxes wrath at the furtive amours of Jupiter his concubines and bastard offspring and is very angry about the successes of Hercules who on his return from the Infernal Regions being thrown by Juno into a state of frenzy slays his wife and children

As Sister of Thundering Jove for that distinction is the only one now remaining to me but as widow anon I have quitted the palatial temples of lofty Olympus and the marriage couch of the ever faithless Jupiter and thus banishing myself I have rendered up

Locumque, crelo pulsa, pellicibus ardi
 Tellus colenda est pellices eolum tenent
 Hinc, Arcios alta parte glaciis, poli
 Sublime classes sidus Argolicas arit
 Hinc, qua repenti vere bratur di s,
 Tyrie per undas vector Europi nitet
 Illinc, tumendum ratibus ac ponto pregem
 Passim vagantes exseruat Atlantide
 Ferro minaci hinc terret Orion Deo
 Suasque Perseus rureis stella habet
 Hinc, clara gemini signa Iudicandi mueri
 Quibusque natis mobilis tellus flect
 Nec ipse tantum Brechu aut Bacchi patra
 Adhere superos ne qua par probro vlet
 Mundus puclle fecta Gnosfraci ferit
 Sed vetera querimus una me dira ac fira
 Thebrina nuribus sparsa tellus impu
 Quoties noceram fecit descendit hiet
 Meumque victrix tenent Alcmene locum,
 Præterque natus astra promissi occu, et
 In cujus ortus mundus impendit diem,
 Tardusque Loo Phæbus effuluit mari
 Retinere mersum iussus Oceanio iubar
 Non sic abibunt odia vires æget
 Violentus iras animus, & fixus dolor
 Aterna belli pæce sublata gerat
 Quæ bella quidquid horridum tellus creat
 Inimica, quidquid pontus aut æter tulit
 Terribile, dirum, pestilens atrox, ferum
 Fractum atque domitum est superat, & crescit malis.

my quondam throne to my husband's concubines! Hence forth, the Earth must be my place of habitation, whilst those immoral tenants will possess Heaven, once my lawful abode! From one part of the sky (the Northern Heavens) that lofty constellation Arctos is guiding the Grecian fleets, as it shines in the elevated regions of the ice cold polar firmament, in another part (the Southern Heavens) where the duration of the day is lengthened and the warming influence of the spring is experienced, Taurus (the second sign of the Zodiac) the bearer of the Tyrian captive, Europa, across the waves, is shining in all his radiance—At a greater distance off (the Eastern Heavens) the Atlantides, wandering erratically, show themselves as a group of constellations universally to be dreaded by the various crafts as they traverse the watery main, fearing the threatening tempests, Orion, yonder, too, scares the Gods themselves with his angry and flaming sword, and Perseus has in his retinue of golden stars (26) (commemorative of the shower in which Jupiter embraced his

Mother Danae) In another part of the Heavens the Twin Tyndaridæ Castor and Pollux shine forth as brilliant constellations (and Juno gazing earthwards espies the refuge land of Latona when pursued by the Python which became the birth place of Apollo and Diana) for the security of which children Delos hitherto a floating island (tossed hither and thither by the tempestuous waves — sometimes above the water's surface and at other times submerged) became at last firmly fixed and acquired a solid foundation—(Neptune out of pity for the sufferings of Latona having struck it with his trident) Not only does Bacchus but his mother even (Semele) consorts with the Gods above and lest anything should be wanting to confirm all this opprobrium the heavens ostentatiously parade the coronet of that Gnosian wench Ariadne! But I complain moreover of still more chronic grievances—one too cruel and dreadful to relate that the Theban land should so abound in infamous step daughters every time it has been ordained that I should be made a step-mother! It is permitted too that Alcmena my triumphant rival should ascend and usurp my very throne whilst no less her son should eventually take possession of the promised constellation—he at whose birth the world lost an entire day (one day short in the calendar of time) and Phœbus having been commanded to slacken the progress of his chariot illumined the sea with a day star and shed his diurnal rays into the ocean's bosom! (thus there were three consecutive nights) After all this can my anger be made to cease and will not my insulted nature give way to violent rage and my cruel grief urge me on still more to wage perpetual warfare all prospects of a truce being entirely out of the question! But why do I speak in that grandiose way of wars What can possibly be brought about? For whatever horrible visitations that a hostile earth could devise whatever the sea or air has ever brought into existence—whatever has partaken of the terrible—whatever dreadful calamities—whatsoever of a pestilential character and whatsoever has savoured of the cruel and atrocious (Juno here alludes to the Bull the Scorpion the Giants the Crab the Hydra and the Stymphalides) every thing has been disabled or subdued by Hercules—he conquers every thing in his path and he increases in his capabilities as his obstacles become more difficult! He derives only profit from my anger and whilst I might appear to be austere in my commands he is simply turning my hatred into his own glorification I have however fully settled the question as to his paternal origin (Jupiter) and it is I who have been throwing in his way all this time the opportunities

Inque nostra fruitui in laudes suas
 Mea vertit odia dum nimis sæva impero, 35
 Patrem probavi gloriæ feci locum
 Qua Sol reducens, quaque deponens diem,
 Binos propinqua tingit Æthiops face,
 Indomita virtus colitur, & toto Deus
 Narratur orbe Monstra jam defunt mihi, 40
 Minorque labor est Herculi iussa exsequi,
 Quam mihi jubere lætus imperia excipit
 Quæ seia tyranni iussa violento queant
 Nocere juveni³ nempe pro telis gerit,
 Quæ timuit, & quæ fudit armatus venit 45
 Leone & hydra Nec satis teræ patent
 Effregit ecce limen inferni Jovis,
 Et opima victi regis ad superos refert
 Parum est reverti fœdus Umbrarum perit
 Vidi ipsa, vidi nocte discussa inferum, 50
 Et Dite domito, spolia jactantem patii
 Fraternal cur non victum & oppressum trahit
 Ipsum catenis paria fortitum Jovi³
 Ereboque capto potitur, & reteggit Styga³
 Patrefacta ab imis Manibus retro via est, 55
 Et sacra dire Mortis in aperto jacent
 At ille, rupto carcere Umbiarum, ferox
 De me triumphat, & superbifica manu
 Atrum per urbes ducit Argolicas cinem
 Viso labantem Cerbero vidi diem, 60
 Pavidumque solem me quoque invasit tremor,
 Et terna monstri colla devicti intuens,
 Timui imperasse Levia sed nimium queior,
 Cœlo timendum est, regna ne summa occupet,
 Qui vicit imæ sceptrâ præripit patri 65
 Nec in astra lenta veniet, ut Bacchus, via
 Itei ruinâ quæret, & vacuo volet
 Regnare mundo Robore experto tumet,

for gaining his renown! Wherever Phœbus rises, or wherever he sets in those regions, where he deeply tans the two Ethiopian races, with the nearness of his fierce rays (see note at end), his indomitable valor is held up as an object of veneration, indeed he is spoken of as a God, all over the Earth! There are no monsters, no difficulties now, for him to encounter, for it is less a labor for Hercules to execute my commands, than it is for me to issue them—he undertakes his labor with an air of joy and triumph! What truculent mandate of the tyrant Eurystheus can redound with injury to this violent youth arising out of its execution? For he actually re-inforces his strength with them as weapons, those very things which at first, somewhat disconcerted him, but which neverthe-

less he finally subdued—he salhes forth forsooth furnished
 with mementoes of the Nemean Lion and the formidable
 Hydra Nor is this earth considered by him an arena suffi-
 ciently
 terror
 that e
 Cerber

rejoins the living beings on the earth above but his
 having returned from the regions of Pluto is only a
 trifling matter to be alluded to for he actually violates
 the established agreement as regards the exclusive domi-
 nion over the Manes entered into with his brothers
 Jupiter and Neptune I myself have seen him positively
 seen him with my own eyes after he had dispersed the
 darkness of the infernal regions and after Pluto had been
 brought into subjection boastingly displaying to his father
 the spoils which had been taken from that father's brother!
 Why! I wonder why he did not drag Pluto along as
 well conquered and beaten down and held in chains!
 the one too who claims equal rights in his own Kingdom
 to those possessed by his brother in his! Holding Erebus
 captive he had the Stygian Kingdom entirely in his power
 and he lays bare all the mysteries thereof! And the path
 from the abode of the Manes towards the earth has been
 brought into view and the solemn secrets of sad mortality
 revealed! But having burst open the prisons of the dead
 he savagely triumphs over me and drags with haughty
 display the frightful Cerberus through the cities of Argos
 —I have actually seen the bright day grow dim at the
 sight of Cerberus and Phœbus himself tremble at his
 aspect! A tremor indeed comes across myself in as
 much as casting my eyes in his direction I have had
 misgivings as to my prudence in having urged on my
 commands respecting that three headed monster Yet
 I am complaining now only of trifles! But we must
 now be apprehensive for the safety of Heaven itself as
 he who so easily subdued the Kingdom below will aspire
 to occupy the regions above! He will seize in short on
 his own father's sceptre! Nor will his passage towards
 heaven be effected so quietly as Bacchus made his
 Hercules will push his way by causing the utter downfall
 of every obstacle that obstructs his path and he will do
 his best to find the heavens deserted by the Gods and
 empty to his grasp! He swells out with puffed up pride
 now that he has discovered his own strength and capa-
 bilities And judging from what he has already achieved
 he fancies that he can subdue heaven by his own unaided
 strength! It is true that he has borne the heavens above
 his head nor has the difficulty of raising such an immense

Et posse cælum viribus vinci tuis	
Didicit ferendo subdidit mundo caput	70
Nec flexit humeros molis immensi labor,	
Mediusque collo sedit Hercules polus	
Immotæ cævis sidera & cælum titit	
Et me premeantem Quirit ad superos viri	
Perge ira, perge & magna meditatum opus	75
Congredere, manibus ipsa discere tu	
Quid tanta mandata odia discedant fer	
Ipsi imperando fessus Iuristher vice	
Iturus viros rumpere imperium Jovis	
Emitte Sæculi verticis Iura specum	80
Fellus gigante Doris excusso tremen	
Supposita monstri colla terrificet levet	
Sublimis alias Luna concepit feras	
Sed vicit ista Quæris Alcida præm	
Nemo est nisi ipse belli jam secum per	85
Adhuc ab imo Iulius fundo excite	
Eumenides ignem flammæ spargant com	
Viperæ fæva verbera mutant manus	
I nunc superbe, colitum sedes pæ	
Humana temne jam Styga & Manes feros	90
Fugisse credis hinc tibi ostendam inferos	
Revocabo in alta conditam caligine	
Ultra nocentum exsilia discordem Deam	
Quam munit ingens montis oppositi specus	
Educam, & imo Ditis e regno extraham	95
Quidquid relictum est venit invisum Sæclis	
Suumque lambens sanguinem Impictas ferox	
Eriorque, & in se semper armatus Iuror	
Hoc hoc ministro noster utatur dolor	
Incipite, simulæ Ditis ardentem incite	100
Concutite pinum & agmen horrendum anguibus	
Megera ducit, atque luctificet manu	
Vistam rogo flagrantem corripit trabem	
Hoc agite pœnis petite violatæ Stygis	
Concutite pectus ærior mentem excoquat	105

mass in the least impaired his powerful shoulders, and the sky even has rested on the middle of his immense neck, this neck, without yielding, has sustained the weight of the stars and firmament containing them, and myself pressing down as well with all my force, and yet, knowing all this, I persevere in testing his capabilities further. He is seeking the way, though, to Heaven, therefore let me persevere with my wrathful work, I say—let me still persevere, and let me stop him, who contemplates such extravagant designs—let me dispute his progress—Oh, Juno! Juno! destroy him piecemeal rather with thine own hands! Why dost thou indulge in these odious mandates? Give up all idea about the wild Beasts and

Monsters! For Eurystheus himself will soon be tired out in enforcing other commands, let me rather send forth the Titans who once had the audacity themselves to invade the realms of Jupiter! Lay bare if you like the cavernous interior of the Sicilian Vortex (*Ætna*) and the land of Doris which already trembles with every movement of the Giant Enceladus will then materially relieve the pressure now exerted on the terrific monster now lying underneath it (by being opened up it will relieve the giant somewhat) Will lofty Phœbe think of some fresh wild Beast or new Monster hitherto unknown on this earth? No! she will say for he has overcome them all such as I have to do with (*The Nemæan Lion* the ancients thought fell from the Moon) Are you she will say seeking for any one to come forward as the equal of Alcides? Why! there can be no one his equal but himself then let him in some manner or other make war with himself! Let the Eumenides (*Furies*) be stirred to action and appear on the scene from the remotest depths of Tartarus their flaming locks will scatter broadcast their hideous fires (torches) and their savage hands shall strike their viperous blows! Go if you like oh! thou puffed up man and seek out the habitations of heavenly tenants and henceforth look disdain fully upon mere human belongings but do you really persuade yourself that you have done with the Styx and the Manes after all your ferocity! I will show you here on earth things yet more terrible than ever you beheld in the regions below—I will invoke the Goddess Discord who hides down deep in the lowest regions of darkness beyond the prisons where the wicked are banished and whom a huge cavern in a mountain opposite protects in solemn seclusion and I will rake up from the domains of Pluto and the remotest parts thereof everything that is left in it of a hellish character to favor my ends! Odious crimes shall enter on the scene and raging Impiety madly lapping up its own blood (*Parricidal* and *Fratricidal* slaughter) mental wandering (hallucinations) and raving madness (this is what Juno has had in store for Hercules) which is always armed against the objects themselves that are afflicted within (in reference to the way, in which madmen are dangerous to themselves as well as to others) Oh! ye Furies ye servile throng of Pluto's begin with this—yes! let my angered mind turn to account this instrument of my wrath as the means of wreaking my vengeance—hasten then and brandish the burning torches (pine stems) and Megæra shall lead on the terror striking troop with their horrible serpents and I require that they will with their griefspreading hands seize the terror producing torches

Quam qui criminis ignis Æthereis fuit
 Ut possit animo captus Alcides igit,
 Magno furore percitus, nobis prius
 Infamendum est Juno, cui nondum furis
 Me, me, sorores mente dejectam mea 110
 Versate puerum, facere si quidquam apparo
 Dignum noverca jam odii mutentur mea
 Natos reuersus viderit incolumes, precor,
 Manuque sortis redert inveni diem,
 Inuisa quo nos Herculis virtus iuvet 115
 Me pariter & se vincat, & cupiat mori
 Ab inferis reuersus heic prosit mihi,
 Iove esse genitum serbo, & ut certo creant
 Emissa nervo telus, libero manum
 Regam fuientis arma pugnanti Herculi 120
 Tandem favebo scelere perfecto, licet
 Admittat illas genitor in cœlum manus
 Movenda jam sunt bella, clarescit dies
 Oituque Titan lucidus croceo subit

CHORUS THEBANORUM

Chorus e Thebanis & descriptione ortus diei, magnitudo curæ
 studique duntaxat, Herculem iudicare in liberos
 subeundis traxat, vite denique humilis luctat
 tranquillitatem optatque

JAM iara micant sidera prono 125
 Languida mundo non victa iugos
 Contrahit ignes luce renata
 Cogit nitidum Phosphoros agmen
 Signum celsi glaciale poli
 Septem stellis Alcides urse 130
 Lucem verso temone vocant
 Jam cœruleis evectus equis
 Titan summa prospicit Cœta

from the burning pile—Do all this in earnest, I say, seek
 for adequate punishment, for the violation of the Stygian
 Realms Exhaust all to that end, and for my own part,
 let a more ardent fire stir up my revengeful soul than
 anything that ever yet raged or came forth from the
 summits of Ætna—and in order that Alcides, stirred up

with intensest madness shall be duly brought under my influence methinks I should first become maddened myself! Juno! Juno! Why art thou not already at rage's height? Oh ye sisters (Furies) exercise your skill upon me transform me that I may be disposed of my ordinary (healthy) mind if I am to prepare myself for the execution of any scheme worthy of an angered step-mother!—I let my hatred even be diverted into a fresh channel—I let me then pray that on his return Hercules may see his sons in health and safety and may he come back to us strong in his mighty arm! I have really arrived at that day on which the odious strength of Hercules will be of assistance to me! I can tolerate his conquering me so long as he is conquered himself as well (Juno here alludes to the slaughter of his wife and sons during his madness *in prospectu*) and may he wish when he returns from the infernal regions for death itself! Under these circumstances it will be a source of gain to me that he is really the veritable son of Jupiter! I stipulate firmly however that the arrows which are sent forth from his bow shall be directed with a sure aim and steady nerve—I will poise his hand myself! I will preside over the movements of the raging combatant—I shall literally at last be espousing the very cause of Hercules in thus inflaming his warlike spirit! And when the crime is carried out to my satisfaction (laughing his wife and two sons) let his father forthwith admit him into Olympus with his hands stained and reeking with their guilty work. Now then for war! Operations must begin! The light of day is beginning to show itself and bright Ixion enters upon the scene with all his nascent glory in the saffron tinted Eastern Horizon

CHORUS OF THEBANS

The Chorus of Thebans beginning with a description of the dawn of day alludes to the manners and customs of the times condemning the pursuits and undertakings of the nobles—They reprove Hercules for his audacity in the attempting of his various labors and finally extol and sigh for that tranquillity which is only to be realized by leading a retired life.

BEHOLD! The stars now scarcely perceptible are shining but feebly in the setting sky and night drawing in slowly calls together the scattered luminaries (planets) Phosphorus too disbands her shining retinue at the approach of the newly born day—The

Jam Cadmeis inclyta Bacchis Aspera die dumeta iubent	135
Phœbique fugit reditura fori Labor exitus durus, & omnes	
Agitat curas, aperitque domos Pastor gelida cana pruina	
Grege dimisso pabula curpit Ludit prato liber aperto	140
Nondum rupta fronte juvencus Vacuæ respirant ubera matres	
Errat cursu levis incerto Molli petulans hædus in herba	145
Pendet summo stridula ramo, Pennasque novo tradere soli	
Gessit querulos inter nidos Phœria pellex, turbaque cucu	
Confusa sonat, mimumre mixto Testatur diem carbasa ventis	150
Credit, dubius navita vitæ, Laxos aura complente sinus	
Hic exilis pendens scopulis, Aut deceptos instruit hîmos,	155
Aut suspensus spectat pressa Præmia dextra sentit tremulum	
Linea piscem Hæc, innocuæ quibus est vitæ	
Tranquilla quies, & læta suo Parvoque domus, spes & in agris	160
Turbine magno spes sollicitæ Urbibus errant, trepidique metus	
Ille superbos aditus regum, Durasque fores, expers somni,	165
Colit hic nullo fine beatus Componit opes, gazis inhians,	
Et congesto pauper in aula est Illum populi favor attonitum,	
Fluctuque magis mobile vulgus Aura tumidum tollit inani	170
Hic clamosi rabiosa fori Jurgia vendens improbus, iras	
Et verba locat Novit paucos Secura quies qui velocis	175
Memores ævi, tempora nunquam Reditura tenent Dum fata sinunt,	

Arcadian Bears, with their seven stars, the Northern sign-
posts of the distant Pole, invoke the coming light as the
Chariot of Phœbus reverses its direction! Behold! Titan
rises from the azure waters with his steeds refreshed
thereby as he brings into view the summits of Cæta—
now with welcome day—The groves scattered everywhere

display their verdancy whilst the scene is opened with the Bacchic revels and bright Phœbe the sister of Phœbus steals away only (to repeat the story of her birth) to return to us again! Hard toil is now demanded of man and he busies himself with his manifold concerns and the light of day reveals the nakedness of many a homestead! The shepherd having driven away his herds gathers as a reserve the scanty produce rendered cold and crisp by the hoar frost—The young bull with its rudimentary horns (the superjacent cuticle not yet broken through) scampers with wild freedom over the open mead—The mothers deprived of their milk seek to replenish their exhausted udders—the lustful goat wanders nimbly with uncertain destination over the velvety sod—The Thracian nightingale (Philomela) perched on a topmost branch gives forth her plaintive notes and longs to test her wings in sight of rising Sol and busies herself with the affairs of her nest—in gleefully ministering to the wants of her clamorous progeny—and the confusion of
of
of
of
his

set sails—Then another man a fisherman resting on the wave indented rock is engaged either in baiting afresh his unsuccessful hook or all anxiety beholds in mental prospect the reward of his patience already grasped in his right hand whilst he is really only made conscious that a struggling fish is doing its best to slip away from his line! The following things are of value to a man the tranquil quiet of an innocent life and a home which is satisfied with its
with hope to the
themselves in city
trembling fears—
proach the dwellings of kin
of access will assuredly
reward—he who lays up
summum bonum of happiness panting for further wealth is altogether a pauper nevertheless with all his coffers containing their accumulated gold! Popularity bewilders one man and sets him entirely beside himself and the ignoble herd more fickle than the passing waves captivate his elated imagination with their hollow applause! and surely that man is a knavish rascal who amidst the fierce strife of the noisy forum sells at a price as he would merchandize his stinging denunciations or honeyed eloquence (as the case might be) merely to gain verdicts for his litigious clients! Uninterrupted serenity is a

Vivite læti properat cursu
 Vita citato, volucrique die
 Rotæ præcipitis vertitur anni
 Dura peragunt pensa Sorores,
 Nec sur relinquit fila revolvunt
 At gens hominum fertur rapidis
 Obvia satis, incerta sur-
 Stygias ultro querimus undas
 Nimmum, Alcide, pectore forti
 Properas mæstos visere Manes
 Certo veniunt ordine Parci
 Nulli jussu cessare licet
 Nulli scriptum proficere diem
 Recipit populos urna citatos
 Alium multis gloria terris
 Prædat & omneis fama per urbes
 Garrula ludet, caloque parcm
 Tollat & astris alius curru
 Sublimis erit me mæra tellus
 Lare secreto tutoque tegit
 Venit ad pigros curæ sanctus
 Humilique loco, sed certa sedet
 Sordida parvæ fortuna domus
 Alte virtus animosa erudit
 Sed mæstra venit crine soluto
 Megara, parvum comitata gregem
 Tardusque senio graditur Alcide prærens

ACTUS SECUNDUS

MEGARA, AMPHITRYON

Megara absentem Hæculis desset enumeratis ipsius crummi-
 Iyci vim & insolentiam conqueritur Despondentem
 animum Megaram & desperantem consolatur
 Amphitryon

MLG **O** MAGNE Olympi rector, & mundi arbiter,
 Jam statue tandem gravibus crummi modum,
 Finemque cladi nulla lux unquam mihi

stranger to few except those who, mindful of the fleeting-
 ness of time, pass their lives profitably, as if they can
 never expect them to return! Whilst the Fates permit,
 lead your lives with a joyful heart—Life hastens along
 with a quickened stride, and the revolution of the year is

only precipitated by each flying day The obdurate Parca perform their allotted tasks nor do they ever unwind the threads they have once woven, but the race of mankind at large is borne forward to meet its rapid destiny uncertain of what that fatal urn may declare whilst we are only seeking carelessly as it were the Stygian Streams! Oh! Alcides do not with your stout heart hasten too eagerly to visit the sadness-ridden Mines! The Parcae come on the appointed day with certain precision it is not allowed for them to cease from their ordained task at any command or to publish the prescribed term of life at any bidding—the fatal urn receives only those whose lots are enrolled therein—Glory attends one man in many lands and busy fame prunes throughout all the cities of the world and raises him equally to Heaven and the Stars! Another is borne aloft in chariot triumphant May our own land then protect us surrounded by our own Fires and Penates in security! Grey old age quickly overtakes the weak but moderate means in a small habitation ensures safety and puts one out of harms way—whilst wealth unassured in this manner is always a doubtful possession Sublime heroism tells heavily when once it begins to totter—But Megara with a look of sadness is now approaching her locks hanging down loosely accompanied by her family of little ones and the father of Hercules Amphytrion follows her but with his gait rendered slow through the advances of old age

ACT II

MEGARA—AMPHYTRION

Megara bewails the absence of Hercules in enumerating her troubles—she complains of the violence and insolence of Lycus Amphytrion pities the despondent state of Megara's mind and tenders her consolation in her despair

MEGARA

O H! Monarch of mighty Olympus and arbiter of the world's destinies by this time decree a remedy for my grievous sufferings and vouchsafe an end to these misfortunes for never does there arrive a day which affords me the slightest security from one trouble or another,

Secura fulsit finis alterius mali
 Gradus est futuri protenus reduci novu
 Paratum hostis, antequam latum domum
 Contingat aliud iussus ad bellum meri
 Nec ulla requies tempus aut ullum datur
 Nisi dum iubetur sequitur a primo statum
 Insestra Juno numquid immunis fuit
 Infantis et monstrum superavit prius
 Quam nosse posset gemina cristati caput
 Angues ferebant ora quos contra obvium
 Reptavit infans, igneos serpentium
 Oculos remisso lumine ac placido intuen
 Arctos serenis vultibus nodos tulit.
 Et tumida tenebra guttura clidens manu,
 Prolusit hydra Murali pernix fera
 Multo decorum praeferens auro caput
 Deprensa cursu est maximus Nemea tumor
 Gemuit haecertis pressus Herculeis leo
 Quid strubula memorem dira lustrorum gregis
 Suisque regem praeulum armentis datum
 Solitumque densis hispidum Irymanthi jugi
 Arcadia quater nemora Muralium suum
 Trurumque centum non levem populis metum
 Inter remotos gentis Hesperiae greges
 Pastor triformis litoris Irtessu
 Peremptus, et praeda ab Occasu ultimo
 Notum Cithireron praeit Oceanus pectus
 Penetrare iussus Solis aestivi plagas
 Et adusta medius regna quae torret dies
 Utrunque montes solvit abrupto objice
 Et rui ruenti fecit Oceanus iram
 Post haec, adortus nemoris opulenti domos,
 Aurifera vigilis spolia serpentis tulit
 Quid? saeva Lernae monstra, numerosum malum,
 Non igne demum vicit, & docuit mori?
 Solitasque pennas condere obductis diem
 Petiit ab ipsis nubibus Stymphalidas?
 Non vicit illum crebris semper tori
 Regina gentis videtur Thermodonti
 Nec ad omne clarum facinus audaces manus

and the end of one calamity is only the beginning of another. From afar off, a fresh enemy prepares to enter on the scene, and before he (Alcides) reaches his well come home, he is forthwith commanded to enter upon some fresh contest nor is there any respite or any opportunity afforded for rest, but the brief interval between one command and that which is to follow! Implacable Juno is always in foremost pursuit! Why, I ask, was the tender infant even allowed to be free from her resent-

ment? The two crested snakes darted at the infant's cradle but that infant strangled them as they advanced he had actually conquered those monsters before he had arrived at the years of knowledge—he regarded their fiery eyes with a placid and careless gaze bore their encircling pressure with a serene countenance and seizing their swelling poison-charged throats with his tender infantile hands he squeezed out their lives! Thus as a prelude to his victory over the Hydra he commenced his conquering career with the serpents! The swift stag of Mænalus with his head rendered glaring with his large golden horns was arrested in his flight by Hercules! That great terror of the forests the Nemæan Lion groaned aloud when pressed by the brawny arms of Hercules! What shall I say of those terrible horses of the Thracian King Diomedes or of that very king who was delivered over for destruction to the voracity of his own cattle? Or the bristled Mænalian Boar which ravaged the summits of Erymanthus and was wont to cause the Arcadian Groves to quake again with his presence? Or of the Bull of Crete which was the great terror of a hundred communities and of the great Peloponnesus, how are they confined their lives? The first of these was slain by Hercules the extreme Weller known he was commanded to penetrate countries visited by the dreadful summer sun—the kingdoms where every thing was absolutely burnt up whilst the mid-day prevailed. All obstacles being broken down he actually divided mountains on both sides and opened up a broad road for the rushing Ocean! After all these exploits he gained access to the territories of the gold-laden grove (Garden of the Hesperides) and seized upon the golden spoils (apples) guarded by a watchful serpent! (one that never slept) What next? Did he not conquer by casting it into the flames the monstrous Hydra of Lerna that remarkable object of dread and demonstrated that it even could be made to die! He then seeks out from the clouds themselves those noisome Stymphalidæ which were wont with their expanded wings to darken the very sky around! Nor was the Virgin Queen of the Thermopylæ race with her entire army of celibate women soldiers equal to him in the contest! Nor did he deem it all an ignominious task when with his brave and able hands he cleansed the stables of Augeus! But what do all these exploits now avail him? He is now with no city to defend And the lands which have acknowledged him

Stabuli superant turpi Auspicio labor
 Quid ista profunt orbe defuncto care,
 Sensere terræ puer auctorem suum
 Abesse terræ prosperrum a felix se la
 Virtus vocatur fontibus parent boni
 Jus est in armis opprimat lece timor
 Ante ora vidi nostri truculentæ manu
 Natos patrum cadere repenti vindictæ
 Ipsamque Cadmi nobili stirpem ultimam
 Occidere vidi regum capite decem
 Cum capite ruptum qui satis illi hoc flor
 Terræ Deorum terræ quem dominum tremi
 I cuius arvis equæ facundo sinu
 Stricto iuventus orta cum ferro stetit
 Cujusque muros natus Amphion loci
 Struxit canoro fixa modulatu trahens
 In cuius urbem non semel Divum per ten
 Cælo relicto venit, hoc qui cælis
 Recepit, & qui fecit & istis sit loqui
 Fortasse faciet sordido premeter iuro
 Cadmeæ proles civitisque Amphioni
 Quo decidistis tremu ignavum exsulem
 Suis erantem sinibus nostri gravem
 Qui scelera terræ, quique persequitur mori
 Ac sua iusta sceptrâ confringit manu
 Nunc servit absens fertque qui ferri vorat
 Tenetque Thebas exsul Hercules Ivens
 Sed non tenebit aderit & pœnas petet
 Subitusque ad astra emerget inveniat viam
 Aut faciet Adsis sospes & remeas precor
 Tandemque venias victor ad victam domum
 Emerge, conjux, atque dispulsas manu
 Abrampe tenebras nulla si retro via,
 Iterque clausum est, orbe diducto redi
 Et quidquid atra nocte possessum hiet
 Emite tecum dirutis qualis jugis
 Preceps citato flumini quærens iter
 Quondam stetisti, scissa cum vasto impetu
 Patuere tempe pectore impulsus tuo
 Huc mons & illuc cecidit, & rupto aggere
 Nova cucurrit Theffalus torrens via
 Talis parentes, liberos, patriam petens,

as the author of their peaceful security, now find him away from his tutelary cares! Prosperous and successful crime now receives the name of Valor! The good are now made to obey the bad! There is a recognized and lawful right awarded to arms, and very fear puts the laws in abeyance! Before my very own eyes I have seen sons cut down by merciless hands, and whose only sin had

been in the avenging the loss of their father's kingdom
I have witness'd the destruction of the last of the noble
line of the House of Cadmus! and I have seen the very
crown seized roughly from the august head which was
wearing it and the head itself removed with it at the
same time Who I ask shal
has befallen Thebes? Oh! Ea
Gods of what men art thou
lands from an equally productive origin sprang youth
who boldly stood forth with their weapons unsheathed
ready for war and of whose city Amphion the son of
Jove laid the walls which he easily called into his ser-
vice by the enchanting melodies of his lyre—into whose
city the Parent of the Gods having quitted his heavenly
abode has come more than once that city which has
achieved this distinction and may I be permitted to say
it will do so again perhaps is now oppressed with a
heavy yoke! O! Offspring of Cadmus! Oh! City of
Amphion! To what hast thou fallen! Dost thou tremble
at the sight of a base exile with no country that he can
call his own simply because he is a nuisance to us?
whilst he who follows up and punishes crimes commit-
ted on land as well as on sea and breaks down the harsh
rule of tyrannical kings with the strong arm of justice
is now away from us and practically a slave himself (that
is serving under Eurystheus) and is putting up at the
present moment with the very things he would not per-
mit others to suffer if he were only present! That
wretched exile Lycus possesses Herculean Thebes now
but he will not hold it long, Hercules will return and
punish him condignly and will then make a sudden
flight to the Heavens to which he will soon find a way
and if not he will make one! I pray spouse of mine
come back as the deliverer! Be thou present! Come at
length as the salvator of a down trodden home! Come out
of that infernal abyss consort mine and escape from
that darkness which thou hast so successfully dispelled
with thy mighty arm—if there be no way easy for return
and the exit is closed up come I say if the very orb
itself requires to be rent in twain to effect a passage!
And if anything under the dominion of sombre Nox
should lie concealed bring it forth with thee and as
thou once stood when thou sought thy precipitous way
by swiftly flowing rivers having first severed the very
mountains which obstructed thy path!—when Tempe
lay open cut through by thy tremendous force a moun-
tain here forced against by thy chest—a mountain there
fell as thou proceeded the opposing mass being all dis-
persed the Thessahan streams followed in a newly

Erumpē, rerum terminos tecum efferens, &	290
Et quidquid avidi tot per annorum gradus	
Abcondit ritas, reddere, & oblitos sui,	
Lucisque pavidos ante te populos age	
Indigna te sunt spolia, si tantum refers,	
Quantum imperatum est Magna sed nimium loquor,	295
Ignara nostrae sortis Unde illum mihi,	
Quo te turmq̃ue dexteram amplectar, diem,	
Reditusque lentos nec mei memores querar?	
Tibi, o Deorum ductor, indomiti ferent	
Centena tauri colla tibi, frugum potens,	300
Secreta reddam facis tibi muta fide	
Longas Eleusin trita iactabit faces	
Tum restitutas fratribus rebor meis	
Animas, & ipsum regna moderantem sura	
Florere patrem si qua te maior tenet	305
Clausum potestas, sequimur aut omnes tuos	
Defende reditu sospes aut omnes trahere	
Tristes, nec ullus eriget fractos Deus	
AMPHI O focia nostri sanguinis, casta fide	
Servans torum matrosque magnanimum Herculis,	310
Meliora mente concipe, atque animum excita	
Aderit profecto, qualis ex omni solet	
Labore, major MEG Quod nimis miseri volunt,	
Hoc facile credunt AMPHI Immo quod metuunt nimis,	
Nunquam immoveri posse, nec tolli putant	315
Prona est timori semper in pejus fides	
MEG Demersus, ac defossus, & toto insuper	
Oppressus orbe, quam viam ad superiores habet?	
AMPHI Quam tunc haberet, cum per urentem plagam,	
Et fluctuantes more turbati maris	320

created channel! Come forth such an one as thou art, seeking parents, children, country! thus bringing with thee the termination of our troubles, and whatever the rapacious destructiveness of time has moved away through so many passing years restore! Put out of the question (drive away) the Manes that have forgotten their former condition on earth, and would fear the light of day Such spoils as those are quite unworthy of thy prowess, do therefore only what thou art bidden, if thou dost come back! But, perhaps, being ignorant of what our own lot may turn out to be, I am speaking too volubly upon matters of such grave importance! Alas! When will the day arrive on which I shall embrace thee, and shake thy right hand? nor shall I ever relent at thy slow return or fancy thou hast forgotten me! O! Leader of the Gods! May they present for thy honor, as a be-

fitting sacrifice a hundred untamed bulls whose necks have never borne the yoke! O thou Goddess who presidest over our harvests I will tender thee my devotion in the sacred mysteries! I will silently with dumb reverence lay at thy altar on Fleusis the grand and burning torch! Then I will conjure up to my imagination the souls returned to my brothers restored to me and the fact that my parent still flourishes and rules his kingdom with mildness. If any greater power still detains thee we will be in thy wake either as a deliverer defend us on thy return or take us as all things are but thou in particular take us under thy protection—let not another God have to extricate us from our forlorn condition!

AMPHITRYON

O tender companion of my race guarding with thy chaste care the couch and the infantile offspring of the mighty Hercules think in your mind of better things check thy angry impulses Hercules will assuredly return reinvigorated, as he always does after everyone of his labors

MEGARA

Those that are miserable are apt to believe readily that which they are prone to fear the most

AMPHITRYON

But there is another view of the matter some fear too much and suppose that the sources of their alarm can neither be averted nor entirely removed. In a state of fear the mind is always inclined to believe the worst!

MEGARA

Sunk down buried away and furthermore the entire world pressing him down by what road can he find his way back amongst the Living?

Abiit arenas, hisque discedens fretum,
 La bis recurrens cumque oeserta rati
 Deprensus haesit Sirtium brevibus radi-
 Et puppe fixa maria superavit pedes
 MIO. Iniquis raro maximis virtutibus 325
 Fortuna pareit nemo se tuto diu
 Periculis offerre tam crebis potest
 Quem saepe transit, casus aliquando invenit
 Sed ecce felix ac miris vultu gerens
 Et qualis animo est talis incessu venit 330
 Aliena dextra sceptrum concutiens Ixus

LACUS MEGARA AMPHITRYON

Lycus Thebis et Creonte in exilium missus, Hercule ad inferos
 profecto, caeso Creonte cum filius quo regnum occu-
 patum sibi firmet Megaræ nuptias ambit
 abnuenti vim minatur

U RBS regens opulenta Thebana loca
 Et omne quidquid uberi cingit solo
 Obliqua Phocis, quidquid Ismenos rigat,
 Quidquid Cithæron vertice excelsa videt, 335
 Et bina findens Isthmos exilis freta,
 Non vetera patire iura possideo domus
 Ignarus heres nobiles non sunt mihi
 Avi, nec altis inclytum titulis genus,
 Sed clara virtus qui genus præstat suum 340
 Aliena laudat Rapta sed trepidæ manu
 Sceptra obtinentur omnis in ferro est salus
 Quod civibus tenere te invitis scias,
 Strictus tuetur ensis alieno in loco
 Haud stabile regnum est una sed nostras potest 345
 Fundare vires, juncta regali face
 Ithalusque Megara ducet e genere inclyto
 Novitas colorem nostra non equidem reor

AMPHITRYON

Just the same road as when he passed over the
 burning plains, and sands shifting like a troubled sea,
 that sea ebbing twice, and flowing twice, in turns, and

when he was obliged to leave his vessel it having grounded on the low sandbanks of the Syrtes and the craft being stuck fast he trampled down the sea contending successfully with his feet and cleared a passage for himself

MEGARA

Unjust fate rarely shows mercy to the greatest merits and no one can expose himself for long to frequent dangers with impunity an evil which we can tide over very frequently will sometimes find us on a rock! But behold that cruel wretch Lycus carrying his menacing nature in the very lineaments of his visage whatever is passing in his mind the same is indicated faithfully in his general demeanour and this even whilst he is dangling in his hands (carelessly as it would seem) the very sceptre which rightfully belongs to another!

LYCUS—MEGARA—AMPHIRYON

Lycus is ordered from Thebes into exile by Creon—Hercules having set out for the infernal regions and Creon with his sons being slain Lycus establishes himself on the throne and governs the kingdom He then seeks to marry Megara using every stratagem and determines to offer violence in case of refusal

LYCUS

As ruler of the opulent Theban territories and whatever borders upon the transversely situated Phocis with its fertile soil whatever irrigates the Ismenian lands and whatever Cithæron looks down upon from its lofty mountain summit I do not regard myself by any means a contemptible inheritor of such a home with all the ancient rights appertaining to such a country,—it is true I cannot boast of noble ancestors or of a race celebrated for titles but my own personal valor gives me some claim to renown—he who brags of his ancestry simply prizes others not himself! But when sceptres are taken from others the only safety then rests in the sword of the possessor A kingdom is not to be depended on when you are ruling in another's place! But there is one thing which can confirm my power Megara must be joined to me by the marriage tie and conducted by the Royal Nuptial Ceremony! And my new position will rather some glory arising from my union with a noble

her tutelary deities with her mourning vestments hiding up her head what care I?

MEGARA

What fresh devilry is Lycus devising Is it how he shall compass the destruction of our race What is he now attempting?

LYCUS

O! thou inheriting an illustrious name from thy royal ancestors listen to me for a little with a patient ear if mortals are always bent on cultivating eternal hatred and fury which you must know once encouraged never quits the human heart that man is fortunate who wields the weapons necessary for his purpose and that man so far is unlucky who has to obey since war leaves nothing to the vanquished! Then it is that the land will present naught but untilled fields and that bespread with the burning torch the accumulated ashes will overwhelm the buried inhabitants! The conquered be sure of that are as willing for peace as it is in the interests of the conqueror to be but this is indispensably the case as regards the vanquished! Come then as the partner of my kingdom and let us be with our hearts united like wise Take therefore this pledge of my serious intentions shake this right hand of mine! Why art thou thus silent and with those cruel looks of thine too?

MEGARA

Shall I dost thou think be induced to touch even the hand of one stained with the blood of my parent and that of my brothers likewise A double slaughter for sooth! First let me see day utterly done away with and night to take up its place let there be a cordial amalgamation of the cold snows with the scorching fiery elements! And Scylla join the Sicilian lands to the Ausonian main! And first too let me behold the streams of the Euripus with its uncertain tides occurring so frequently, stand suddenly still and render muddy the Eubœan shores! Thou hast robbed me of my father, my kinsmen my kingdom my Lares and my country! What can go beyond this? One greater thing however is left to me dearer to me if possible than parent brothers

Thebanæ novæ regnæ quid matres loquar
 Passis & ausis scelera? quid geminum nefas,
 Mixtumque nomen conjugis, matris, patris?
 Quid bina fratrum crura? quid totidem iugos
 Riget superba Tantalus luctu preens, 390
 Mœstusque Phrygio morat in Sipylo laps
 Quin ipse torum subrigens crura caput
 Illyricæ Cædus regna permenfus fugi,
 Longis reliquit corporis tractu notis
 Hæc te manent exempla dominare, ut lubet 395
 Dum solita regni furi te nostri vocent
 Lycæ Agedum, efferatis rabida voces amove
 Et discæ regum imperia ab Alcide patris,
 Ego, rupta quævis sceptrâ victrici geiam
 Dextra, legumque cuncta sine legum metu 400
 Quis armis vincunt, prava pro causa loquar
 Nostra Cruento cecidit in bello patris,
 Cecidere fratres? una non servant modum,
 Nec temperari facile, nec reprimi potest
 Stricti ensis ira bella delectat cruori 405
 Sed ille regno pro suo nos improba
 Cupidine acti? quæritur belli exitus
 Non causa Sed nunc pereat omnis memoria
 Cum victor animi profuit, & victum decet
 Deponere odia non ut inslexo genu 410
 Regnantem adores, petimus hoc ipsum placet,
 Animo ruinas quod capis magno turas
 Es rege conjux digna sociemus toros
 Megæ Gelidus per artus vadit exsangues tremor
 Quod facinus iures pepulit? haud equidem horui, 415
 Cum pice rupta bellicus muros srigor
 Circumfonaret pertuli intrepide omnium
 Thalamos tremisco capta nunc video mihi
 Gravent catenæ corpus, & longa fame

Lares and kingdom, my hatred of thee! What I do grieve for, is that my grief is participated in by my own people, but nevertheless how large a share therein has fallen to my lot! Go thou on, governing with thy puffed up importance, keep up thy spirits to elevation pitch, a revenging deity is following at thy heels! I know all about the Theban kingdom, but how shall I describe the sufferings of some mothers and the dreadful deeds of which others have been guilty? Shall I speak of the two-fold crime—patricide and incest, and the name of the wife, son and father? How shall I speak of two hostile camps made up of brothers fighting against each other? What of so many funeral piles, and the behaviour of the flames? The proud parent, daughter of Tantalus, is dried up and cold with grief, and now, as a rock sheds her

tears on the Phrygian Sipylus! But Cadmus raising his threatening crest has left many deep traces of his tortuous flight as he traversed the Illyrian plains these records will serve as a guide for thee! Hail as thou thinkest fit whilst the traditional destinies of our kingdom summon thee to govern!

IRCU

Come now although mad with rage put aside angry words and learn to obey the commands of kings from the example shown thee by thy own Alcides although I wear a sceptre in my hands which I have assumed as a conqueror I will govern everything without any regard for the laws over which arms always possess dominion! Shall I now say a few words in my own behalf? Thy father only fell in a bloody contest Thy brothers did so likewise!

fashions and
sword cannot

repressed in any way Blood is the normal delight of warriors but thy father thou wilt say fought for his own crown and I only fought for the wicked desire of gaining it from him! The end of war seems to be the chief object sought for and not the cause which gave rise to it But now all considerations are put aside for when the conqueror lays down his arms it is only right that the vanquished should throw aside any useless hatred he may feel towards the conqueror nor do we require either that you should worship the one holding the sceptre on bended knees But this fact does please me that thou shouldst accept thy downfall as thou art doing with a haughtiness of demeanour and thus in a manner worthy of the consort of a king, let us share then the nuptial couch!

MICRA

A cold tremor creeps over my bloodless limbs! What revolting utterances do now assail my ears! Indeed I shuddered not when on the approach of my departed peace the clang of warlike arms surrounded the city on all sides—I bore it all with an intrepid spirit but at the thought of marriage with thee I tremble indeed! I now seem to myself verily a slave! My very body feels already to be growing weary with chains and thus may

Mors protrahatui lenta, non vincet fidem	420
Vis ulla nostram moriai, Alcide, tu	
LYC Animosne meus inferis conjux facit?	
MEG Inferna tetigit, posset, ut supera assequi	
LYC Telluris illum pondus immensæ premit	
MEG Nullo premetur onere, qui cælum tulit	425
LYC Cogêre MEG Cogi qui potest, nescit mori	
LYC Effare, thalamis quod novis potius parem	
Regule munus? MEG Aut tuam mortem, aut meum	
LYC Moriere demens? MEG Conjugi occurram meo	
LYC Sceptione nostio potior est famulus tibi?	430
MEG Quot iste famulus tradidit reges neci?	
LYC Cui ergo regi fervit, & patitur jugum?	
MEG Imperii dura tolle quid virtus erit?	
LYC Objici feris monstrisque, virtutem putas?	
MEG Virtutis est domare, quæ cuncti pavent	435

a slow death, protracted by chronic starvation, be my fate!
 No force shall ever change my resolution! Oh Alcides!
 I will die thine only!

LYCUS

Does thy husband's being hidden away in the infernal
 regions inspire thee with this lofty tone?

MEGARA

He has sought the infernal regions, that he might sooner
 seek the Gods above!

LYCUS

The Earth's immense weight is now pressing him down

MEGARA

He who bore the heavens on his shoulders, is not
 pressed down by any present weight!

LYCUS

You will be compelled by force!

MEGARA

He knows not how to die, who yields to force!

LYCUS

Speak what can I prepare for you as a regal present better than a fresh marriage?

MEGARA

Either thy death or mine

LYCUS

Thou wilt die mad then?

MEGARA

I shall go to meet my husband

LYCUS

Slavery then is preferable in thy sight than to share my sceptre?

MEGARA

How many kings has that slave as thou termest him handed over to destruction

LYCUS

Why then does he serve a king and bear his yoke?

MEGARA

Remove tyrannical commands and what room is there left for the display of valor

LYCUS

Dost thou call it valor to throw thyself in the way of wild beasts and monsters?

MEGARA

It is valor to subdue that of which every one goes in dread

- LYC Tenebiæ loquentem magnæ Tarturæ premunt
 MEG Non est ad astræ mollis e terris via
 LYC Quo patie genitus cœlitum sperat domos?
 AMPH Miseranda conjux Herculis magni file
 Partes meæ sunt, reddere Alcidiæ patrem, 440
 Genusque verum post tot ingentis viri
 Memorandi facti, postque pacatum mœnu
 Quodcunque Titin ortus & labens videt,
 Post monstra tot perdomita, post Phlegram impio
 Sparsam cruore, postque defensos Deos, 445
 Nondum liquet de patie? mentimur Jovem?
 Junonis odio crede LYC Quid violas Jovem?
 Mortale cœlo non potest jungi genus
 AMPH Communis ista pluribus causa est Deis
 LYC Famulæ fuerint ante quam fierent Dei? 450
 AMPH Pastor Pheræos Delius pavit greges
 LYC Sed non per omnes exsul enavit plagas
 AMPH Quem profuga terræ mater errante edidit
 LYC Non monstra, sævas Phœbus aut timuit feræ
 AMPH Primus singittas imbuit Phœbi diaco 455

LYCUS

The shades of Tartarus prevent him from heralding
 forth his great deeds

MEGARA

The way from Earth to Heaven is not a soft and easy path

LYCUS

From what father must a son be born, to aspire to a
 heavenly home?

AMPHITRYON

Be silent, oh! miserable spouse of Hercules, it is my
 mission to give up to Alcides the name of his father and
 his true pedigree, after so many memorable achievements
 of that great man, as Titan rose in his majestic glory
 and when he descended below the horizon Hercules saw
 every thing that boded destruction and pacified every
 thing around with his mighty arm! After the subjection
 of so many monsters—after the impious blood which
 covered the land of Phlegra following his defence of the
 Gods (the blood of the giants), does he not as yet, do

you suppose become solicitous himself respecting his true paternity? Are we do you suppose inventing some lie regarding Jupiter? No! but thou canst believe without any misgiving in the hatred of Juno!

LYCUS

Why dost thou insult Jupiter thus? a race of mortals cannot possibly be allied with the Gods

AMPHITRYON

But many of the Gods are traceable to mortal origin

LYCUS

But were they slaves before they became Gods?

AMPHITRYON

Delius (surname of Apollo) as a shepherd fed the Phœæan herds

LYCUS

But he did not wander about as an exile through every country that he traversed

AMPHITRYON

But it was he whom his fugitive mother (Latona) left on a floating island (Delos)

LYCUS

Did Phœbus fear monsters or wild beasts

AMPHITRYON

Phœbus had his arrows dipped from the very first in the blood of the Dragon

LYC Quam gravis paucus tulerit, ignoras, mater?
 AMPH E matris utero fulmine ejectus pueri,
 Mox fulminanti proximis patui stetit
 Quid? qui gubernat istum, qui nubes quatit,
 Non intuit infans iupis Idææ specu- 460
 Sollicita tanti pretia natales habent,
 Semperque magno constitit, nesci Deum
 LYC Quemcunque miserum videris, hominem scias
 AMPH Quemcunque fortem videris, miserum neges
 LYC Fortem vocemus, cujus ex humeris leo 465
 Donum puellæ factus, & clavi excidit,
 Fulsitque pictum veste Sidoniarum latus?
 Fortem vocemus, cujus horrentes comæ
 Maduero nardo? Iude qui notis manus
 Ad non virilem tympani movit sonum 470
 Mitra ferocem barbara frontem premens?
 AMPH Non erubescit Bacchus effusos tenet
 Sparsisse crines, nec manu molli levem
 Vibiasse thyrsus, cum parum forti gradu
 Auso decorum syrma barbarico trahit 475
 Post multa virtus opera laxari solet
 LYC Teuthiantis hoc fatetur everfi domus,
 Pecorumque ritu virginum oppressi greges
 Hoc nulla Juno, nullus Eurystheus jubet
 Iphius hæc sunt operum AMPH Non nostri omnium 480
 Iphius opus est, caestibus fractus suis

LYCUS

Are you ignorant of the dangers undergone by Hercules, when young?

AMPHITRYON

Out of his mother's womb the lightning cast forth the boy, and immediately that boy stood in nearest relationship to the Thunderer! What next! He who rules the firmament and shakes the heavens, till they tremble again—did he not, as an infant, lie concealed in a cave on the tide-worn Idæan rock? Such precious nativities as that of Jupiter, always entail the most anxious considerations, and it has always necessarily amounted to a matter of great moment, to be born a God!

LYCUS

Whatever man you may have seen and detected as capable of misery, put that man down as belonging to the race of mortals

AMPHITRYON

You will not acknowledge then that a man can be miserable when you have had the amplest proof of his being a hero!

LYCUS

Shall we regard that man as a hero who removes from his shoulders the Nemean Lion's skin and presents it to a favorite wench—who lays aside his club and adorns his side set off with a Sidonian robe? Shall we call that man a hero whose frightful locks were made moist with greasy perfumes and with his warlike hands keeps up a gleeful tattoo as he listens to the childish jinglings of a tambourine or who encircles his ferocious frontispiece with the mitre of a barbarian?

AMPHITRYON

The effeminate Bacchus was not ashamed of allowing his locks to hang down and dangle carelessly like some dandy gently flourishing his graceful thyrsus whilst with a by no means firm or masculine step he strode along with a woman's train at his heels ornamented with barbarian gold trimmings (such as they wear in Phrygia and Lydia)! After many conquests you know the most valorous enjoy relaxation and amusement!

LYCUS

The ruined House of Lutyus bears testimony to a great deal and entire groups of virgins oppressed like so many cattle! Juno thou knowest full well was not at the bottom of this—there was no Eurystheus concerned in giving any command in all that business—these were entirely the acts of Alcides himself!

AMPHITRYON

Thou art not acquainted with everything. It was certainly his work when Erys out of his rash challenge to

IYCUS

What is lawful for Jupiter is permissible in a king! Thou surrendered Alcmena as a wife to Jupiter because he was a god and thou shalt give Megara to me as a wife because I am thy king! And she as a daughter in law will discover this not to be entirely a novel proceeding following thy example the husband too finding this arrangement ratified has only to go in quest of one more worthy but if she persistently refuses to join my couch I will even guarantee under compulsion that there shall yet be a royal offspring by me!

MELIA

Oh! the manes of Creon! Oh! the Lenites of Irbacus and the incestuous nuptials of the impious Adipus!—Come tell me of the invincible fatalities which awaited thy betrothals! Come oh! thou cruel bride of Egyptus the king come show me thy hands stained with the blood of thy husbands. One of the number of the Danides in the account (Hypemnestra) and I will be the one to make up the complement of the wickedness in my own person (meaning following the example that she might kill Iycus)

IYCUS

Since thou obstinately refusest to accept my hand thou art simply trying to terrify thy king. Dost thou know what the sceptre enables a king to do! To destroy thy altars so that no God shall snatch thee from me nor if the orb itself were rent in twain would Alcides the conqueror be able to be carried to the Gods above with the entire forests massed together and the temples with their worshippers thrown in there shall form one grand conflagration and one huge pile set into a blaze shall turn into cinders parent and children!

AMPHITRYON

Oh father of Alcides I seek the privilege to demand that which becomes me that is may I die first

IYCUS

He who orders every one to expiate his crimes with death indiscriminately scarcely understands what the essence of power really is ask therefore for something different To compel for instance the miserable to live with the view of acquiring happiness I whilst the burning pile grows larger and larger with the combustibles for the destruction of the temples will subscribe my worship to the God of the seas and observe the sacred vows which I have registered

AMPHI Prohi numinum vis summa prohi celestium
Rector priensque, cujus excussis tremunt
Humana telis, impii regis feri
Compefecit dextram Quid Deos frustra precor
Ubiqueque es, audi nate Cur subito labant
Agitata motu templar' cur mugit solum?
Infernus imo sonant e fundo fragor
Audimur en, en sonitus Herculei gradus

520

CHORUS MILITANORUM

Aëtoris partes Chorus officiumque viriliter deservant, præcibus
Amphitryonis aspirans Hærculis reditum roget
idque arguit Orphæi exemplo

O IOKUNA VIRIS inuida fortibus,
 Quam non æquæ bonis præmia dividis!
 Furethicus facili regnet in otio
 Alimenta gentis bella per omnia
 Monstris exagitet califeram manum
 Serpentis refect colla ferarum
 Deceptis referat mala sororibus,
 Cum somno dederit pervigiles genus
 Pomis divitibus præpositus draco
 Intravit Scythre multarum agris domos,
 Et gentes patris sedibus hospitas
 Calcavitque freti terga rigentia,
 Et mutis tacitum litorebus mare
 Illic dura carent æquora fluctibus
 Et, quæ plena rates arboræ tenderant
 Intonsis teritur semita Sarmatis
 Stat pontus vicibus mobilis annuis,
 Navem nunc facilis, nunc equitem patris
 Illic quæ viduis gentibus imperat,
 Aurato religans iura balteo,
 Detrahit spoliū nobile corpori
 Et peltrim, & naves vincula pectoris
 Victorem posito suspiciens genu
 Quæ spe præcipites actus ad inferos,
 Audax ire vias irremediabiles,
 Vidisti Siculæ regnæ Proserpinæ
 Illic nulla Noto, nulla Favonio
 Confurgunt tumidis fluctibus æquora
 Non illic geminum Tyndaridæ genus

525

50

555

510

545

550

AMPHITRYON

Oh! Chief sovereign of the Gods! Oh, the Ruler and Parent of Heaven's inhabitants, at whose missiles all human things tremble, arrest the impious right arm of this ferocious king! Why do I entreat the Gods in vain?

And wherever thou art Oh! Son!—Why do the temples trembling with motion suddenly totter?—Why is the earth in a state of tremulousness? An infernal crash sounds too now as if coming from the lowermost depths! We are heard! it is—it is certainly the sound of footsteps announcing the arrival of Hercules!

CHORUS OF THEBANS

The chorus valiantly espouses the parts of the actors and their performance and joining in the solicitations of Amphytrion prays for the relief of Hercules and evinces it in imitation of Orpheus

OH! Fortune jealous of the brave what unequal lots do you award to the deserving? Eurystheus may continue his reign in uninterrupted tranquillity The son of Alcmena in all his encounters will only exercise his heaven lifting hands upon horrible monsters he may cut off the heads of the Hydra as they continue to reappear—he may tell the story of the golden apples which he took from the disappointed Hesperides (sisters) when the dragon set to guard them abandoned its watchful eyes to a heavy sleep! He penetrated amongst the wandering tribes of Scythia and races who appeared like strangers even in their own lands he has trampled on the frozen surface of the seas and the shores thereof giving forth no sound (The waters being frozen no waves could flow) And where sailing crafts had stretched out full set sails the paths are now traversed by the chariots of the hirsute Sarmatian (who lets his hair and beard grow undisturbed as a symbol of Liberty) The sea mobile one portion of the year is frozen during the other (Following the seasons) At one time affording scope for the floating crafts at another doing duty for the mounted traveller—There she who commands the haughty Amazons engirdling her loins with her golden belt detaches this noble ornament from her person and the shield which she carries and the gorgeous chains which hang down over her snow white bosom gazing venerationly at the conqueror on her bended knees By what encouraging hopes was Hercules inspired when he descended to the bottomless steeps of the infernal regions daring to traverse as he did along the path whence notoriously no return is ever looked for! Hast thou ever contemplated in thy mind's eye the Kingdom of Sicilian Proserpine (Pluto carried her off from Sicily) There no southerly winds do blow there the sea surges with no swollen waves at the advent of welcome Zephyrs — I here the guiding light of Twin Tyndaridæ (Castor and Pollux)

her devouring grasp conducts her countless victims to join the Manes the numberless passengers pass over piloted by a solitary steersman (Charon)!—I wish that you could break down the unrelenting laws of cruel Styx and that the distaff of the Parcae might be deprived of its mission Here again when you went to war against Nestorian Pylos the King Pluto who rules over the numberless Manes turned his pestiferous hands against thee carrying in his advance his three pointed lance and when suffering only from a slight wound he fled and the proud president of Mors was afraid to die himself!—Break through the decrees of fate with thy strong arm let the prospect of approaching light show itself to those dark abodes and may those impassable ways offer a ready passage to places above! Orpheus was wont to subdue the implacable rulers of the Manes with his melodious incantations and humble prayers when he sought for his Eurydice he whose lyre enchanted the woods the feathered creation and the very rocks which hitherto had arrested the flow of rivers—it whose notes the wild beasts stood amazed! He soothed the infernal inhabitants with sounds to which they were quite unaccustomed where indeed all was dread silence! for his lyre sounded even with more mellifluous clearness where silence prevailed The daughters of Thrace bewailed the loss of Eurydice and the Gods who are not much addicted to tears wept also! At last that arbiter of Death exclaims We are conquered! Go thou back to the regions above but thou Eurydice accompanied and him and thou Orpheus

on day appears which the
portals of Spartan Tenari
hates and does not brook
eagerness to
violates his
mind could
ous sounds
backed up t

ACT III

HERCULES

Hercules asks for the pardon of Phœbus and the rest of the Gods that although having been commanded he had dragged the hateful Cerberus to the regions above

O H! beneficent Ruler of the Light and Ornament of Heaven who in describing thy circuit in thy flame bearing chariot showest thy illustrious countenance

Illustre lætis exseris terris caput,
 Da, Phœbe, veniam, si quid illicitum tui 595
 Videre vultus iussus in lucem extuli
 Arcanum mundi tuque cœlestium ubique
 Parenque, visus fulmine opposito tege,
 Et tu secundo mari qui sceptro regis,
 Imas pete undas quisquis ex alto aspicit 600
 Terrenum, facie pollui metuens novum,
 Aciem reflectat, oraque in cœlum erigit,
 Portenta fugiens, hoc nefas cernunt duo,
 Quot advenit, & quæ iussit In pœnis meis
 Atque in labores non satis terræ patent 605
 Junonis odio vidi inaccessum omnibus,
 Ignota Phœbo, quæque deteriori polus
 Obscura diro spatia concessit Jovi
 Et si placeant tertiæ sortis loca,
 Regnare potui noctis æternæ chaos 610
 Et nocte quiddam gravius, & tristis Deos,
 Et fata vici, morte contempta redi
 Quid restat aliud? vidi & ostendi inferos
 Da, si quid ultra est tam diu pateris manus
 Cessare nostras, Juno? quid vinci iubes? 615
 Sed templa quare miles infestus tenet?
 Limenque sacrum terrior armorum obsidet?

MEGARA, AMPHITRYON, HERCULES,
THESEUS

Herculem reducem gratatur Amphitryon illi quærenti nuntiat,
 quo in loco res sint dum Hercules proficiscitur ad
 occidendum Lycum, Theseus rogatus ab
 Amphitryone exponit, quæ apud
 inferos gesserit Hercules

AMPH U TRUMNE visus vota decipiunt meos
 An ille domitor orbis, & Grævum decus,
 Tristi silentem nubilo liquit domum? 620
 Estne ille natus? membra lætitia stupent
 O nate! certa & fera Thebarum salus!
 Teneone in auras editum, an vana fruor
 Deceptus umbra? tune es? agnosco totos,

to each hemisphere alternately and sheddest the splendour of thy rays upon the gladsome earth! Oh! Phœbus, grant me thy pardon, if what has been revealed to the eyes of mortals has been brought into thy sight - obeying my orders, I have drawn forth the hidden secrets of the regions below, and oh! thou arbiter and parent of celes-

nal subjects (Jupiter) protect my mortal gaze from the lightning to which it is exposed and thou the Ruler of the seas (Neptune) with thy sceptre which is the second in rank bid thee to the lowermost oceanic depths whoever on high behold the things on earth and fears being defiled by the visage of this newly imported monster let him cast aside his apprehensions by averting his gaze and turning his face toward Heaven void all mental association with monsters! There are two however who may indulge in viewing it he who carried it forth and she who gave the orders for it to be done. And as if there were not sufficient on this earth to be turned towards my punishment and increase my labors I have seen owing to Juno's persecuting hatred things unknown to Ithabus himself and those obscure regions in space which the Antarctic pole gives up to the dominion of that cruel Pluto (called also Jupiter Dirus if it had suited my fancy to have accepted the lot of a Triumvir I could have taken Pluto's place and ruled myself in that third kingdom! I have overcome the chaos of Eternal Night and something more terrible than night—both the cruel Gods and the Fates themselves! I return as the very conqueror of Death itself! What is there now for me to do? I have seen and made known the secrets of Hell, tell me if there can be anything beyond all this? How long Juno wilt thou permit my hands to cease from such labors? What art thou now ordering to be conquered by me Juno? Why does the terrifying soldier mount guard at the portals of thy temples? And why does the clang of arms with the natural dread of military weapons take possession of their sacred thresholds? (Deterring the worshippers from entering them out of fear)

MICAKA—AMPHITRYON—HERCULES THESEUS

AMPHITRYON

WHICH is it? Is it the realization of my fondest desire or merely some passing phantasy playing tricks with my distorted vision? Is it the conqueror of the world and the proud ornament of the Grecian race Has he really quitted the dark abodes of the Manes where all is solemn silence? Whence has he sprung? Is this my son My very limbs and senses are overpowered with joy! Oh my son thou truly but not the less certain savior of unhappy Thebes! Do I merely seem to be holding on to thee in the air or art thou really Hercules in the flesh again Or is it that I

IImei osque, & alto nobilem trunco manum
 HERC Unde iste, genitor, squallor & lugubribus
 Amictu conjux? unde tam scedo obitu
 Pædoie nati? quæ domum clades gravat?
 AMPH Socer est peremptus regna possedit Lycus,
 Natos, prientem, conjugem leto petit
 HERC Ingrata tellus, nemo ad Herculeæ domus
 Auxilium venit? vidit hoc tantum nefas
 Defensus oibus? cur diem questu tero
 Macetur hostis THES Hanc ferat virtus notam,
 Fiatque summus hostis Alcider Lycus?
 Ad huiusmodi sanguinem inimicum feror
 HERC Theseu, resiste ne qua vis subita ingruat
 Me bella poscunt dissiæ amplexus priens
 Conjuxque dissiæ nuntiet Diti Lycus
 Me jam redisse THES Flebilem ex oculis fuga
 Regina vultum tuque nato sospite
 Latuitas credentes repone si novum Herculem,
 Lycus Creonti debitas pænas dabit
 Lentum est, dabit, dat hoc quoque est lentum, dedit
 AMPH Votum secundet, qui potest nostrum Deus,
 Rebusque ipsis adsit O magni comes
 Magnanime nati, pande virtutum ordinem
 Quam longa mæstos ducat ad Mænes via,
 Ut vincula tulerit dura Tutæus carnis
 THES Memoræ cogis acta, secare quoque
 Morienda menti via adhuc certa est fides
 Vitalis animæ torpet acies luminum,
 Hebetesque visus via diem infuetum sciunt

am under the influence of some spell or ridiculous Ghost?
 Art thou Hercules? I recognize thy brawny muscles,
 thy massive shoulders and those formidable arms, with
 which thou alone couldst wield that enormous club thou
 art now carrying!

HERCULES

Oh! my father, How have all these lugubrious surroundings
 been brought about? And my wife, too, attired in mourn-
 ing habiliments! How is that my children are covered
 with dirt and clad in filthy rags? What dreadful calamity
 oppresses my home?

AMPHITRYON

Thy father-in law is slain—Lycus has possessed himself
 of the Kingdom and he is seeking to take the lives of
 thy children, thy father and thy wife!

HERCULES

Ungrateful Earth! Has no one come to the aid of the oppressed home of Hercules? And has that orb which I have defended looked on at such atrocious crimes with indifference? But why should I lose time in empty complaints. The enemy must be sacrificed!

THESEUS

Will thy acknowledged valor permit of such a report and that Lycus is to be honored and magnified and to be held up as a most important enemy of Alcides? No! I am the one destined to shed his hostile blood!

HERCULES

Stop Theseus! Let there be no sudden attack made by thee! Matters require me to do all the fighting part of this business. Defer your embraces for the present oh! my parent and my wife defer them too. I pray! Let Lycus himself make it known to Pluto that I have returned!

THESEUS

Oh Queen! banish that doleful expression from thy eyes and do thou with thy son here in safety repress those falling tears. If I know any thing of Hercules Lycus will suffer due punishment for the slaughter of Creon to say he will be punished is a dull idea! he is being punished! that too is an inadequate conception as to his deserts! Death was too good for him!

AMPHITRYON

Our propitious Deity who is able to do it will favor our prayers and will be present in this our affliction! oh! magnanimous comrade of my illustrious son place before me some description of his valorous deeds tell me by what tedious route he went in order to reach those sorrowful Manes in the regions below! and how the dog of Tartarus was made to submit to that terrific force that must have been brought to bear in order to effect his subjection!

THESEUS

Thou art really forcing me to relate scenes and acts which are heartrending even to a mind that is freed from all apprehension of danger—I have now scarcely any confidence in myself even whilst I am breathing the invigorating air of mother
of my vision is obscure
such that I tolerate with
of day!

AMPH Pervince, Theseu, quidquid alto in pectore
 Remanet prioris, neve te fructu optimo 655
 Frauda laborum que sunt durum pati
 Meminisse dulce est fore casus horridos
 Huius Ias omne mundi, teque dominantem precor
 Regno caprei teque quam tota irrita
 Quersivit Aetna mater, ut iura abdita 660
 Et operta terris licet impune eloqui
 Spartana tellus nobile attollit jugum
 Densis ubi equos Icterus silvis praeiit
 Haec ora solvit Ditis invisae domus
 Hirtque rupes alta & immenso specu 665
 Ingens vorago faucibus vastis patet
 Latumque praeiit omnibus populis iter
 Non caeca tenebris incipit primo via
 Lenius relicta lucis et tergo nitore
 Fulgorque dubius solis assiluisse credit 670
 Et ludit reiem nocte sic mixta solet
 Prebere lumen primus aut serus dies
 Hinc impla vacuis spatia laxantur loci
 In qua omne intersum perierat humanum genus
 Nec ire labor est, ipsa deducit via 675
 Ut saepe puppes vastus invitus rapit,
 Sic pronus rer urget atque avidum chloros
 Gradumque retro flectere haud unquam sinunt
 Umbrae tenaces intus immensi sinus
 Phleido quieti labitur Lethe vado, 680
 Demitque curas neve remeandi amplius
 Patet facultas, stetibus multis gravem
 Involvit amnem qualis incerta vagus
 Meander unda ludit, & cedit sibi,
 Instatque, dubius, litus in fontem petit 685
 Palus mortis sacrae Coccyi praet,
 Hic vultur, illic luctifer bubo gemit,
 Omenque triste resonat infaustae strigis

AMPHITRYON

Stifle, Theseus, whatever fears may still be lurking in
 bee the recesses of thy magnanimous soul and do not deny
 ing thyself the fullest heart-felt joy, at the happy result
 with thy labors What has been hard to endure is
 oppresses, times pleasing to remember! even to speak of the
 readful misfortunes!

THESEUS

Thy father eat all the recognized deities of the skies above,
 of the King, pray thee, Pluto, who rulest paramount in thy
 thy children, thy Kingdom, and thee, Proserpine for whom thy

mother sought and how vainly in the territories of Atna (Proserpine had been carried off by Pluto whilst collecting flowers) that I may be permitted without a vote of censure for speaking of the powers hidden and mysteries shut up in the lower regions of the earth—The land of Sparta boasts of a famous mountain where Tanarus overhangs the sea, with its dense forests and casts a shade on the waters beneath. Here the domains of relentless Pluto point out a passage and the lofty jutting promontory gapes with a wide aperture and a huge gulf bearing down to an immense cavern opens as it were its voracious terrible throat and lays bare that broad way traversed by the numerous peoples of this earth on their road to the regions below. At first the path only begins to grow dull from the comparative darkness a slight glimmer of light only remaining behind which is shed by the more oblique solar rays but these rays at length lose all pretensions to brightness when puzzled Phœbus contends in vain with the circumambient medium (a modified twilight) and which deceives the vision as regards range and accuracy just as that light does which is the result of night intermingling with the light of early Dawn or expiring Day!—(The Poet here alludes to that short when Phœbus and Phœbe identifies his twilight only sadder and short

ness) thus then with this admixture of night the rising and setting day doles out its modicum of illumination—Here immense spaces are set free in various directions in which all the human race merging thereto are destined to perish! Nor is it a difficult task to enter there the path itself conducts you and as the furious tides divert the unwilling steersman as he struggles with his craft so with an irresistible air and devouring gloom they are urged on in their downward course as the grasping shades never permit a retrograde step to be taken—Within silent Lethe flows with a placid stream in an extensively circuitous course and removes all human cares nor is there any possibility left open for a return for Lethe diffuses herself as a river with numberless windings just as the wandering Meander sports with her precarious streams she yields to her own uncertainty knowing not whether to approach the shore or return to the great great sea!—Here are the foul marshy shores of the sluggish Cocytus—here the vulture—there the common owl gives forth its plaintive cry and the air resounds with the sad notes of that disaster foreboding bird the screech owl!—The black leaves on the dusky branches hanging from the yew trees round about are horrible to behold

THESEUS

There are no rejoicing meads—no semblance of germination—nothing having any pretensions to verdure nor does the ripe corn float in the Zephyr's breeze—no orchards containing trees with fruitladen branches. The sterile expansiveness of the earth below is hideous to behold and the foul soil is actually torpid from its never changing condition (stagnation). There is experienced some idea of the sorrowful end of things and the finale of all else mundane! There the air itself stands in a dead dead calm and perpetual black night settles down in this sorrowful region—all things are rendered horrible in their aspect of grief and the abode of Mors is more appalling than Death itself!

AMPHITRYON

Tell me about him who governs those dark abodes subject to his sceptre. On what sort of a throne does he ensconce himself who rules over such helpless timid subjects?

THESEUS

There is a spot in the obscure recesses of Tartarus which thickest darkness confines within still more horrible blackness! Here from this one source is a double but yet one representing two different streams one similar to the quiet river to which it leads directing with its silent course the sacred Styx this is the river by which the Gods are wont to swear—The other is the Acheron but this fierce river is hurried onwards with tremendous roaring sounds and carries away huge rocks with its impetuosity rendering itself impassable either to or fro! The Palace of Pluto opposite is surrounded by a double ford and the huge habitation is hedged in by a shady grove! Here at the mouth of an immense cave hang down tremendous rocks forming the roof of the threshold of the Tyrant Pluto—This too is the way to the Manes this is the gate of his Kingdom. Around this lies a vast plain in which sitting with a proud visage he receives and arranges about the souls as soon as they arrive

Animas recentes dira majestas Deo,
 Frons toiva, fratrum quæ tamen speciem gerat,
 Gentisque tantæ vultus est illi Jovis,
 Sed fulminantis magnæ pars regni truciſ
 Est ipſe dominus, cujus aspectum timet,
 Quidquid timetui AMPH Veiane est fama inferis
 Jam ferræ reddi iura, & oblitos sui
 Sceleris nocentes debitas pœnas dare?
 Quis iste veri iector, atque æqui arbitri?
 THES Non unus alia fede quæſitor ſedens
 Iudicia trepidis ſera ſortitui reis
 Aditui illo Gnoſſius Minos ſcio,
 Rhadamantus illo, Thetidis hoc audit foci
 Quod quiſque fecit, patitui auctorem ſcelus
 Repetit, ſuoque premitur exemplo nocens
 Vidi cruentos carceris includi duces,
 Et impotentis terga plebeja manu
 Scindi tyanni Quisquis eſt placide potens,
 Dominuſque vitæ ſervat innocuas manus,
 Et incruentum mitis imperium regit,
 Animæque parcit longæ pœmenſus diu
 Felicis ævi ſpûia, vel cœlum petit,
 Vel læta felix nemoris Elyſii loca,
 Iudex futurus Sanguine humano abſtine
 Quicunque regnas ſceleſta trahuntur modo
 Maiore veſtra AMPH Certus incluſos tenet
 Locus nocentes? utque ſcit famæ, impios
 Supplicia vinclis ſervæ perpetuis domant?
 THES Rapiſtur volucri tortus Ixion ioti
 Cervice ſævum grande Siſyphus ſedet

There is a dreadful look of majesty in the God, a cruel face, which, nevertheless, bears the resemblance of his brothers, Jupiter and Neptune, and plainly suggestive of his godly origin—The countenance is that of Jupiter's, but only that look which Jupiter puts on, when hurling his lightnings!—A great part of this relentless Kingdom is the Ruler himſelf, whoſe very aſpect terrifies whatſoever is ſuſceptible of fear!

AMPHITRYON

Is the report true that the laws are tardily and unjuſtly adminiſtered in the regions below, and that thoſe criminals who have forgotten their crimes receive puniſhment

nevertheless which would have been justly owing to them? Who is this Judge who seeks for the truth, and who the dispenser of Justice?

THESEUS

Not one judge only sits on the lofty judgment seat and passes his sentences upon the trembling prisoners. In that court sits the Gnosian Minos in another Rhadamanthus the father in law of Thetis hears cases too and each criminal suffers for the offences which he has committed. The crime is traced to the author and the guilty one is chastised according to his acts—I have seen blood thirsty Kings shut up in dungeons and the back of the cowardly tyrant cut and slashed by one of the lowest rabble! Whoever rules with moderation and restrains his hands from committing injury and destinies of others and the unjust shedding of blood lives of his subjects having extended period of a happy career is either a candidate for Heaven or is happy in the thought of enjoying some gladdening refuge in the Groves of Elysium! Such a man as that for example is reserved to act as the judge of mankind and whoever thou art who reignest above all abstain from the shedding of human blood for thy crimes are only punished in a more severe manner if thou dost so!

AMPHITRYON

Does an appointed place hold the guilty as prisoners? and as report goes do they utterly crush out the spirits of the offenders for their cruel sins by loading them with perpetual chains?

THESEUS

There that wretched Ixion—the father of the Centaurs is caught up and spun round on a swiftly rotating wheel which never stops in its whirling! An enormous rock in another place perpetually rests on the head of Sisyphus! One old man (Pantalus) eagerly chases the water in mid stream and it recedes from him just as he is

In amne medio faucibus siccis fenex
 Sectatur undas, abluit mentum luteo,
 Fidemque cum iam sæpe decepto dedit,
 Perit undæ in ore, pomæ destituunt frumem 755
 Præbet volucrum Tityos æternas dapes
 Uirique frustra Danaïdes plenas gerunt
 Errant fientes impiæ Cadmeides
 Terretque mensas iudæ Phineas avis
 AMPH Nunc ede natum nobilem pugna mei 760
 Patrum volentis munus, in spoliis refectus
 RHES Ferale tædis imminet furum iudis
 Stupent ubi undæ segne torpescit fretum
 Hunc servat amnem cultu & aspectu horridus,
 Pavidosque Mænes squallidus gestat senex, 765
 Impetra pendet barba, deformem sinum
 Nodus coercet, concavæ lucent genæ,
 Regit ipse conto portitor longo ratem
 Hic onere vacuum litori puppim applicans
 Repetebat umbras poscit Alcides virum, 770
 Cedente turba dirus exclamat Chiron,
 Quo pergis iudæ? siste properantem gradum
 Non passus ullis notus Alcmena moras,
 Ipso coactum virum conto domat,
 Scanditque puppem cymbæ populorum curæ 775
 Succubuit uni sedit, & gravior ratis
 Utrinque Lethæ ltere titubanti bibit
 Iunc iudæ tepidant monstra, Centauri tuces,
 Ipythæque multo in bellæ succensi mero
 Stygiæ paludis ultimos querens sinus, 780
 Iacunda mergit caput Leiræus labos
 Post hæc iudæ Ditis apparet domus
 Hic furvus umbras territat Stygius eras,
 Qui trun iusto caput concutiens sono
 Regnum tuctur sordidum iubo caput 785
 Lambunt colubæ viperis horrent juba
 Longusque tortæ sibilat cruda draco,

advancing towards it with his parched throat, the water
 merely moistens his chin! and as often as he believes
 he has secured it he is only baffled in his expectations,
 and it escapes from his lips, just as the apples which he
 is sighing to obtain, fail to reach his mouth and relieve
 his gnawing hunger! Titus, again, only supplies constant
 food for a vulture, that is perpetually feasting its appetite
 on his liver and intestines! The daughters of Danaus
 labor in vain to fill the urns, and the cruel daughters of
 Cadmus Ino and Autonoe, are wading to an fro, riving
 mid--mid a voracious cruel Harpy perpetually disturbs
 the repasts of Phineus!

AMPHITRION

Now tell me all about this glorious struggle of my son (with Cerberus) does he allude to it as a token of regard from his Uncle (Pluto) or does he speak of it merely as one of the spoils of war?

THESEUS

A dismal looking rock overhangs the turbid stream the water on all sides in this part of the Styx is more or less quiescent but here the channel is slow and sluggish and here a dirty old man horrid to behold as regards his appearance and manner takes charge of this portion of the river and pilots the trembling Manes from one part of the stream to another—his uncombed beard hangs down, and a careless bandage keeps together around his person his slovenly garments his hollow cheeks are flushed and he is the sole ferryman guides his craft with a long pole—Here steering his craft on its backward journey without a passenger he seeks the shore again for a fresh cargo Alcides demands a passage across—a crowd of terrified Manes make way for him the dreadful Charon shouts out Where art thou going bold man? Stay thy hurrying progress Not brooking any delay or interruption the Son of Alcmena with a blow from his own pole quails the obstinate old waterman and jumps into the craft but this sad craft unaccustomed to accommodate so many passengers at a time sinks quite low with the weight of one! that one Hercules! He sits down and the frail craft being so much more loaded than with its ordinary freight rolls from side to side and ships the Stygian water as it flows over the gunwale! Then the vanquished monsters are all in a tremble the cruel Centaurs and the dastardly Lapithæ who never ventured upon a battle unless duly primed with plenty of wine! And the Hydra of Lerna itself seeks some of the distant recesses of the Stygian Marsh and in a state of trepidation submerges its repulsing head! After all this the habitation of the voracious Pluto comes in sight and here it is that the cruel monster the Dog Cerberus terrifies the Manes excessively—and it is this said monster which with its three heads and a bark like thunder itself guards these Stygian realms of Pluto—snakes lick his head foul with the rankest poison and the crests of those vipers are horrifying to behold and a long dragon with its tortuous tail hisses savagely its anger being on a par with its ugliness as it suspected

each other's presence! When behold! he suddenly startles the silent place the dragon hissing menacingly whilst Cerberus shakes his very sides with the prodigious efforts he had made and at last a horrible crashing sound sent forth simultaneously from his three heads frightens the Manes also then Hercules removes the Nemean Lion's skin from his shoulders and winds it round the fierce jaws of Cerberus and with that huge covering serving as a buckler Hercules protects himself at the same time — Hercules then carrying in his conquering right hand his formidable club whirls it round right and left dealing blows incessantly Cerberus groans again at the reception of these blows and being cowed abandons his menacing attitude and the Dog droops his three heads in token of submission and gives up the possession of his den! The dual Potentates Pluto and Proserpine sitting on their throne were utterly scared and ordered Cerberus to be led away and myself to be delivered up to Alcides who demanded my release as an offering of submission! Then Hercules stroking the hideous neck of the monster secured it with a chain of adamantine strength and that watch dog the guardian of the dark kingdom drooped his ears timidly and suffered himself to be led away and acknowledging his conquering master with a down trodden look he submissively flaps his sides with his dragon mounted tail! After this we neared the entrance of Tænarus and the glare of the approaching light altogether unknown to him troubled his eyesight and although bound as he was he began to evince symptoms of his old ferocity and furious at his imprisonment rattled his chains defiantly—in fact he nearly got the better of the conqueror and succeeded in urging him backwards in a headlong manner and began to accelerate his pace thinking that he had gained his liberty and then Alcides summoned my aid to the rescue and each of us putting out our united strength and dragging on the monster in a towering rage at having made so futile an attempt to cope with us for the mastery we at length brought him to Mother Earth! And as he beheld the clear atmosphere around and as he stared at the luminous portions of the beautiful sky for his night was over and he now had only the upper earth to look upon he closed his eyes and avoided the painful sight of day as he averted his gaze! He then bent his three heads towards the ground and crouched himself behind Hercules to shade himself from its influence Then came onward a dense throng with the loudest shouts of joy wearing laurel wreaths around their foreheads and thereupon began to chant forth the gloriously earned deeds of the mighty Hercules!

CHORUS THEBANORUM

Chorus Herculis victoriam ex inferis reportatam canit, &
cæteras illius ludes admiscet

NATUS Eurystheus propeante partu, 830
Jusserat mundi penetrate fundum
Deerat hoc solum numero laborum,
Tertix regem spoliare fortis
Ausus est cæcos aditus inire,
Ducit ad Manes via qua remotos 835
Tristis, & silva metuenda nigra,
Sed frequens magna comitante turba
Quantus incedit populus per urbes
Ad novi ludos avidus theatri
Quantus Eleum iuit ad Torontem, 840
Quinta cum facium revocavit æstas
Quinta, cum longæ iedit horæ noctis
Crescere & somnos cupiens quietos
Libra, Phœbeos tenet æqua cuius
Turba secretam Cererem frequentat 845
Et citi tectis properant relictis
Attici noctem celebrare mystæ
Tanta per campos agitur silentes
Turba pars taida gradiens fenestras,
Tristis, & longa satiræ vita 850
Pars adhuc currit melioris ævi,
Virgines nondum thalamis iugatæ,
Et comis nondum positis ephebi,
Matis & nomen modo doctus infans
His datum folis, minus ut timerent, 855
Igne prærito relevare noctem
Cæteri vadunt per opacæ tuitis
Quælis est nobis animus, remota
Luce, cum mœstus sibi quisque sentit
Obiutum toti caput esse teiri 860
Sicut chaos densum, tenebræque tui pes,
Et color noctis melius, ac silentis
Otium mundi, vacuæque nubes
Seri nos illo referat fenestras

CHORUS OF THEBANS

The Chorus sings of the victory of Hercules gained in the infernal regions, and includes the praises of the hero

EURYSTHEUS, who owing to the jealousy of Juno, was born two months before the natural period of utero-gestation, ordered Hercules to penetrate into the

lower parts of the world one of his labors this was the one wanting to deprive Pluto of his kingdom his third share of the universe. He did venture to enter that sombre entrance where the mournful paths lead to the far off Mines and where there was a dark forest greatly to be dreaded but frequented by a large crowd being constantly recruited by fresh arrivals as they are about to descend into those regions just indeed as large concourses of people in the cities anxious to witness some new play or other entertainment rush out together. Just as they hurry impetuously too to the fates of the Thunderer held at Elis when the fifth summer renews the Olympian celebrations just as when the long hours of night return and Libra eager to increase the hours of quiet repose drives the chariot of Phœbus at an equal distance from either hemisphere (That is makes the day and night each of twelve hours duration) A large assemblage at such a time attends the secret ceremonies of Ceres and the Attic Priests hasten with all speed from their deserted home steads to celebrate the night. So great then and just on such a scale is the crowd that wend its way across the silent plains towards the Infernal regions some hobbling along bent down by sheer old age mournful and tired out of the length of life—others younger run nimbly enough to this rendezvous—virgins not yet yoked to the marriage bed and youthful striplings with their locks as yet of no studied fashion and not consecrated to any deity! and the infant which has only just learned to cry.

Mother but thus is conceded to them exclusively and in order that they should fear the darkness less a torch or light of some sort is carried in front of them to dispel the fear of such darkness! The rest pass on sadly enough through the black night and such is the state of mind with all of us when the light is taken away it is then that each one feels sad within himself and is disposed to think that he has the entire weight of the earth pressing down on his head! There is then presented to the mind an idea of Immovable

darkness and the hideous
to this some idea of the
world

mock
old age

there too late and when once he does arrive he can never expect to return! What can please mankind to hasten on to such an appalling fate? All this crowd wandering from every land will pass on to join the Mines, and serve as additional layers in the Stagnant Cocytus! Oh! Mors! Everything is gathering itself up for thy final

Nemo ad id seio venit, unde nunquam, 865
 Cum semel venit potuit reverti
 Quid juvat durum properare fatum?
 Omnis hæc magnis vagæ turbæ teris
 Ibit ad Manes, facietque inertî
 Vela Cocyto tibi crescit omne, 870
 Et quod Occasus videt, & quod Ortus
 Parce venturis, tibi, Moïs, paramur
 Sis licet segnis, properamus ipsi
 Prima quæ vitam dedit hora, cupit
 Thebis læta dies adest 875
 Aras tangite supplices,
 Pingues cædite victimas
 Permixtæ maribus nurus
 Solemnes agitent choros
 Cessent deposito jugo 880
 Arvi fertilis incolæ
 Pax est Herculeæ manu
 Auroram inter & Hesperum
 Et qua sol medium tenens
 Umbras corporibus negat, 885
 Quodcunque alluitur solum
 Longo Tethyos ambitu,
 Alcidæ domuit labor
 Transvectus vada Taitari
 Patris redit inferis 890
 Jam nullus superest timor
 Nil ultra jacet inferos
 Stantes sacrificus comas
 Dilecta tege populo

ACTUS QUARTUS

HERCULES, THESEUS, AMPHITRYON,
MEGARA

Hercules a cræde Lyci reversus advocatis Diis sacra facturus in
 suam vertitur, & ὑπὸ μανιάδος νοσου τὰς φρένας
 διαστραφείς suam uxorem cum liberis occidit,
 deinde in fomnum labitur

U ITRICE dextra fusus adverso Lycus 895
 Terram cecidit ore tum quisquis comes
 Fuerat tyranni, jacuit & pœnæ comes

grasp what the rising of Phœbus brings into view and what his setting hides from the sight be sparing to those who must come to thee eventually! Oh! Mors! we are preparing for thee be slow in claiming us we are fast hastening to our doom! and the first hour that gave us life was labelled Death! The joyful Day of Thebes has arrived and as suppliants all of you greet with your wavering hands the sacred altars Slay the fat victims, and young women joining yourselves with the young men swell the solemn choir and join in the reverential song and dance! (Dancing was practised as a religious ceremony in the temples not like that of the roystering bacchanalian reveller but a solemn dance performed with devout and graceful movements of the body) Let the husbandman till the fertile fields and laying aside the plough cease from his toilsome labor! By the strong arm of Hercules Aurora and Hesperus have been made tranquil—those who sleep at night and those who work by day and where the sun at Mid day refuses to poor mortals a protecting shade from his scorching rays! The labors of Hercules have subdued every obstacle in existence wherever the soil is bathed by the sea (Tethys the wife of Oceanus) in its long circuitous course! The infernal regions having been brought into subjection Hercules has been conveyed to us over the streams of Tartarus No fear remains to us now—there is now nothing beyond the regions below to rob us of our tranquillity! And thou Priest of the Gods! crown thy locks erect with saintly fear with the Poplar wreath held so dear to our immortal Hercules!

ACT IV

HERCULES—THESEUS—AMPHITRYON— MEGARA

Hercules having returned after the slaughter of Lycus as he is about to offer sacrifices to the Gods whom he has invoked becomes mad and under the influence of his madness acute delirium supervenes he kills his wife and children then he falls into a deep sleep!

HERCULES

Lycus killed by my avenging right hand falls with his face to the earth then every companion of the tyrant and everyone who was an accessory in his guilt lies prostrate also Now as conqueror I will offer sacrifices to my Father and the rest of the Gods and I

Nunc facia patri victor & superis feram, Cæsisque meis victimis aras colam Te, te, laborum socia & adiutrix, precor	900
Belligera Pallas, cuius in læva ciet Ægis feroces oie squalifico minas Adsit Lycurgi domitor & rubri maris, Tectam videnti cuspidem thyrsos gerens	905
Geminumque numen, Phœbus & Phœbe soror, Soror sagittis aptior, Phœbus lyra, Fratresque quisquis incolit cælum meus, Non ex noverca sister, huc appellite	910
Gieges opimos quidquid Indorum seges, Arabesque odoris quidquid arboribus legunt Conferti in aras, pinguis exundet vapor Populea nostras arbor exornet comas	915
Te iuvus olere frondi gentili tegrat, Theseu Tonantem nostra adorabit manus Tu conditores vobis & silvestria Trucis antea Zethi, nobilis Duce aquæ,	920
Laremque regis advenæ Tyrium coles Date turæ flammis AMPH Nate, manantes prius Manus cruenta cæde & hostili eximia HERC Utinam cruorem capitis inuosi Deis	925
Libare posses, gratior nullus liquor Tumisset aras victimarum huius ulla amplior Potest, magisque opum marcatum Jovi, Quam iux iniquus AMPH Finire genitor tuos	930
Opta labores detur aliquando otium, Quiesque fessis HERC Ipse concipiam preces Jove meque dignas Ster suo cælum loco, Tellusque & æther astra inoffensos agant	935
Æternæ cuius alta pax gentesulat Ferum omne teneat iuvens innocui labor Ensesque lateant nulla tempestas fietum Violenta turbet nullus irato Jove	940
Exsiliat ignis nullus hiberna nive Nutritus agros amnis everfos trahat Venena cessent nulla nocituro gravis Succo tumescat herba non sævi ac truces	945
Regnent tyranni Si quod etiamnum est scelus	

will worship at the altars so well deserving of the victims slain by me. I adjure thee, oh! valiant Pallas! who hast been my aid and abettor, who with Ægis in thy left hand mounted with the head of the Gorgon, dartest forth its ferocious menacing glances from its stone-converting visage—the Conqueror of Lycurgus and the Red sea and the distant Indies, is present bearing his spear bound round with the verdant ivy, the twin deity, Phœbus and the sister of Phœbus (Phœbe), the sister renowned for her skill with the bow, and Phœbus for proficiency on the

harp whosoever of my brothers who are denizens of the celestial abodes not brothers indeed as from my step mother's side (Juno)—bring hither the fattest cattle—what ever fruitful produce from the far Indies—and whatever the wandering Arabs can cull from their fragrant shrubs heap them up liberally on the altar—let redolent fumes therefrom ascend towards heaven I will adorn my own locks with the poplar and thou Theseus shalt wear on thy head a branch of olive from the city of Minerva my especial privilege shall be to offer my homage to Jupiter Tonans thou shalt pay reverence to the founder of the city and the sylvan caves of the Truculent Zethus the celebrated fountain of Dirce and the household gods brought hither by Cadmus the Tyrian king— I throw plenty of incense upon the joyous flames!

AMPHITRYON

Oh! my son! first of all atone for having steeped thy hands in the blood of thy enemy! (Lycus)

HERCULES

I would offer as a libation to the Gods the blood of that wicked tyrant for nothing that takes a fluid form could have besprinkled the altar more satisfactorily no other victim could possibly have been more equal to the occasion and surely no more glorious an object could be sacrificed to Jupiter than an iniquitous king!

AMPHITRYON

Would that my son should now pray that his labors might cease at all events let a little respite be afforded to thee and rest from thy fatigue!

HERCULES

I myself will devise entreaties worthy of Jupiter and consistent with my own dignity for example let the heavens above the earth beneath and the very atmosphere around stand exactly as they are let the constellations pursue their eternal courses uninterrupted let permanent peace reign amongst the nations Let iron be used only in the operation of cultivating the soil away with swords! Let them lie for ever hidden from sight! Let no violent storms disturb the tranquil surface of the ocean! No lightning dart forth from the hand of angry Jupiter! Let no river swollen by the melting of the winter's snows

Latuit tellus, propeiet, & si quod parat Monstrum, meum sit Sed quid hoc? medium diem Cinere tenebræ Phœbus obscuro meret	940
Sine nube vultu, quis diem retro fugat, Agitque in ortus? unde nov' atrum caput Ignota profert? unde tot stellæ polum Implent diurnæ? primus en noster labor Cœli refulget prute non minima Leo,	945
Itaque totus fervet & moïsus privat Iam rapiet aliquod sidus ingenti monitu Stat ore, & ignes, effrat, & inutili jubam Cervice tractat quidquid autumnus gravis Hiemsque gelido frigida spatium refert,	950
Uno impetu transfiliet & verni petet Frangetque Tauri colla AMPH Quod subitum hoc malum est? Quo, nate, vultus huc & huc acies refers? Acieque falsum turbida cœlum vides?	
HERC Peidomita tellus, tumida cesserunt freta, Inferna nostros regna sensere impetus Immune cœlum est, dignus Alcide labor In alta mundi spatium sublimis ferar Petatur æther, astra promittit pater Quid si negaret? non capit terra Herculem,	955
Trandemque superis reddit en ultro vocat Omnis Deorum cœtus, & laxat fores, Una vetante recipis, & referis polum? An contumacis januam mundi traho? Dubitatur etiam? vincla Saturno exuam,	960
Contraque patris impu regnum impotens Avum resolvam Bella Turones parent Me duce furentes saxa cum silvis feram, Rapiamque dextra plena Centauris juga Jam monte gemino limitem ad superos agam	965
Videat sub Ossa Pelion Chiron suum In cœlum Olympus testio positus gradu Perveniet, aut mittetur AMPH Infandos procul	970

swamp the lands or injure the harvests, as they pursue their ordinary course! Let plants, which yield their poisonous juices dwindle into harmless weeds! Let not the luxuriant herbage be charged with injurious sap! Let cruel and bloody tyrants cease to rule! And if there be any, even now, wickedness to be perpetrated upon the Earth, or whatever monster else is in preparation, let mine be the hand to deal with it, and let it come on without delay! (The madness of Hercules is now beginning to show itself) But what is this? darkness has appeared at mid-day, Phœbus is gliding along with an obscured countenance, although no cloud is apparent! Who is driving the day back and sending it on again to the

East? Why does the unaccountable night show its black presence? Why do so many stars make themselves seen in the heavens? Behold the Lion my first labor shines forth and over no small space in the Heavenly tract and is growing quite excited boiling over with anger and prepares to open his jaws! Now he will make an attack upon some star or other! There he is menacing with his enormous visage and he is breathing out flames and brightens up again that mine of his as he jerks it back on his neck and he will leap over in one bound the stars in the middle of the Zodiac which preside over the destinies of fruitful autumn and the cold winter in icy spaces and will make for and break the neck of Taurus which brings back the spring!

AMPHITRYON

What is this sudden calamity? Why my son dost thou cast such savage looks? first here then there? Dost thou see any imaginary sky with thy disturbed visual organs?

HERCULES

The Earth has been conquered—the seas have ceased to rage the infernal regions have felt my power Heaven is safe—that is a task worthy of Alcides I shall be borne through the elevated regions of space to the sublime Heaven—let me seek my proper place in the sky my father promised to make me a constellation! But what if he should refuse? the Earth is not capable of holding me and she must therefore hand me to the regions above my proper place! Behold! the entire community of the Gods willingly invite me to join them and receive me with open doors and only one dissentient Juno, put her veto to the arrangement—Receive me and unlock the portals of Olympus Juno or I shall have to force the gates of the haughty Heavens! Is that even a matter for hesitation? Then I will let loose the chains that bind down Saturn and liberate the Grandfather who waged a futile war against my cruel father and when the Titans have prepared themselves for battle they will rejoice in me as their leader I will pile up huge rocks and forests together will root up with my powerful hands the Thesalian mountains thickly inhabited by the Centaurs and thus I shall be able with the double mountain assisting my progress to carve my way to the Gods! Chronon will then see his Pelion under Ossa—Olympus on the top of all will serve as a third ladder and I shall be able to leap to Heaven or I shall be high enough to spring up to it!

Averte sensus pectoris formidinum	
Magni tamen, compesce dementem impetum	975
HINC Quid hoc? gigantes armis pestiferis movent	
Profugit umbras Ithyos ac lacrum gerens	
Et inane pectus, quam prope et caelo stetit	
Labat Cithæron, alta Pallene tremat	
Macetumque lempe raptum hic Pindi iuga	980
Hic raptum Clen fuit horrendum Mimras	
Flammiferam Erinnys verberare excusso sonat	
Rogisque adustus propius ac propius fides	
In ora tendit fera Isthmone caput	
Serpentibus vallata, post raptum canem	985
Portum vacantem clausit opposita freta	
Sed ecce proles regis inimici latet	
Lyci nefandum semen in viso patri	
Hæc dextera jam vos reddet excutiat leues	
Nervus sagittas telum sic mitti decet	990
Heuler AMPH Quo se cæcus impetit furor?	
Vastum corâis flexit arcum cornibus	
Pharietumque solvit stridet emissâ impetu	
Arundo medio spiculum collo fugit	
Vulnere relicto HINC Ceterum prolem eruat	995
Omnesque latebris quid moror? magis mihi	
Bellum Mycenis uestit ut Cycloper	
Eversa manibus frangit nostris concidunt,	
Huc est & illuc rursus disiecto obijce,	
Rumpitque posteis columen impulsus habet	1000
Perluet omnis regem hic video abditum	
Natum scelesti patris AMPH En blandis manibus	
Ad genua tendens, voce miseranda rogat	
Scelus nefandum, triste, & aspectu horridum,	
Dextra precante rapuit, & cunctis furens	1005
Bis ter rotatum misit at illi caput	
Sonuit, cerebro tecta disperso madent	
At misera parvum protegens natum sinu	
Megra, furenti similis e latebris fugit	

AMPHITRYON

Pray lay aside those impious thoughts, the outpourings no doubt of a magnanimous soul! There is, however, little sanity in such ravings! Check therefore this mad impetuosity!

HERCULES

What do I see yonder? Ah! the destructive Giants are taking up arms against the Gods. Ithyus has effected his escape from the Manes, and carrying about with him an inside mangled and gnawed away! Ah! how nearly he once reached Heaven! The Bæotian Cithæron is tottering, lofty Pallene trembles and Macetum, too, hitherto a "lempe" in its serenity, is convulsed with dread! One of the Titans

has gained the summit of Pindus and another has got possession of Cetus! That hideous Mimas is beside himself with rage! Erinnyes with her flaming torches smacks her scourging whips nearer and nearer whilst she feeds the Tisiphone with her head wreathed with serpents who after Cerberus had been captured guarded the door that was then left unprotected and with her threatening torch preventing any egress from the dark prison! But see! look! there lies hidden the offspring of my enemy the king—the accursed seed of Lycus—but this hand shall forthwith send thee on to thy hateful father my strong arm shall shoot forth the nimble arrows! It is for just such a desirable object as this that the darts of a Hercules should be employed!

AMPHITRYON

Why does such blind rage take possession of Hercules? There! he has bent his strong bow with all his might and sent the arrow on its fatal mission the deadly reed whizzes again from the force with which it was shot forth. Ah! the point has passed through the middle of the neck of one of his own children and the arrow is still sticking in the wound!

HERCULES

I will destroy the rest of the offspring and demolish utterly their places of concealment why should I delay? A more important war awaits my presence at Mycenæ that the walls raised by the Cyclopes shall fall overturned by my hands. Here is a palace! and there a vain obstacle. The bolts and bars being cast aside the doors shall be burst open and the pillars supporting it shall fall headlong. All the palace is visible by the Light of Day—I see hidden there the second son of that wicked father!

AMPHITRYON (*to Theseus*)

Behold! Theseus! the little child stretching forth its hands and asking for mercy with a piteous cry! What relentless crime heartrending and horrible to have to witness! He seizes the right hand imploring for mercy and Hercules cruelly whirls his little son round and round twice or thrice and dashes it to the ground—the head of the little son sounded on the stone floor and the walls were moistened with the scattered brains! But unhappy Megara who had been nursing the younger of the sons in her bosom fled at the same time from the place of concealment Hercules supposing she was Juno

- MEI. Tunc Iovis prostratus cubili
 Peccet undaeque totae latus
 AMB. Quo inferatque
 Nulle saluti Hercule infero et
 Amplexate ipsum potius
 Iovis tunc MEI. Tunc
 Arnosce Megaram
 Habitusque reblit
 MEI. Tunc noce cum
 Iupique prostratus
 Sed ante matrem prostratus
 MEI. Quo tunc
 AMB. Prostratus
 Perit ante vultus
 In conque nunc
 Persequit ost
 Absq. nec ulquum
 Vivax tenetur
 Mortem prostratus
 Vel stupem istum
 Converti sulum
 Remove parentem
 MEI. Quo te ipse
 Quo peris unius
 Unumque manibus
 MEI. Bene habet
 Tibi hunc dictum
 Gregem cecidi
 Te digna & Argos
 AMB. Nondum
 Stat, ecce ad aras
 Cervicem prona
 MEI. Quid hoc
 Visusque meor

HERCULES

(Still supposing Megara to be Juno) You may flee for an asylum into the very arms of Jupiter, but this right hand of mine shall search thee out and wrest thee even from his very embrace!

AMPHIRYON

Where art thou going, oh! unfortunate Megara? what place of exile, what hiding-place shalt thou seek? There is absolutely no place of security, no means of escape from outraged Hercules, embrace him rather and try to soften his wrath with humble and winning entreaties!

MEGARA

Spare me, husband, I now implore thee, recognize thy own dear Megara, the child possesses thy very counten-

ance over again—thy very second self! See how the child stretches forth its hands!

HERCULES

No! I am holding my step mother (Juno) follow and receive thy punishment at my hands and liberate Jupiter from such a hateful yoke but before I kill thee let me put this little monster out of the way

MEGARA

What are thou doing madman?—thou art sacrificing thy own flesh and blood!

AMPHITRYON

The infant is already dead—indeed was frightened to death by the fiery looks of its father long before it was wounded by the arrow! Fear snatched away its life! His heavy club is poised above his wife and he breaks her bones with his blow! Her head is detached from her body and cannot be found in its entire state—it has been smashed to pieces! Oh! for my tenacious old age thou darest too much even to think of such a sight—If my grief bears me down death is ready to thy hand select this breast of mine for thy arrows or turn against me that club of thine stained with the slaughter of the monsters put away thy supposed father and rid thy name of one so lowly lest my doleful utterances should sully thy triumphs!

THESEUS

Why in thy old age shouldst thou court death for thy self in this way? Where art thou going imprudent man Flee and hidden far away deprive the hands of Hercules of this one crime at all events!

HERCULES

It is well the race of this shameless usurper is now extinct—To thee oh spouse of glorious Jupiter I have dedicated the victims which I have sacrificed to thee with joy thou art worthy of them! And Argos shall yet afford others for thee!

AMPHITRYON

Thou hast not yet sacrificed any Oh son! finish thy offerings—Behold! a sacrifice now stands before the altar and awaits thy hand with lowered head it waits for a mortal below I am
ing thee I persist
What do I see at th
growing dim and grief weakens his vision! Do I not see the hand of Hercules trembling? A lethargic sleep

Manus trementes² vultus in somnum cecidit
 Et fessa cervix capite submisso habet 1045
 Flexo genu jam totus ad terram ruit
 Ut cæcis silvis ornus, aut portus mari
 Datura moles vivis³ an leto dedit
 Idem, tuos qui misit ad mortem furor⁴
 Sopor est reciprocos spiritus motus agit 1050
 Detur quieti tempus ut somno gravi
 Vis victa morbi pectus oppressum levet
 Removete simuli tela, ne repetat furens

CHORUS THILBANORUM

Deos, sidera & elementa qui lymphatis lunaticis & mente
 captis dominantur in luctum commiserationem & auxi-
 lium Herculis Chorus advocat somnum qui furorem
 sedare solet precatur ut gravi sopore pressum
 Herculem menti restituit pueros denique
 cæcos desset

LUCI VI æther, magnusque parens
 Ætheris alti, tellusque ferax 1055
 Et vaga ponti mobilis unda
 Tuque ante omnes qui per terras
 Radiatusque maris fundis radios
 Noctemque fugas ore decoro,
 Fervide Titan obitus prater 1060
 Tecum Alcides vidit & oitus,
 Novitque tuis utrisque domos
 Solvite tantis animum monstros
 Solvite, superi rectam in melius
 Flectite mentem tuque o domitor, 1065
 Somne, malorum, requies animi,
 Pars humanæ melior vitæ,
 Volucer, matris genus Astiææ
 Frater duræ linguide Mortis,
 Veris miscens falsæ, 1070
 Certus, & idem pessimus victor
 Pater o rerum, portus vita,
 Lucis requies, noctisque comes,
 Qui pri regi simuloque venis,
 Placidus fessum lenisque fovens 1075

seizes his eyelids and his wearied head falls towards his chest, and now, with his knees giving away, he falls bodily upon the earth, thoroughly overcome by exhaustion¹ in the same way as the ash, when it is felled in the forest, or as a mass of stone is thrown into the water to serve as a pier or a

approaches him) Art thou alive son? or has the same rage handed thee over to death thou who hast sent so many so many of thy own flesh and blood to that bourne No! it is sleep! his respiration is being carried on—the movements of his thorax show inspiration and expiration! Let him then be given up to rest so that the severity of his disease may be overcome by a heavy sleep and slumber calm down his agitated nerves! Here! Attendants! remove all dangerous weapons lest he may wake furious again!

CHORUS OF THEBANS

The Chorus invokes the Deities the Stars and the Elements which exercise influence over the lymphatic (victims of

allay madness and that by being thrown into a profound sleep he may be restored to reason—it likewise pours forth a lament for the death of his boys!

MAY the firmament mourn and the mighty Parent of the lofty heavens and the fruitful earth and thou Deity of the wandering waves of the rolling sea (Neptune) and thou (Phœbus) above all these who sheddest the rays over thy ocean tracts and with thy glorious presence drivest away dull night for Alcides has been with thee accompanied thee in thy progress both when thou hast disappeared below the Horizon to illumine another part of the world—he is familiar with both thy retreats! Oh! release his disordered mind from so many monstrous delusions Oh! ye Gods above! liberate his imprisoned mind from his mental impressions into a more healthy channel and thou oh! Somnus! the dissipator of sensorial disturbance the donor of tranquil thought and the better portion of human life (namely sleep)—Oh! winged Somnus claiming Astræa for his maternal descent Oh! thou gentle brother of implacable Mors! mingling the mental conceptions—the possible with the impossible—sometimes in the form of enlightening impressions revealing the truth sometimes keeping back from our knowledge evils which are impending! Oh thou father of Nature the refuge of life the repose of day and the welcome companion of night who comest alike to visit the Monarch and the slave kind to the weary cherishing and mild! Thou inculcatest upon the human mind naturally fearful of dissolution some idea of that long sleep which awaits us

Pavidum leti genus humanum
 Cogis longam discere mortem
 Preme devictum torpore γαρ
 Sopor indomitos alliget artus,
 Nec torva prius pectora linquat, 1080
 Quam mens repetat pristina cursum
 En, fufus humi sæva feroci
 Corde volutat somnia nondum est
 Tanti pestis superata mali
 Clavæque gravi lassum solitus 1085
 Mandare caput, quærit vacua
 Ponderi devota, motu jactans
 Biachia vano nec adhuc omnes
 Expulit æstus sed, ut ingenti
 Vexata Noto servat longos 1090
 Unda tumultus, & jam vento
 Cessante tumet pelle insanos
 Fluctus animi redeat pietas,
 Virtusque vivo vel sit potius
 Mens vesano concita motu, 1095
 Error cæcus, qua cœpit, eat
 Solus te jam præstare potest
 Furor infontem Proxima puris
 Sors est manibus, nescire nefas
 Nunc Herculeis percussa fonent 1100
 Pectora palmis mundum solitos
 Ferre laceitos verbera pulsent
 Victrice manu gemitus vastos
 Audiat æther, audiat atrī
 Regni poli, vastisque ferox 1105
 Qui colla gerit vincula catenis,
 Imo latitans Cerberus antro
 Resonet mœsto clamore chaos,
 Lateque patens unda profundæ,
 Et, qui melius tur tela tamen 1110
 Senseat, æi
 Pectora tantis obfessa malis
 Non sunt ictu ferienda levi
 Uno planctu tria regna fonent
 Et tu collo decus ac telum 1115
 Suspensa diu fortis arundo,
 Phrytræque graves, date sæva ferro
 Verbera tergo cædunt humeros
 Robora fortes, stupescque potens
 Duris oneret pectora nodis 1120
 Plangunt tantos arma dolores

all—Death! Confine then Alcides with the chains of
 lethargic sopor, let Somnus bind down his invincible
 limbs, nor let his furious brain be deprived of the soporific
 agent, till his mind regains its strength and acquires a

healthy train of thought! Behold him now stretched upon the ground he is tossing about disturbed by hideous dreams not as yet in any way is this frightful visitation mitigated accustomed to rest his head on his ponderous club he tries to seize it in vain with his right hand swaying his arms to and fro with his fruitless endeavours nor has he got rid of his anger entirely for as the sea stirred up by the force of the tempestuous south wind retains for some time its disturbed condition and even when the wind ceases to blow it returns an angry attitude! Oh! drive away the tumultuous waves from the mind of Alcides let his former piety and submissive virtue return to the miserable man! Or would it not be better that he should retain his present disordered intellect stirred up with mad passions and his blind irresponsible delirium continue as it commenced?—for this madness alone can entitle him to be considered free from guilt The next virtue probably to that of possessing hands that have not yet been polluted by crime of any sort is to be in a happy state of ignorance that they have been so contaminated! Now this huge breast of Hercules resounds with the blows with which he strikes it! How he belabors his arms those arms which were wont to sustain the weight of the heavens How his sonorous groans will reach to the sky and the queen of the black universe will likewise hear them and the fierce Cerberus that still wears the huge chains on his conquered neck barking aloud from his low cave How sombre Chaos will resound with his lugubrious shouts! how the broad waters of the vasty deep and lastly the air itself will feel the disturbance which had much better have been by his arrows as of old! (alluding to the Stymphalides) A breast besieged by so many inward commotions connected with so much wickedness committed must not be visited by light blows! How the three Kingdoms (Heaven Earth and Hell) resound simultaneously with the piteous cries! And thou oh! arrow! so long triumphant and suspended from his neck as an ornament as well as a vehicle of force and you the heavily armed quivers strike implacably thy cruel master on his savage back! Let him punish his own powerful shoulders with his own great strength and let his mighty club with its rough knots punish his own body! Let his shoulders wince again with the intensity of the pain inflicted on himself And you children who never have been able to follow the track of your noble parent yet tyrant Kings will be avenged by this cruel blow—you who had not yet acquired grace in your bodily movements in the Grecian Palæstra (wrestling place)—you that were not formidable opponents

Non vos patitur ludis comites
 Ubi seruo vulnere reges
 Non Aigion membra patitur
 Flectere docti, fortes celsu,
 Fortesque manu, cum tamen ausi
 Fclum Scythici leve coryti
 Missum certa librare manu
 Tutosque fugi figere cervos
 Nondumque scire teigr jubat
 Ite ad Stygios umbrar portus
 Ite innocui quis in primo
 Limine vitæ scelus oppressit
 Patriusque furor ite infrustum
 Genus, o pueri, noti per iter
 Triste laboris ite iratos
 Visite reges

ACTUS QUINTUS

HERCULES AMPHITRYON THESEUS

Hercules expectatus & menti restitutus postquam suos & se
 interfectos comperisset, manus sibi inferre parat patris
 precibus victus sibi pricit, Athenasque Thesei con-
 silio purgandus proficiscitur

QUIS hic locus? quæ regio? quæ mundi plagâ?
 Ubi sum? sub ortu solis, an sub crudine
 Glacialis Uræ numquid Hesperii maris
 Extrema tellus hunc dat Oceanum modum?
 Quas trahimus vias? quod solum fesso subest
 Certe redimus unde prostrata domo
 Video cruenta corpora? an nondum exiit
 Simulacra mens inferna? post reditus quoque
 Oberrat oculos turba feralis meos
 Pudet scire præveo nescio quod mihi,
 Nescio quod animus grande præfigit malum
 Ubi est parens? ubi illi matrum grege
 Animosa conjux? cui litus levum vixit
 Spolio leonis? quorum abiit tegimen meum,
 Idemque somno mollis Herculeo torus?
 Ubi tela? ubi arcus? arma quis vivo mihi
 Detrahare potuit? spolia quis tanti abstulit?
 Ipsumque quis non Herculis somnum horruit?

with the coëstus, but who already had attempted to hurl
 forth will a firm hand the light arrow, the dart of the
 Scythian, and to strike the stag which seeks its safety in
 flight, but had not yet attempted the same on the back

of the Maned Lion! Go to the Stygian refuge to the shades below go innocent victims whom the wickedness and madness of a father have sacrificed at the very threshold of life Go unlucky progeny—Oh! Boys! go by the sad path made known to us all by your father's labor go and join the indignant rulers (Pluto and Proserpine) of the sombre Empire!

ACT V

HERCULES—AMPHITRYON—THESEUS

Hercules wakes with his mind restored and learns that he has killed his own children He prepares to lay hands on himself but prevailed on by the entreaties of his father he refrains from suicide and at the suggestion of Theseus he starts for Athens and undergoes the ordeal of atonement

HERCULES

WHAT place is this? What country? What region of the Globe? Where am I? Am I at the extremes of the East where Phœbus starts on his journey or under the sky of the Icy Bear? Whether that land which stretches out to the sea of Hesperia and affords thereby a boundary of the Ocean? What air am I breathing? What ground is supporting my weary body? I surely have returned to Ithebes—How is it that I behold bloody carcasses lying about on the floors of the

my eyes! I am ashamed to confess it—I know not what has come to me I cannot guess of what terrible calamity my troubled mind is warning me! Where is my Parent? Where is that wife of mine so enraged about her young children? Why is my left shoulder deprived of the Nemæan lion's skin? Where has that defensive covering disappeared and which has served me as a soft bed when in the arms of gentle sleep? Where are my arrows? Where is my bow? Who could dare to take away my arms whilst any life remained in me? Who could have carried off so heavy a trophy as my club? Who is there that has not dreaded Hercules even when he was asleep? It will please me to meet my proud conqueror—yes! indeed it will be a pleasure! Arise thou Conqueror before

Libet meum videre victorem libet
 Exsurge, victor quem novum caelo pater
 Genuit relicto cuius in sœtu stetit
 Nos longior, quam nostra quod cerno nefas
 Nati cruenta cade confecti jacent 1160
 Perempti conjux quis Lycus regnum obtinet
 Quis tanta Thebis scelera moliri ausus est
 Heicule reverso quisquis Ismeni loca
 Actæra quisquis aura, qui gemino mari
 Pulsata Pelopis regna Dardani colis 1165
 Succurre, sua cladis auctorem indier
 Ruat ira in omnes hostes est, quisquis mihi
 Non monstrat hostem victor Alcide lates
 Procede seu tu vindicæ cuius truces
 Thiacis cruenti, sive Geïoni pecus, 1170
 Libyæ dominos nulla pugnandi mora est
 En nudus adsto vel meis armis licet
 Petas inermem cui meos Theseus fugit
 Patetque vultus? ora cur condunt fur?
 Differte sletus quis meos dederit neci 1175
 Omnes simul, profire quid, genitor filis
 At tu ede, Theseu, sed tur, Theseu fide
 Uterque trictus ora pudibunda obtegit,
 Furtimque lacrimis fundit in tantis malis
 Quid est pudendum? numquid Argivæ impotens 1180
 Dominator ubis? numquid infestum Lyci
 Pereuntis agmen clade nos tanta obruit?
 Per te, meorum facinorum laudem precor,
 Genitori, tuique nominis semper mihi
 Numen secundum, fere, quis fudit domum 1185
 Cui præda jacui? AMPH Facita sic aberant mala
 HERC Ut inultus ego sim? AMPH Sæpe vindictæ obsunt
 HERC Quisquamne segnis tanta toleravit mala?
 AMPH Mjora quisquis timuit HERC His etiam, pater
 Quidquam timeri majus aut gravius potest? 1190

him whose father begat him quite unexpectedly, when he quitted heaven on one of his peregrinations, and at whose nativity, the night was rendered more prolonged than it is now a-day! Lo! what signs of wickedness do I now behold? My sons are lying there struck down by some bloody slaughterer's hand! My wife too slain! I wonder what new Lycus now holds the reigns of government! What man has dared to attempt such murderous deeds, in this, my Thebes? even, too, after I, Hercules, have come back! Whoever dwelleth in the plains of Ismenus—Whosoever tilleth the fields of Attica—Whoever thou art, who dwellest in the Kingdom of Dardanian Pelops, whose shores are washed by the waves of two seas, help me—disclose to me the author of this savage

slaughter! I et my fullest measure of wrath fall on all! He is my enemy who knows and does not point out to me the greatest of my enemies! Where hidest thou thou Conqueror of Alcides? Come forth whether thou art avenging the bloody kin_s of Ithrae (Diomedes) who was devoured by the very horses that dragg_d his chariot or to aven_e Ceryon who c_l flocks I took from him or the two kin_s of Ithy_a! There admits of no delay in my preparin_g for battle! But here I am unarmed—or is it that it is sought to come upon me in a defenceless condition? Why do Ihescus and my father woid my very gaze? Why do they bury their faces? Away with useless weepin_g! I et me be informed who has handed over to cruel death my all—my wife my ons? Why my Father art thou silent? But thou Ihescus tell me on thy sacred honor in which I repo_se so much confidence Behold! they both hide their confused faces in silence and tears difficult to restrain are shed by each of them but why is there all this reserve in the mid_t of such a category of crimes Whether tell me is it the impotent ruler of the city of Argos or is it the odious race of Iycus that has overwhelmed me with so much shu_hter? I beseech thee my Father for thy approval of my actions of onc possessin_g my name and onc which has always ranked with me as second only Pray speak who has ruined my home to whose ven_eer_ence have I fallen a prey?

AMPHITRYON

I et those deeds be remembered only in silence!

HIRCUIS

That I may be unrevenged dost thou mearn

AMPHITRYON

Vengeance has often proved an obstacle to its cherisher!

HIRCUIS

What man has ever tolerated such wickedness with composure?

AMPHITRYON

The man who has feared that greater misfortunes are in store for him

HERCULIS

Oh! my father what greater or more dreadful calamities could be devised than these in order to inspire fear?

AMPH Cladis tunc prius ista quoniam nostri, quoniam est
 HIC Misere, genitor supplices tendo manus
 Quid hoc? manus refugit hic erat scelus
 Unde hic cruor quid illa puerili madens
 Arundo leto, tincta Lernæa necesse 1195
 Jam telum video nostrum, non quero manum
 Quis potuit arcum flectere aut quæ dextera
 Sinuare nervum vi recedentem mihi
 Ad vos revertor genitor hoc nostrum est scelus
 Tacuere, nostrum est AMPH Iustus est istuc tuus, 1200
 Crimen novere casus hic culpa caret
 HIC Nunc parte ab omni genitor, iratus tonat
 Oblite nostri vindicta sera manu
 Saltem nepotes stelliger mundus sonet,
 Flammis & hic & ille jaculari polus 1205
 Rupes ligatum Caspiae corpus trahant
 Atque ales videt cur Promethei verent
 Scopuli? preterit vertice immenso ferat
 Volucresque pascens Caucasii abruptum litus
 Nudumque silvis, quæ pontum Scythica 1210
 Symplegas arctat hinc & hinc vincit manus
 Distendat alto cumque revocata vice
 In se coibunt saxa, quæ in calum expriment
 Actis utrinque rupibus medium mare,
 Ego inquietum montium jacerem mora 1215
 Quin structum cervinis nemore congesto aggerem
 Cruore corpus impio sparsum cramo?
 Sic, sic agendum est inferis reddam Herculem
 AMPH Nondum tumultu pectus attonito caret
 Mutavit iras quodque habet proprium furor, 1220
 In se ipse sævit HERC Diræ Furarum loca
 Et inferorum carcer, & fontis plaga
 Decietur turbæ, & si quod exilium latet
 Ulterius Erebo, Cerbero ignotum & mihi,
 Huc me abde tellus Parturi ad finem ultimum 1225

AMPHIRYON

Those passages in thy own misfortunes which thou hast actually experienced, do they not furnish but feeble episodes in the chapter of disasters?

HERCULES

Pity me, father, I will extend my suppliant hands
 What do I see? He actually refuses my proffered palms,
 for in these hands rests the wickedness of crime, whence
 comes all this blood? How comes it that the arrow,
 stained with the blood of the slaughtered Lernæan Hydra
 is still wet with the gore of the murdered children? I
 recognise at once, my own arrow, I do not require to

search for the hand that shot it forth for who is there that could bend my bow Or what right hand could have drawn the string which I could only do with difficulty I appeal again to you Oh Father! Is this indeed my crime 'There is no answer' It is mine!

AMPHITRYON

In this lamentable matter the grieving part is thine the criminal portion that of thy step-mother this calamity is not remotely traceable to thy culpability

HERCULES

Oh! irate father (Jupiter) send forth thy thunder in every direction think not of my misfortunes vindicate the slaughter of thy grand ones at least although the visitation may be slow in its arrival! Let the starry firmament resound with thy thunders and the sky here there everywhere be filled with thy lightnings let my body be chained to one of the rocks of Iaurus and the greedy vulture feed on my carcass why should the rock of Iro-methus be vacant now Let there be appropriated for my punishment a spot on the abrupt mountain side of Caucasus where no verdure prevails and where the summer affords a place of refuge for wild beasts and birds of prey And the rugged Symplegades which contract the entrance of the Iuvine Sea shall widen the channel with a hand of mine bound to each of them from above and when those mobile rocks approach each other (their movements are alternate) and drive upwards towards the sky the intervening waves the rocks beating them on either side I shall act as an obstacle to their mutual contact! Or shall I pile up and set fire to a huge mound from the thick groves and consume with the flames my body besmeared with sinful blood! So well! let this be done thus and I will return as Hercules Secundus to the shades below!

AMPHITRYON

The mind of Hercules is not freed from tumultuous thoughts but his anger has only assumed another phase

HERCULES

If there be any dreadful spot amongst the imprisoned lower regions and the abode of the Furies or a place set apart for the guiltiest of mortals—and if there be any more distant place of exile in Erebus not known to Cerberus and myself—there let me hide myself away from this Earth! I will go and abide in the extremest boundaries of Tartarus! Oh! my too savage disposition!

Manfuris ibo pectus o nimium ferum!
 Quis vos per omnem, liberi, spaisos domum
 Deffere digne poterit? hic diuus malis
 Iracumare vultus nescit Huc ensem date,
 Date huc fignitas, stupilem huc viftum date 1230
 Tibi tela frangam noftia, tibi noftios, puer,
 Rumpemus arcus, ac tuis ftipes grauis
 Ardebit umbis ipfa Lernæis frequens
 Phæetia telis in tuos ibit iogof
 Dent arma pœnas vos quoque inftuflas meis 1235
 Ciemabo telis, o novecales manus
 THES Quis nomen unquam fccleris error addidit?
 HERC Sæpe error ingens fccleris obtinuit locum
 THES Nunc Hercule opus eft perferi hanc molem mali
 HERC Non fic fuioie ceflit exftinctus pudor, 1240
 Populos ut omnes impio afpectu fugem
 Aima, arma, Thefeu, fngito propere mihi
 Subiacta reddi fan? fi mens eft mihi
 Referte manibus tela fi remanet fuioi,
 Patei, recede mortis inuentum vrum 1245
 AMPH Per fincta generis facia, per ius nominis
 Utumque noftu, five me altoiem vocas,
 Seu tu parentem, perque venerandos pns
 Cnos, fenectæ pnce defetæ, piecor,
 Annifque feflis unicum ipfæ domus 1250
 Fumamen, unum lumen afflicto malis
 Temet referva nullus ex te contigit
 Fructus laborum femper aut dubium mrie,
 Aut monftra timui quifquis in toto fuit
 Rex fevus orbe manibus, aut aris nocens, 1255
 A me timetui femper abfentis patei
 Fructum tui, tactumque & afpectum peto
 HERC Cur animam in ifta luce detineram amplius,
 Morierque, nihil eft cuncta jam amifi bona
 Mentem, ama, famam, conjugem, natos, manus, 1260

Who could bewail, oh! my children, fufficiently at the
 fight of my dear ones fcattered about on the floor of
 the Palace This harfh vifage of mine, hardened by
 miffortune, knows not how to familiarize itfelf with tears!
 Here! give me my fword! hand me hither my arrows,
 bring along my redoubtable club (Looking firft at one
 fon and then at the other) For thee, I will break my
 arrows, for thee, my boys, I will fnap my bow in two—
 and this formidable weapon (the club) fhall burn for thy
 infanticidal death, and the quiver filled with the Lernæan
 arrows fhall be handed over to the funeral pile! Let
 my deadly weapons fuffer their turn of deffruction! I
 will burn them alfo with the fatal arrows! But oh! ye
 awful inftruments of a ftep-mother's perfecution!

THE FUS

Whoever add to an error intentionally invests such error with the odium of a crime.

HERCULES

An error of magnitude oftentimes requires the tinge of wickedness!

THE FUS

Now we stand in need of toleration on the part of Hercules—bear patiently this load of misfortune!

HERCULES

My pride and dignity have not to such an extent been stamped out by my delirious attack that I should drive everyone away from beholding my wicked presence. Nay! Thesau! My arms—I demand that my arms which have been taken away shall be given up forthwith if my mind be in a sound state hand me my arrow if my delirium still continue. Oh! rather get out of my path I will find an easy way of seeking my death!

AMPHITRYON

By the sacred mystery of thy descent by that respect which is due to me and my name! Whether thou call me parent or simply look upon me as having merely brought thee up and by these hoary locks always revered by good men I pray thee spare my declining years and my old age bereft of earthly consolation thou one prop of a fallen dynasty afford me some ray of compassion for my misfortunes which I share with thee. None of the results of thy glorious deed have been transferred from thee to myself for I have held the treacherous sea in great dread as well as monsters of every sort and even whatever cruel king that rages in any part of the world that stains his hand with the blood of others or pollutes the sacred altars with human sacrifices is held by me in the greatest fear but as thy father I have looked forward with joyful hope to thy successful exploits and to hail thy presence and behold thy visage!

HERCULES

Why should I wish to pass my life any longer in the light of day? Why should I hesitate about it? There is no reason for it I have already lost my possessions—my mind—my arms—my reputation—my wife—my children—the glory of my exploits!—Even my madness

Etiam suorum nemo polluto querit
 Animo medici morte fundum est scelus
 AMPH Perimes parentem? HIC Tricere ne possim occidam
 AMPH Genitore coram? HIC Cernere hunc docui nefas
 AMPH Memorandi potius omnibus facta intuens 1265
 Unius et te criminis veniam pete
 HIC Veniam dabit sibi ipse, qui nulli dedit
 Laudanda feci iussus, hoc unum meum est
 Succurre, genitor si te pietas movet
 Seu triste fatum, si violare decus 1270
 Virtutis esset arma vincatur mea
 Fortuna dextra HIC Sunt quidem patris preces
 Satis efficaces sed tamen nostro quoque
 Movere sctu fuge et adversa impetu
 Perfinge solito nunc tuum nulli imperium 1275
 Animum malo resume nunc magna tibi
 Virtute agendum est Herculem irasci veta
 HIC Si vivo feci scelera si morior tui
 Purgare terras propero jam dudum mihi
 Monstrum impium, scilicetque et immite ac scitum 1280
 Oberat agendum dextra contra aggredi
 Ingens opus, labore bisseuo amplius
 Ignave, cessas? fortis in pueros modo,
 Pavidisque matres? arma nisi dantur mihi,
 Aut omne Pindi Thracis exscindam nemus, 1285
 Brechique lucos, et Citharonis iuga
 Mecum cremabo tota cum domibus suis,
 Dominisque recta, cum Deis templis omnibus
 Thebanis supra corpus excipiam meum,
 Atque urbe versa conditi et, si fortibus 1290
 Leve pondus humeris mœnura immissa incident,
 Septemque operitus non satis portis premui,
 Onus omne, media parte quod mundi sedet,
 Diimitque superos, in meum vertam caput

during which interval I was at all events free from self-reproach! No one with his mind thus contaminated can ever expect to be cured No! my crime must be healed by the one remedy—Death!

AMPHITRYON

Dost thou wish to kill thy parent?

HERCULES

Lest I might do so I will kill myself

AMPHITRYON

What! before the very eyes of thy father?

HERCULES

I have learned to know the extent of my crimes, with my own eyes!

AMPHITRION

Instead of taking heed of exploits remembered by all of us—seek forgiveness for the great crime done by thy hands!

HERCULES

Shall I crave for pardon for myself who have never vouchsafed it to others? Under commands I have done things to be praised but this one deed is my own very own doing! Help me Father whether thy affection leads thee to do so or my sad condition or the honor of that valor which I have furnished! Bring me forth my arms! With my own right hand shall my triumphant destiny be determined—by my own death!

THESEUS

Thy father's entreaties indeed are sufficiently touching but thou wilt surely be moved a little by my weeping solicitations—Fert thyself Hercules! with thy accustomed energy of character—Now pray resume the courage which thou hast always shown when confronted by every danger now do let this great bravery be shown by thee now say to thyself Hercules check thy angry feelings!

HERCULES

If I live I have committed crimes and am a criminal—if I put an end to my life I shall certainly escape my wretchedness—I shall hasten to clear myself out from this Earth—an impious monster cruel fierce indomitable monster wanders about perpetually in my person! Come to my aid Oh! my right hand! endeavour that a great work shall be accomplished greater than any of my twelve labors! Why Hercules dost thou hesitate thus cowardly? Is thy valor only levelled against poor inoffensive children and timid mothers Unless my arms be given up to me I will cut down to the ground every grove on the Thracian Pindus the groves of Bacchus and every tree which throws a shade on lofty Cithæron and they shall burn with myself one grand conflagration! I will overthrow the entire city of Thebes every homestead with its inmates masters and families and the Theban temples with the Gods contained in them and I will be buried with the ruins pressing down on my body and if the city falling on my shoulders should prove too light a weight and if covered thus I should not be sufficiently crushed by the seven gates I will turn down on my head all the superincumbent weight which resides in that space which separates the Gods above from those in the infernal regions!

AMPH Reddo arma HIRC Vox est digna genitore Hercules	1295
Hoc en peremptus spiculo cecidit puer	
AMPH Hoc, Juno, telum manibus emisit tuis	
HIRC Hoc nunc ego uter AMPH Ecce, quam miserum metu	
Cor palpitat, corpusque sollicitum sunt	
HIRC Aptata arundo est AMPH Ecce, jam facies scelus	1300
Volens, sciensque prinde quid fieri jubet.	
Nihil rogamus nostri in tuto est dolor	
Natum potes servare tu solus mihi,	
Eripere nec tu maximum tui metum	
Miserum haud potes me facere felicem potes	1305
Sic statue, quidquid statuis, ut crurum tuum	
Frammque in recto stare & incipiti scias	
Aut vivis, aut occidis hanc amicum leonem	
Fessumque senio, nec minus quassum moris	
In ore primo teneo tam tride patri	1310
Vitam dat aliquis? non sciam ulterius moram,	
Letale serio pectus impresso induram	
Hic, hic precabit Hercules fani scelus	
HIRC Jam prece, genitor, prece, jam revoca manum	
Succumbe, virtus, perfer imperium patris	1315
Eat ad labores hic quoque Herculeos labori,	
Vivamus artus illece afflictos solo,	
Theseu, prientis dextra contractus pio	
Scelerati refugit AMPH Hanc manum amplector libens	
Hanc nixus ibo, pectori hanc agro admovent	1320
Pellam dolores HIRC Quem locum profugus petam?	
Ubi me recondam? quare tellure obivam	
Quis Farnus, aut quis Nilus, aut quis Persica	
Violentus unda Tigris, aut Rhenus seros,	
Tagusve Iberi turbidus gaza fluens,	1325

AMPHITRYON

I surrender thee thy arms

HERCULES

Those words are worthy of the father of Hercules—
Behold! this is the one, whose deadly point killed my
child!

AMPHITRYON

Nay! say rather, this was the one shot forth by thy
hands through Juno's jealous wrath

HERCULES

I will use, then, this very arrow!

AMPHITRYON

Listen to me, my heart palpitates with fear and beats
tumultuously against the walls of my chest!

HERCULES

The arrow is already armed and ready !

AMPHITRYON

Listen again I implore thee how anxious thy face appears to commit crime and knowing it to be such tell me why art thou so ready to do all this? I ask for nothing—My misery is past recall! Thou alone hast it in thy power to preserve me my son therefore tear not thyself away—I have got over my worst fears it is out of thy power to make me more miserable but thou canst give me some degree of happiness Therefore determine what thy intentions are for thou must be convinced that thy exploits and thy fame will rest on a slender and equivocal foundation thou either livest thyself or thou slayest me! I merely hold my life my breath within my nostrils this feeble vitality worn down by old age but not less irksome
son hesitate whether
I will bear delay no lo
penetrating sword into
to his chest) shall this
restored to reason!

HERCULES

Oh! spare me, father spare me withhold at once thy threatening hand—let me be the one to yield with all my valor—let me bow to the will of a father! This victory must indeed be ranked greater than any of my former exploits! Let us all live! Theseus raise my father with his afflicted frame from the ground and the contact of his affectionate embrace will banish all traces of evil designs when my right hand is joined with his!

AMPHITRYON

I cheerfully lay hold of thy hand I shall go forth leaning on confidence and when I draw it towards my oppressed heart I shall be able to drive away my sorrows!

HERCULES

What place of exile shall I seek in my retreat where shall I hide myself or in what land shall I bury my sorrows? What Tiberis or what Nile or what streams of the Persian Euphrates or rough Rhine or muddy Tagus which flows along carrying in suspension its golden sands! which one of those rivers can wash my hand of my

Abluere dextram poterit Arctoum hiet
 Mæotis in me gelida transfundat mare,
 Et tota Icthis per mers currat manus,
 Hærebit altum facinus in quas impius
 Ferras recedes? Ortum, an Occasum petes 1330
 Ubique notus perdidit exilio locum
 Me refugit orbis æther transversos agunt
 Obliqua cursus ipse litam Cerberum
 Meliore vultu vidit o fidum caput
 Theseu, hæcram quare longinquam abditam 1335
 Quorumque semper sceleris alieni arbitri
 Amis nocentes, gratiam meritis referi
 Vicemque nostris reddere me infernis precor
 Umbris reductum, meque subiectum tuis
 Restitue vinclis ille me abscondet locus 1340
 Sed & ille novit huius Nostra te tellus manet
 Illic solutam exde Cradivus manum
 Restituet armis illa te, Alcida vocet
 Facere innocentes terra quæ superos solet

crime? Will it be better! that the cold Mæotis of Arctos, should pour its waters over me, for if the entire sea were passed over these hands, the deep disgrace would still be there, therefore into what lands shall I, an impious exile, vanish at last? Shall I seek the East or the West? Known everywhere, I have no place left to me for my exile This orb avoids me The stars themselves looking at me, askance, and performing their circuits so as to avoid me Titan, himself, now regards Cerberus with a more favorable eye! Oh my faithful confidant, Theseus, suggest some lurking-place far, far away, for my concealment! And since, like a judge adjudicating upon the crimes of others, thou dealest leniently towards the guilty, (alluding to Theseus faithfully assisting Pirithous) award me a good turn, which I think that I deserve at thy hands! (alluding to his having liberated Theseus from the rock to which he was chained) I pray thee, conduct me back to the Infernal Regions, and load me with chains, with which thou wert once bound, that place will serve to hide me! But what am I saying now? That place already only knows me too well!

THESEUS

My own land remains to thee—Mars shall yet restore to thee military glory, when thou hast purged thyself of this crime of slaughter—The Earth, Alcides, invokes thee to repair to that land (Athens) which expiates and renders even the Gods themselves innocent! (This is said satirically about the Gods!)

THYESTES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THYESTIS
ATREUS
IANIALUS,
MEGARA
PRIAMUS THYESTIS

CHORUS SENUM MYCENOTUM
TANTALUS THYESTIS } Multi
MURUS THYESTIS } personæ
SALUTIS NUNTIUS

ARGUMENTUM

ALIENIS annis regnandi vires pectus Atreus & Thyestes, Pelopis ex Hippodamia filii Argis imperabant Thyestes adjuvante Aerope fratris uxore, quam in adulterium pelleverat, aureum arietem in cuius possessione erat fatum regni amoveret & male consensus in exilium abiit Atreus, evasisse dolens, missis suis filius velle se in gratiam redire simulat oblata regni parte reditum illi surdet & persurdet Tres Thyestis liberos, quos obsides acceperat ad aras immolatos, partim assos partim clios patri nescienti epulandos apponit, mixtumque vino cruorem illi præbet sub finem nefandi convivii (quod Sol ne videret refugit) capiti illi & manus filiorum ostendit, quasque dapes absumserit, narrat insultans fratris luctui, dolori, & imprecationibus

ACTUS PRIMUS

UMBRA TANTALI, MEGERA

Adducitur ab inferis Tantalus & Furor, cogiturque miscere nefarii odori inter suos ex Pelope nepotes
Atreum & Thyestum

TANT **Q**UIS me inferorum sede ab infamia extrahit,
Avido fugaces ore captantem cibos?
Quis male Deorum Tantalò vivas domos
Ostendit iterum? pejus inventum est siti
Arente in undis aliquid, & pejus freme
Hiante semper? Sisyphi numquid lapis
Gestandus humeris lubricus noctis venit?
Aut membra celeri differens cursu rotæ?
Aut poena Tityi, qui specu vasto patens
Visceribus atras pascit effossis aves,
Et nocte reptans, quidquid amisit die,
Plenum recenti pabulum monstro jacet?
In quod malum transcribor? o quisquis nova
Supplicii functis durus umbrarum ubiter
Disponis, adde, si quid ad pœnas potes,
Quod ipse custos crucis diri hœreat,
Quod moestus Acheron præbeat, ad cuius metum

5

10

15

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THYESTES	CHORUS OF OLD MEN OF
ATREUS	MYCENÆ
TANTALUS	TANTALUS AND ANOTHER
MEGÆRA	SON OF THYESTES silent
PLISTHENES SON OF	members
THYESTES	GUARD MESSENGER

ARGUMENT

Atreus and Thyestes the sons of Pelops by Hippodamia governed their kingdom every other year, having agreed to rule by turns. Thyestes with the assistance of his brother's wife Aerope whom he enticed to commit adultery makes away with the golden ram. The fate of the Kingdom hanging on the possession thereof and conscious of his guilt he goes away into exile. Atreus angry that he should have thus escaped his vengeance pretends that he will restore him to favor if he will send his sons as hostages; he persuades him to return and offers him his share of the kingdom again and he persists in this persuasion. He has the three sons received as hostages sacrificed and serves them up as a feast part of them roasted and part boiled to the unsuspecting parents and Atreus hands Thyestes wine mixed with their blood. Towards the end of the feast (from which Phœbus has fled lest he should witness it) Atreus shows him the heads and hands of his sons and tells him that they were the feast of which he had partaken jeering at his brother's disgust grief and curses.

A C T I

THE GHOST OF TANTALUS—MEGÆRA

Tantalus is brought from Hell by the Fury (Megæra) and he is compelled to foster the wicked enmity between his grandsons Atreus and Thyestes and the sons of Pelops.

TANTALUS

WHO has drawn me forth from my miserable abode in Tartarus where my food was snatched away as it neared my hungry mouth? which of the Gods has spitefully summoned Tantalus to see the abodes of the living again? Has any new punishment been dis-

Nos quoque tremamus quæcunq; jam nostra subit
 F stirpe turba, quæ suum vincit genus
 Ac me innocentem fruat, & inuicta rudent
 Regione quidquid impiorum cussat loci
 Complebo nunquam stante Pelopei domo
 Minos verberabit nec Perge detestabilis
 Umbra, & penateis impios furis age
 Certetur omni scelere, & alterna vice
 Stringantur enses ne sit irarum modus,
 Pudore mentes cæcus infliget furor
 Rabies parentum duret, & longum nefas
 Erat in nepotes nec vici cuiusquam vetus
 Odisse crimen semper oritur novum,
 Nec unum in uno dumque punitur scelus,
 Crescat superbis fratibus regna cecidant,
 Repetantque profugos dubia violenta domus
 Fortunæ reges inter incertos habet
 Miser ex potente fiat ex misero potens
 Fluctuque regnum casus assiduo ferat
 Ob scelera pulsi dum dabit patriam Deus
 In scelera redeant sintque iam inuicti omnibus
 Quam sibi nihil sit, ira quod vitium putet
 Fratrem exproscat frater & matrem parens
 Natusque patrem liberi perant male,
 Pejor tamen nascantur imminet viro
 Inscitæ conjux bella trans pontum vehant
 Effusus omnes irriget terras cruor
 Supraque magnos gentium exsultet duces
 Libido victrix impia stuprum in domo
 Levissimum sit fratris & fratris, & fides

covered more horrible than dying with burning thirst
 and with water, too, around me, and within my reach, or
 worse even than insatiable hunger with nothing to
 appease its pangs. I wonder whether the slippery stone
 of Sisyphus is intended to be worn on my shoulders, or
 the wheel of Ixion to whirl my limbs round and round
 with its rapid motion, or does the punishment of Tityus
 await me, whose lot it was, to provide food, as he lay
 exposed in a huge cave, for the horrible birds of prey,
 which pecked away at his entrails, and only to make up
 at night what he lost in the day, and he lies there, only
 waiting to afford a full repast for some fresh arrival, some
 bird of prey! To what fresh torment am I to be handed
 over? Oh! Whatever relentless judge thou art, who
 dispensest the laws of the Manes, why layest thou aside
 the old punishments already undergone to impose fresh
 ones? And if thou canst, add to my punishment what

the guardian of the most cruel prison would quail to think of it what trustful Acheron would even tremble at the fear of whom all we unfortunate Manes are wont to wince again! Seek for some thing! Now forsooth there starts up a tribe springing from my race which makes me to feel like an innocent individual in comparison and a race that has the audacity to do things that I could never have conceived (in my most vivid imagination) Whatever place presents itself in the regions of the condemned I will fill up the vacancy Minos the judge of Hell will never be without employment so long as the race of Pelops lasts

MEG Come on thou despicable Ghost and stir up this criminal abode with the very rage of the Furies let them engage in strife with every venomous determination and let the sword be perpetually at work with one or the other let there be no bounds to their animosity and the blindest rage inflame their hearts Let the mad wrath of the parents continue and let it descend for ever to their distant offspring and lest ancient crimes should lose their stinging remembrances and become more endurable let a fresh one crop up but not one only but one doubled in its severity! And whilst their crimes are being punished let matters get worse and let the kingdom fall from the hands of the proud brothers only to be reclaimed by them as exiles and rivals! The doubtful chances of a divided and belligerent dynasty will oscillate between the bewildered kings and thus a miserable man may become a man of power and a man of power reduced to misery and he who holds the kingdom will be constantly harassed by event following event as it were in a continuous flow—driven away on account of their crimes let them return to a land of crimes so long as the Gods vouchsafe to them a country to live in and let them be if possible as hateful to themselves as they are to others—let there be nothing which their rage may seek to deem themselves forbidden to do Let brother intimidate brother—parent son—and son parent—and let their children perish a miserable death! Let children be born under worse conditions incestuous parentage! (Brothers in law sisters in law mother and son father and daughter!) Let an enraged wife be a source of danger to a husband and that she may through such a cause lead on to wars beyond the seas (Agamemnon and Menelaus sent to recapture Helen) and that blood shall be made to irrigate every land! Let triumphant lust be made to triumph over illustrious chiefs (Chryseis and Cassandra) who yield to its power Let adultery be but a very trivial

Iusque omne perent non sit et vestitus malis Immune cœlum cum micant stellæ polo, Flammæque servant debitum mundo decus,	50
Nox atia fiat, excidat cœlo dies Misce penateis odori, cœdes, funeri Accesse & imple Tântalo totam domum Ornetur altum columen, & lauro fores Lætæ vivescant, dignus adventu tuo	55
Splendescat ignis Thiorum sit nescis Majore numero dextra cui patrum iacet Nondum Thyestes liberos desset suos Ecquando tollet ignibus jam subditis Spumante alieno ² membra per partes erant	60
Difcerpta patrios polluit sanguis focos Epulæ instruantur, non novi sceleris tibi Conviva venies, liberum dedimus diem Turmque ad istas solvimus mensas fumem Jeiunior exple mixtus in Bacchum cruori	65
Spectante te potetui inveni daptes, Quis ipse fugeres Siste quo præcepis ruis IANI Ad stagna, & umnes, & recedentes agros, Labrisque ubi ipsis uboris plene fugas, Abne in atrum carceris licet mei	70
Cubile licet, si primum videor miseri, Mutare ripas ulveo medius tuo Phlegethon relinqueri, igneo cinctus fiato Quicumque pœnas lege factorum dâras Pati jubeis quisquis exeso pœces	75
Pavidus sub antro, jamque venturi times Montis ruinam quisquis avidorum feros Rictus leonum, & diæ Furium agmina Implicitus horres quisquis immixtis fœces Semiustus abigis, Tântali vocem excipe	80
Properantis ad vos credite expeito mihi Amate pœnas, quando continget mihi Effugere superos ² MEG Ante perturbat domum,	

consideration with them in their wicked palace! Let the binding confidence between brothers, every friendship, every trust and all that is holy and sacred amongst kindred be trampled on—defied! And let heaven itself claim no immunity from the effects of thy crimes! Why do the stars shine in the heavens? why does their light continue its task of giving ornament to the world? As a matter of right? No! let night be rendered as black as possible, let no daylight emanate from the heavens! Let us throw the household Gods into disorder, bring about enmities, slaughters, deaths! Let the entire palace be filled with and reveal the presence of Tantalus! Let

lofty pillars be embellished and let the joyous portals be laden and made verdant with the laurel! Let there be a blaze of illuminations worthy of celebrating the arrival! Let the Thracian tragedy one victim be acted over again but on a larger scale! (Three victims) Why should an Uncle claim the privilege of withholding his co-operation? Does not Thyestes bewail his sons yet? Why does he hang back so long? The flames already beneath the caldron are fetching up the foam! Let the separated limbs break up into pieces! Their blood shall defile the paternal hearth! The feast will now be prepared nor wilt thou arrive to witness a scene of crime to which thou canst be any stranger—thou shalt have a dry set apart for thy special enjoyment and thou shalt thoroughly satisfy thy hungry cravings with the viands prepared at thy meals—fill then thy empty interior and blood mixed with wine shall be quaffed in thy very presence. I have arranged this feast and pray why dost thou refuse to partake of it—Stop please whither art thou rushing so hurriedly?

TANT Back to the stagnant pools the noisome rivers the ebbing streams back to the trees laden with fruit which recedes from my lips as soon as it is approached it is surely permissible for me to return to the sombre resting place of my quondam prison! Then if I am only rendered a little less miserable thereby let the river be transferred to other banks more trying! Oh Phlegethon! let me be thrown into the middle of thy streams flowing with fiery waves! and thou whatsoever thou art who art commanded by the inexorable decrees of Fate to undergo punishment awarded—whoever crouches panic-stricken in a cave rotten with destroying time dost thou already dread the fall of the mountain which threatens to come down upon thee with a crash whoever there is that dreads the savage roarings of the lion and entangled shrinks before the scourging whips of the assembled Furies—whoever half burnt flies from the vengeful torches as they are dealt forth in rapid succession listen to the words of Tantalus who is fast hastening to join thee believe in me an experienced sufferer and learn to appreciate thy punishments with a thankful spirit Ah! I wonder when my luck will arrive to escape from these regions above!

MEG Before we do
thorough confusion
with thee and the d

Inferque tecum pœlia & furi malum	
Regibus amorem concute infano serum	85
Pectus tumultu IANI Me patri pœnis decet	
Non esse pœnam mittor ut diuis vapor	
Tellure rupta, vel gravem populis lucem	
Spiratura pestis, ducam in horrendum nefas	
Avus nepotes Magne Divorum parens,	90
Nosterque, quamvis pudens, ingenti licet	
Tanta pœna lingua crucietur loquar,	
Nec hoc tacebo moneo ne sacra manus	
Violate cæde, neve furiali malo	
Aspergite aras stibo, & tacebo scelus	95
Quid ora terres verbere, & tortos seros	
Minaris ungues? quid frumem insuam intimis	
Agitus medullis? flagrant incensum siti	
Cor, & perustis flamma visceribus micat	
Sequor	100
MLG Hunc, o, furorem divide in totam domum	
Sic, sic feruntur & suum insensu invicem	
Sitiant cruorem sensit introitus tuos	
Domus, & nefando toti contractu horruit	
Actum est abunde gradeire ad infernos specus,	105
Amnemque notum jam tuum mœstræ pedem	
Terre gravantur cernis, ut fontes liquor	
Intiorfus actus linquat, ut ripe vident,	
Ventusque raras igneus nubes ferat?	
Pallefcit omnis arbor, ac nudus stetit	110
Fugiente pomo ramus, & qui fluctibus	
Illinc propinquis Isthmos atque illinc fremit,	
Vicina gracili dividens teritur vadit,	
Longe remotos latus exaudit sonos	
Jam Lernæ retro cessit, & Phoronides	115
Latuere venæ nec furs profert sacer	
Alpheos undas, & Cithæronis iugis	
Stant parte nulla cuncta deposita nive,	
Timentque veterem nobiles Argi situm	
En ipse Titan dubitat, in iubet sequi,	120
Cogitque habenis ire perituum diem	

which kings do so delight, and perplex their truculent minds with the wildest and most tumultuous passions!

TANT It is my especial province to suffer punishment, and not promote myself to inflict it upon others. I am summoned then, that a pestilential vapor should issue forth for the opening of the earth, created by my exit, or as a plague to diffuse its deadly contagion amongst mankind! And that I, as a grandfather, shall be the means of urging my grandchildren to perpetrate the most horrible wickedness! Oh! Great parent of the Gods! although, I blush

to declare my paternity is it necessary that my tongue already visited with a great punishment for my past loquacity be further doomed to silence. I shall not however be silent over this matter. I shall conjure my grandsons not to violate the sacred altars with their hands reeking with slaughter and not to besprinkle them with the blood of their victims under the evil instigation of the wicked furies (addressing Megæra) I shall be in attendance and will stop this sanguinary work—why dost thou attempt to frighten me with thy scourging whips and savagely threaten me with thy wriggling serpents? Why dost thou revive the hunger already searching out the very marrow of my bones. Why increase the thirst which now burns up my inside and the flames that play about my scorched entrails?—after all I suppose I shall have to comply! I comply then!

MEG The fury that now possesses thee spread it over the entire palace for as thou thirstest for water so let others be brought into a similar craving condition and so raging with thirst that they shall crave for each others blood out of very hatred! The palace already has been aware of thy approach and completely shudders at thy wicked proximity! Everything is abundantly provided for go now to thy infernal cave and the river thou knowest so well already the sad Earth is oppressed with thy footsteps! Dost thou not see how the very streams return to their springs so that the river banks are forsaken? and now a fiery wind bears onward the dried up clouds every tree grows pale (loses its verdancy) and there stands with its branches denuded of the fruit which falls off and the Isthmus (Corinth) which keeps up a constant roaring here and there with the near waves of the two seas which it divides with its narrow strip of land now only listens to the far off waves from the waters that have receded from its banks! Now the sources of the Lernæ are dried up and the streams of Inachus (Phoronides) have quite disappeared. Nor does the sacred Alpheus pour forth its waters any more—And the summits of Cithæron present no white anywhere the snow having disappeared and the noble people of Argos fear a return of the drought with which they were afflicted once before and Titan himself is in doubt whether he shall command the day to follow in due course or whether he will keep back the horses of the sun tightly reined and not to enter upon another day which he fancies he will not be able to carry through!

CHORUS

Chorus ex senibus Mycenæis vel Argivis constans (Argos enim cum Mycenis confundunt poetæ) Deos urbium in Peloponneso præsides, ut malæ & scelera in domo Pelopis concepta & imminetia prohibeant avertantque precatur & Tantalum impium facinus ac pœnam erant

ARGOS de Superis si quis Achaicum,
 Pisæisq; domos curribus inclitis
 Isthmi si quis amat regna Corinthii,
 Et portus geminos, & mare dissidens 125
 Si quis Taygeti conspicuas nives,
 Quis, cum Sarmaticus tempore frigido
 In summis Boeas composuit jugis,
 Æstas veliferis solvit Etæsis
 Quem tingit gelido flumine lucidus 130
 Alpheos, stadio notus Olympico
 Advertat placidum numen, & avertat
 Alterius scelorum, ne redeant, vices,
 Neu succedat vivo deterior nepos,
 Et major placeat culpa minoribus 135
 Tandem lassæ feros exuat impetus
 Sicci progenies impia Tantalæ
 Peccatum satis est fas valuit nihil,
 Aut commune nefas proditus occidit
 Deceptor domini Mytilus, & fide 140
 Vectus, qui tulerat, nobile reddidit
 Mutato pelagus nomine notior
 Nulla est lonius fabula navibus
 Exceptus gladio parvulus impio
 Dum currit patrium natus ad osculum, 145
 Immaturus focus victima concidit
 Divisusque tua est, Tantalæ, dextera,
 Mensas ut fluere hospitibus Deis
 Hos æterna fames prosequitur cibos,
 Hos æterna sitis nec dapibus feris 150
 Decerni potuit pœna decentior
 Stat lusus vacuo gutture Tantalus,
 Impendet capiti pluvium novio

CHORUS

The Chorus, consisting of the old men of Mycenæ and Argos, (for the poets often confounded Argos with Mycenæ) invokes the presiding deities of the cities in Peloponnesus, that they will prevent and avert the wickedness and crimes, that are hatching in the Palace of Pelops, and which are now imminent, and chants of the impious crimes of Tantalus

Is any tutelär deity amongst the gods above who cherish any affectionate regard for Achaean Argos or if the noble race of Iliad who celebrate the Olympian Games with their emulating chariot if there be any who look with favor on the Corinthian Isthmus with its double harbours and the two ears which it separates if any admiring tutelär god who sees from afar the magnificent snows mantling the summit of Taygeti which the Scythian Boreas has furnished during the winter season and which the ensuing summers unmelts and renders the path easy for navigators with their sailing ship and the Etesian winds spring up (The e periodical north east winds were always continuous like our trade winds) Is there a Deity whom the bright Alpheus with its cooling streams claims as a friendly protector the place too is noted for its race-course and Olympian Games! look down oh! that kind deity and interpose lest such crime as have already been committed of fortune should be repeated!—let not a grand one succeed to the throne possibly worse than his grandfather nor that greater crimes may suit the inclinations of the younger decessors—At length may the impious progeny of thirsting Iantulus wearied out abandon their atrocious violence enough crime has already been committed—the law hitherto of no avail has been trampled on and all the ordinary offences of mankind have been wickedly surpassed! And Myrtilus the treacherous betrayer of his master fell betrayed like that master and was carried off with the same treacherous intentions, which he had manifested towards Onomarchus and being thrown into the sea by Pelops rendered that sea famous its name being changed from its former one (Pelops having thrown him into the sea instead of carrying out his promise that he should be a sharer in the favors of Hippodamia) No legend is better known to the Ionian mariners than this Thy own little offspring Pelops, fell by thy impious sword oh! thou Iantulus! just as he was merrily tripping along to receive a father's caress that tender victim died at the altar and was carved up by thy own hand that thou might (with his flesh) supply the feast which thou servedst up for the Gods whom thou invitedst as thy guests! (To test the divinity of the Gods but they all abstained except Ceres!) Eternal hunger awaited thee after this meal and eternal thirst as the part price of this repast! Nor could a more worthy punishment have been decreed in token of such a diabolical feast! Iantulus continues to be baffled in his vain efforts to satisfy his empty throat! Many a tempting prize hangs over his sickly head more fugitive than the Ithacan vultures! Here and

Phœnis aribus præda fugacior
 Hinc illinc gravidis frondibus incubat 155
 Et curvata suis scabibus, ac tremens
 Alludit patulis arbori hiatus
 Hæc, quævis avidus, nec patiens moræ,
 Deceptus toties tingere negligit,
 Obliquatque oculos orique compingit 160
 Inclusisque famem dentibus alligat
 Sed tunc divitis omne nemus furæ
 Demittit propius, pomæque desuper
 Insultant foliis mitia languidis,
 Accenduntque famem, quæ jubet irritis 165
 Exercere manus hæc ubi protulit
 Et falli libuit, totus in arduum
 Autumnus rapitur, silvæque mobilis
 Instat deinde sitis non levior fame
 Quæ cum percussit sanguis, & igneis 170
 Exarsit scabibus, stat miser obviæ
 Fluctus ore vocans, quos profugus latex
 Avertit, sterili deficiens ardo,
 Conantemque sequi, deserit hic bibit
 Altum de rapido gurgite pulverem 175

ACTUS SECUNDUS

ATREUS, SATELLITES

Atreus, ulciscendi fratrem certus, de vindictæ ratione cum Satellite
 deliberat, quem honesta consulente non audit, ipsum
 tandem & infandam ultionis rationem excogitat

IGNAVE, iners, enervis, & (quod maximum
 Probrum tyranno rebus in summis reor)
 Inulte, post tot scelera, post fratris dolos
 Fasque omne ruptum, questibus variis agis
 Iratus Atreus? fremere jam totus tuis 180
 Debebat armis orbis, & geminum mare
 Utinque classes agere jam flammis agros
 Lucere & urbes decuit, ac strictum undique
 Micare ferrum tota sub nostro sonet
 Argolica tellus equite non silvæ tegant 185

there a tree droops downwards, with its heavily laden
 boughs, bending again with the weight of its fruit, and
 swaying to and fro, plays the part of tempter with its
 patulous openings—Although hungry and impatient of
 delay, he fails to reach them, being disappointed as often
 as he makes the attempt—he averts his eyes, and closes

his mouth trying to stifle his hunger by closing his teeth by shutting it in as it were¹ But then every grove lowers its rich and luscious fruit (wealth) nearer and nearer and the ripe apples leap about friskily above his head surrounded by the leaves languidly yielding to their capers and they excite his hunger more and more and this urges him to make futile efforts to seize them with his hands that when he has held these forth in vain he seems reconciled to such frequent disappointments and the entire autumn during which this fruitless task is exacted, passes away and with it disappears the gracefulness of the groves, and now comes a thirst not lighter to be borne than the hunger already endured thirst which when the blood grows hotter burns him up as it were with an inward fire he stands then miserably invoking the streams to approach his parched up mouth but which the receding river diverts leaving nothing but its empty bed whenever he attempts to get near it and he swallows merely the sand which lies at the bottom of the rapid stream¹

ACT II

ATREUS—THE GUARD

Atreus consults with his guard having determined to wreak his revenge on his brother as to the best mode of carrying out his vengeance to whom however he will not listen as the guard advises him only to do what is right and at length he decides on an impious and horrible plan of executing such revenge

ATREUS

O H sluggish aimless pusillanimous soul of mine (and what I suppose to be most contemptible in a king the consummation of every other shortcoming) unrevenged after so much wickedness after the treachery of a brother and every law human and divine trampled upon! why dost thou Atreus exercise thy angry spirit with vain and meaningless complaints? But the whole of Argos ought at this moment to be resounding with the din of thy arms and every warship muster and be afloat in the two seas by this time it might be expected too that the fields and cities were blazing with the conflagrations thou hast set up and the drawn sword flashing on all sides all the Argolic land should be

Hostem, nec altis montium struclæ jugis
 Aïces relictis bellicum totus canit
 Populis Mycenis quisquis inuisum caput
 Tegit ac tueri, clade funestra occidit
 Hæc ipsa pollens incliti Pelopis domus 190
 Ruit vel in me, dummodo in fratrem ruat
 Age, time, fice, quod nulla posteritis probet,
 Sed nulla taceat aliquod rudendum est nefas
 Atrox, cruentum, tale, quod frater meus
 Suum esse mallet scelera non ulcisceris, 195
 Nisi vincis & quid esse tam ferum potest,
 Quod superet illum? numquid abjectus jacet?
 Numquid secundis patitur in rebus modum,
 Fessis quietem? novi ego ingenium viri
 Indocile flecti non potest, frangi potest 200
 Proin antequam se firmet, ut vires paret,
 Petatur ultro, ne quiescentem petat
 Ant perdet, ut peribit in medio est scelus
 Positum occupanti SAT Fama te populi nihil
 Adversæ terret? ATR Maximum hoc regni bonum est, 205
 Quod facta domini cogitur populus sui
 Im ferre, quam laudare SAT Quos cogit metus
 Laudare, eosdem reddit inimicos metus
 At qui favoris gloriam veri petit,
 Animo magis, quam voce, laudari volet 210
 ATR Læus vera & humili sepe contingit viro
 Non nisi potenti falsa quod nolunt, velint
 SAT Rex velit honesta, nemo non eadem volet
 ATR Ubique tantum honesta dominantia licent,
 Precario regnatur SAT Ubi non est pudor, 215
 Nec cura juris, sanctitas, pietas, fides,
 Instabile regnum est ATR Sanctitas, pietas fides,
 Privata bona sunt qua juvat, reges erant
 SAT Nefas nocere vel malo fratri puta

sounding again with the stamping hoofs of thy cavalry
 Let not the forests afford a retreat for the enemy, or fortifi-
 cations constructed on the lofty summits of mountains
 —leaving Mycenæ behind, let all my subjects sound the
 trumpet of war Whosoever has protected or countenanced
 this hateful brother of mine, the powerful following of
 the illustrious dynasty of Pelops, shall slay with merciful
 slaughter! Let every living man rush upon me, even
 provided he serves my brother in a similar manner!
 Come, soul of mine! Do what no posterity would hail
 as proper! but what in sooth, they may never forget—
 Some atrocious bloody deed must be done, which my
 brother would rather be done by himself against me, but
 it is impossible thoroughly to revenge wickedness unless
 thou surpassest it in degree! but lo! what savage deed, in

fact can be done which could daunt that man's atrocity. I wonder whether he is a man that will die away quietly whether he is the sort of man to bear prosperity in a reasonable frame of mind or whether he can show calmness in adversity. I have always detected in him a certain indomitableness of character. he is a man not to be bent! he must be broken! therefore before he has time to gather up his strength or prepare for opposition he must be sought out at once lest indeed he should seek to find me in a state of unpreparedness—Lither he will kill me or he will perish by my hand the crime is so finely balanced between us that he will win who is the foremost in its perpetration!

GU Surely no murmurings—no false rumours amongst thy subjects is disturbing thy peace of mind

ATR The chief charm of a kingdom amounts to this that the subjects of the master are compelled rather to do the bidding of their ruler than to be called upon necessarily to applaud their deeds!

GU The fear which compels others to praise thee only makes such fear more hostile (in its character) but he who seeks the glory arising out of genuine applause must be willing to be lauded in spirit rather than in vocal demonstrativeness

ATR Genuine praise often falls to the lot of a humble man false flattery is a tribute paid only to the powerful. The law with kings is the people must be willing to do what they do not regard with satisfaction

GU When a king wishes for nothing but what is just no one desires anything more

ATR Wherever honesty is the only thing looked for in a king such a king's sceptre is in a very precarious state

GU Where there is no moderation no regard for the laws probity no religion and no confidence such a kingdom rests on a most unstable foundation

ATR Religion probity good faith are the attributes of their private possessors—kings say do and command just as they think proper

GU It is not right to injure anybody nor right even to dream of such a thing where a brother is concerned

ATR	Ita est in illo, quidquid in fratre est nefas Quid enim reliquit crimine intactum? aut ubi Scelesti pepercit? conjugem stupro abstulit, Regnumque futo specimen antiquum imperii Fraude est adeptus, fraude turbavit domum Est Pelopis altis nobile in stabulis pecus,	220
	Arcanus rires, ductor opulenti gregis, Cujus per omne corpus effuso comâ Dependet auro, cuius e tergo novi Aurati reges sceptrâ Thralici gerunt, Possessor huius regnat hunc cuncta domus Fortuna sequitur tuta seposita sacer In parte capitis priatâ, quæ claudit latus, Itale saxeo pascuum mureo tegens Hunc, ficinus ingens rufus, assumpta in scelus Consorte nostri perfidus thralami vehit	225
	Hinc omne cladis mutæ fluxit malum Per regnâ trepidus exsul eorum mea Pais nulla generis tuta ab infidus vacat Corrupti conjux, imperii quassa est fides, Domus ægra, dubius sanguis est certi nihil, Nisi fratri hostis quid stupet? tandem incipe, Animoque fume Tantulum, & Pelopem aspice Ad hæc manus exempla poscuntur meæ Profare, dirum quæ caput mactem viri	230
SAT	Ferro peremptus spiritum inimicum exspuat	235
ATR	De fine pœnæ loquens, ego pœnam volo Perimat tyranus lenis in regno meo Mors impetratur SAT Nulla te pietas movet? ATR Excede, pietas, (si modo nostra in domo Unquam fuisti) dira Furium cohors, Discorsque Erinnyes veniat, & geminas faces Megæra quatiens non satis magno meum Ardet furore pectus impleri juvat Mijore monstro SAT Quid novi rabidus fluit?	240
		250

ATR Whatsoever has been unlawful in my brother towards me, is only justice on my part to recriminate. What has he left to be done, but what is already stamped with the seal of crime? or when has he spared crime? He has robbed me of my wife by his adultery, and stolen my kingdom (into the bargain). He has fraudulently possessed himself of the traditional emblem of our dynasty, and he has brought about endless disaster upon our royal house! There is in the royal mews of Pelops, a noble wool-bearing animal, a mysterious Ram, the bellwether of an illustrious flock, whose dense fleece hangs down over its entire body, and profusely loaded with gold, and from whose back the wool is taken, which adorns the golden sceptre, which every newly-appointed

king of the house of Tantalus dons when he ascends the throne. The possessor of this valuable heirloom is the man who rules the kingdom: the destinies of the house therefore are indissolubly connected with it. This sacred animal therefore in a spot set apart for that object is allowed to browse without molestation in a soft meadow which a stone wall shuts in protecting with its stony defence the feeding ground of this golden ram which directs the fate of the kingdom. My brother has been so daring in his unparalleled wickedness that he has perfidiously carried it away, my wife being accessory to this deed as well as being a partner in his guilt that of fouling my marriage bed! Hence every misfortune which has befallen me has been intermingled with the results of this terrible blow. I throughout my own kingdom I have tramped as a trembling outcast! Not a single part of that kingdom claims exemption from the traces of her insidious treatment! With a dishonored wife the strength of my authority crushed my lineage impaired my very offspring of doubtful paternity is there—can there be anything of which I can now be certain except that it is the hostility of Phyestes? Why then Atreus why shouldst thou hesitate as to what thou shouldst do. Begin at once inoculate thy mind with some of the temper of Tantalus and seek out Pelops as a fitting model for thy operations they are properly requisitioned (in thy case). But say Atreus how wilt thou immolate that dreadful monster?

GU I suppose thou meanest that his death by the sword will be the only means of effectually rooting out finally and for ever his hostile spirit towards thyself.

ATR Thou wishest to speak of the mode of his punishment—death. I wish to discuss the punishment itself which I shall carry out. It is only a meek sort of king who merely kills in my kingdom: simple death is a luxury sought after!

GU Does no piety rule thy heart?

ATR Get away with thee! Religion indeed! If thou hast never been in our house thou shalt enter now! The dreadful troop of Furies—harsh Furies will be there and Megæra shaking in her hand torches doubled on my account. My breast does not sufficiently burn with the great rage within me: it would please me to be filled with greater monstrosities!

GU What new idea does thy infuriated mind present to thy thoughts?

- ATR Nil quod capiat afflicti modum 255
 Nullum relinquam facinus, & nullum est satis
 SAI Ferrum? ATR Parum est SAI Quid ignis? ATR Lignum
 parum est
 SAI Quoniam ergo tanto utitur dolor?
 ATR Ipso Ihyste SAR Majus hoc ira est malum
 ATR Fateor tumultus pectora attonitus quatit 260
 Penitusque volvit rapior & quo nescio
 Sed rapior imo mugit e fundo solum,
 Tonat dies serenus, ac totis domus
 Ut fracta tectis crepuit, & moti hirci
 Vertere vultum sicut hoc, sicut nescis 265
 Quod Diu timetis SAI Lacerare quid tandem parat?
 ATR Nescio quid nimis majus & solito amplius,
 Supraque fines moris humani timeo
 Instatque pigris manibus haud quid sit scio
 Sed grande quiddam est ira sit, hoc, nunc occupat 170
 Dignum est Ihyste facinus, & dignum Atreo
 Uti que faciat vidit infandis domus
 Odyssae mensas fateor, immo est scelus
 Sed occupatum majus hoc aliquid dolor
 Inveniet nimium Dauidis insperata parens, 275
 Sororque cussa est similis assiste & manum
 Impelle nostrum liberos avidus pater
 Gaudensque laceret, & suos artus edat
 Bene est abunde est hic placet pariter modus
 Tantisper ubinam est? tam diu cur innocens 280
 Versatur Atreus? totum ante oculos meos
 Imago caedis errat, ingesta orbitas
 In ora patris nunc, quid rursus times?
 Et ante rem subsidis? audendum est age
 Quod est in isto scelere precipuum nescis, 285

ATR Nothing, which takes the shape of ordinary hatred, I will leave no crime out of my calculations, and not one appears sufficient for me

GU There's the sword, thou knowest, the fashionable weapon!

ATR That is a miserable contrivance

GU What instrument of destruction, therefore, will thy anger allow thee to employ?

ATR Thyestes! Himself!

GU But that crime, would even be greater than any mere outburst of fury

ATR I confess thus much but the most unaccountable tumults convulse my soul, and reverse the very spirit

within me—I am carried away I know not whither but I am led on irresistibly! The very earth seems to groan from its lowest depths and although the day is erec enough yet thunder is heard in the skies and my very abode cracks and creaks as if its roof were broken down and about to tumble upon me and my very household god in an excited state turn away their look from me but let my determination be carried out—let it if it be a crime be duly executed! What! Oh ye gods above! Are ye scared at my resolves?

CU What then art thou ready to do after all?

ATI I know not exactly what impels my mind with

succeed but so far as I have dwelt upon it it appears to me a magnificent conception. Come I shall think it over studiously the crime of Thyestes is really deserving of it and it does credit to the mind of Atreus. Thus each of us will perform a part. The palace of the Thracian King has been the scene of serving up asofortime a most repulsive repast! I acknowledge frankly—it is a most rascally deed but it has been done before by others! But nevertheless my resentment must discover something yet more severe. Let me be inspired with resolution as an emulous imitator of that Daulian prototype Iro ne (of Icreus memory) and may that sister Philomela assist me and encourage my project as our cause is very similar (Atreus is seeking to imitate and to look up to Daulis as a child would to a parent and personifies Daulis as a parent!) A hungry father shall with a smiling face cut up into dainty morsels his own children and partake of them at his repast! This is well! This is a brilliant conception! For the present then this mode of punishing Thyestes suits me exactly! But where am I? But why does Atreus hesitate in his mind without promptly carrying out his designs? The entire picture of this contemplated carnage already flits across my vision! I can see in my mind's eye the very children of whom he has been deprived being devoured by their own father! O! for this resolution of mine. Why do I shrink back again from my task, and actually hang fire before the matter is taken in hand? Let me take courage then the thing must be set about! And Thyestes himself will carry out what will be the most abominable part of this criminal drama (eating his own offspring) What a parade of wholesale childlessness to exhibit before the eyes of a bereaved parent!

Hoc ipse faciet SA1 Sed quibus captus dolis
 Nostros dabit perductus in laqueos pedem-
 Inimica credit cuncta ATK Non poterit capi
 Nisi capere vellet regna nunc sperat mea
 Hæc spe minanti fulmen occurret Jovi 290
 Hæc spe subibit gurgitis tumidi murus
 Dubiumque Lybææ Syrtis intrabit fretum
 Hæc spe quod esse maximum recti malum
 Fratrem videbit SA1 Quis fidem pacis dubit-
 Cui tanta credet ATK Credula est spes improba 295
 Natis tamen mandata qui patrui serui
 Dabimus relicta exsul hospitius vagus
 Regno ut miseris mutet atque Vigos regat
 Ex parte dominus, si nimis diuus preces
 Spernet Ihyestes liberos ejus rudes 300
 Malisque scissos gravibus, & faciles capi,
 Præcommovebunt hinc vetus regni furor
 Illinc egestas tristis, hinc domus labor
 Quamvis rigentem tot malis subigent unum
 SA1 Jam tempus illi fecit rumoris leves 305
 ATK Erras malorum sensus accrescit die
 Leve est miseris ferre perferre est grave
 SA1 Alios ministros consilii tristis lege
 Pejora juvenes facile præcepta audiunt
 In patre facient, quidquid in patrui doces 310
 Sepe in magistrum scelera redierunt sura
 ATK Ut nemo doceat fraudis & sceleris vias
 Regnum docebit ne mali finiant, times
 Nascuntur illud quod vocas sævum, asperum
 Agique dire credis, & nimium impie 315
 Fortasse & illic igitur SA1 Hanc fraudem scient
 Nati parari ATK Tacita tam rudibus fides
 Non est in annis detegent forsitan dolos
 Træce multis discitur vitæ malis

GU But by what devices is he to be entrapped?
 How will he be brought to wend his approach into our
 toils? He will view everything with distrust!

ATK 'Tis true, he cannot be allured, unless he is willing
 to be allured to serve his own purpose, but now, thou
 knowest, he hopes to gain my kingdom from me, and
 he is buoyed up with this desire. He would face the
 threatening lightning of Jove himself, urged on by such
 a hope,—he would brave the perils of the Libyan Syrtes,
 or still further, what he would regard otherwise as the
 direst of all earthly misfortunes, he would actually face
 me, his brother!

GU Who will convey to him the flag of truce? Whom
 will he trust, who promises such unlikely things?

ATR Wicked hope is generally credulous however we will send a message by my sons which they shall convey to their uncle to inquire whether he would not change his present condition of an outcast wandering from his own kingdom and from the miseries of his deserted home and reign as ruler in part over Argos If Ihyestes himself obdurately spurns their entreaties these representations will encourage his clownish sons worn out by their grievous sufferings and they will be more easy to be cajoled! Whereupon his insane desire to rule again will prevail over everything for there must be where he is sad privation and hence great distress although these latter alone would suffice to tame down an ordinary mind unhardened by so much wickedness!

CL I have surely has enabled him to bear his troubles with some sort of resignation!

ATR Thou art mistaken he feels his sufferings increase daily it is easy I admit to bear misery but to have to look forward to nothing else is much worse!

CU Do select other instruments for this woeful project than thy own sons young people give too ready an ear to worse counsels probably they may act as regards thee their father just in the same way as thou art instructing them to act towards an uncle so often is it that one's evil deeds recoil upon the authors thereof!

ATR When any one is unable to understand the ins and outs of frauds and crimes he that rules can very soon enlighten him Dost thou feel alarmed lest men should be made wicked? Nonsense! It is born in them! I know what thou thinkest of me—that I am cruel harsh and desirous that everything should savor of severity and this done sometimes with too little reverence for the gods but the chances are that at this very moment Ihyestes is getting up some plot against me!

GU Will not thy sons soon detect that thy plan is nothing but a fraud besides thou canst not expect, at their tender age that any secret will be undivulged perhaps they might pretend that they were not being deceived To learn the full value of silence is only learned sometimes after fighting with evils and misfortunes arising out of the too free use of the tongue! and canst thou really suppose that thou canst hoodwink those whom thou simply employest to deceive others? Whether they do not often act quite opposite to thy views as regards being wilful accomplices in thy crimes and thy guilt!

- SAT Ipsosne, per quos fallere alium cogita
 Palles, ut ipsi crimine & culpa vacent 320
 ATR Quid enim est necesse liberos secleri meo
 Inferre per nos odia se nostri explicent
 Male agis recedis animo si pareis tuis
 Patres & illi consili Agamemnon mei 325
 Sciens minister fuit, & patri sciens
 Menelaus adsit probris incerta fides
 Ex hoc petatur scelere bella abnuunt
 Et gerere nolunt odia si patrum vocant,
 Patet est catus multa sed tepidus solet 330
 Detegere vulnus, magna nolentem quoque
 Consilia produnt nesciant quanta rei
 Fiant minister nostra tu capta occule
 SAT Haud sum monendus ista nostro in pectore 335
 Fides timorque sed magis claudet fides

CHORUS

A dissidis fratrum qui ad tempus minus componunt sumpta
 occasione, Chorus regum ambitionem tractat quis vere
 rex sit docet vitam denique latentem collaudat

- T**ANDIM regia nobilis
 Antiqui genus Inachi,
 Fratrium composuit minus
 Quis vos exagitat furor,
 Alternis dare sanguinem, 340
 Et sceptrum scelestae aggredi
 Nescitis cupidi vicium,
 Regnum quo jaceat loco
 Regem non faciunt opes,
 Non vestis Tyre color, 345
 Non frontis nota regis,
 Non rivo nitidae fores
 Rex est, qui posuit metus,
 Et diu mala pectoris
 Quem non ambitio impotens, 350
 Et nunquam stabilis favor
 Vulgi praecipitis movet
 Non quidquid fodit Occidens,
 Aut unda Targus aurea

ATR Why is it even necessary to mix up my children
 with this wickedness? Cannot my hatred work out its ends
 through my own agency? Thou art playing me false,
 soul of mine, thou art flinching—if thou sparest thy child-
 ren, thou art sparing thyself! And Agamemnon shall
 know of, and be an instrument in, my scheme, and Mene

laus too shall be at his father's commands and be made acquainted with my project! Out of all this proposed combination of wickedness too any notion of mine respecting the uncertainty of their birth (as to legitimacy) will be cleared up if they refuse to advocate war and are willing to endorse and carry out my hatred if they speak of me as Uncle then Thyestes is their father! Let us go on but a troubled countenance is apt to betray the secrets of the mind and will lay bare my unwillingness they may entertain to join in the execution of projects of such importance! Let them therefore be in ignorance of the nature of the enterprise in which they will be co-operators and let me conceal my real intentions!

(U) This advice is superfluous to me as thou must be aware. Thou knowest that thou possessest my fidelity and my only apprehensions are entirely as regards thy interests! But my fidelity above all will suffice to bury thy secrets in my innermost bosom!

CHORUS

An opportunity is taken advantage of and is drawn from the feud between the brothers who keep down their anger for a time when the Chorus reproves the ambition of rulers and points out what a true king should be and lastly sings in praise of the amenities of a retired life

AT length the noble house of Inachus that ancient lineage has seen the rancorous feud of the brothers calmed down what fury agitates thy breasts that thou shouldst have carried on such mutual carnage merely to gain a sceptre wading to it in crime! Thou art ignorant. Thou who art greedy of attaining power of what does a kingdom really consist? Riches do not constitute a king nor gaudy vestments dyed with Tyrian hues nor the blazing crown on a royal head nor gorgeous ceilings (of a palace) shining with their rich gilding. That man though is a king who assuages all those fears (and suspicions) so common with rulers and drives forth from his mind all his own evil passions whom weak ambition fails to inflame and of the unthinking herd does not what is due out of the or what the golden waters of the Tagus yield from its

Claro devehit alto	355
Non quidquid Labycis tent	
Fervens arer messibus	
Quem non concutiet cadens	
Obliqui ira fulminis	
Non Euris rapiens mare	360
Aut suo rabidus fredo	
Ventosi tumor Adire	
Quem non lancea militis	
Non strictus domuit charibus	
Qui tuto positus loco	365
Intra se videt omnia	
Occurritque suo libens	
Facto nec queritur mori	
Reges conveniant licet,	
Qui sparsos agitant Danas	370
Qui rubri vadit litonis	
Et gemmis mare lucidum	
Lute sanguineum tenent	
Aut qui Crispus fortibus	
Recludunt iuga Sarmatis	375
Certet, Danubii vadum	
Audet qui pedes ingredi	
At quocunque loco jacent	
Seres velleie nobiles,	
Mens regnum bona possidet	380
Nil ullis opus est equis,	
Nil umis, & mertibus	
Telis, quæ procul ingerit	
Parthus, cum simulat fugas	
Admotis nihil est opus	385
Urbes sternere machinis,	
Longe saxa rotantibus	
Rex est, qui metuit nihil	
Rex est, qui cupiet nihil	
Hoc regnum sibi quisque dat	390
Stet, quicunque volet, potens	
Aulæ culmine lubrico	
Me dulcis fletu et quies	
Obscurio positus loco,	
Leni perfruar otio	395
Nullis nota Quiritibus	
Ætas per tacitum fluat	
Sic cum transierint mei	
Nulla cum strepitu dies,	
Plebeius moriui senex	400
Illi mors gravis incubat,	
Qui notus nimis omnibus,	
Ignotus moritur sibi	

auriferous sands and who covets not all the abundant
 grain of the Libyan harvests threshed out on the heated
 floors (made warm by the continued trampling of the
 oxen used for that purpose) That man whom a passing
 flash of lightning seen at a distance would not drive out
 of his wits nor the sea disturbed by easterly gales nor
 the swelling waves which suddenly break forth in the
 dangerous straits of the stormy Adriatic Whom the
 lance of the furious soldier nor the drawn sword has
 not held in pusillanimous subjection who placed on a
 secure throne watches everything beneath him with seren-
 ity and willingly bows to his lot nor needs not to desire
 death! (as a relief to his earthly troubles) Let kings
 join themselves in vain against such a man! Those who
 lead the wandering Daci those who hold in subjection
 the borders of the Red Sea and the sea in many places
 looking red as it were with bright gems nor those upon
 the Caspian mountain ridges at the approach of the
 brave Sarmatians and may they contend against him
 who with intrepid steps advance upon the glassy Danube
 (frozen) and wherever the Seres are found renowned for
 their particular thread (silk) they bring from that far off
 country—A king with a proper mind and disposition holds
 his kingdom securely—there is no need of armed horse
 men—no need of the sword and the darts which the
 Parthian shoots forth at a distance whilst he is pretend-
 ing flight No need! of battering rams to lay cities in
 ruins nor for machines being employed in rolling on
 wards enormous rocks! He is a king who fears nothing
 —he is a king who desires nothing unjustly and this is
 the sort of royalty which he bestows upon himself! Any
 man who likes can reign powerful often with a totter-
 ing roof to his palace! May sweet tranquillity satisfy us
 and pitched in some obscure nook let us enjoy thoroughly
 our luxurious ease! Let our lives glide along silently
 our very existence not known to the Quirites (Citizens)
 so that when our days have passed away undisturbed by
 the carking cares of life we shall die like any other old
 individuals ignored and uncared for! Death lies heavily
 on the man who dies unknown by himself but too much
 known by the rest of mankind!

ACTUS TERTIUS

THYESTES PLISTHENES

TANTALUS junior & } Mutæ personæ
FRATER senior

Thyesti fratre Atreo per filios Atrei revocato redeuntique in
patriam non sine dispendio ac mente malum presen-
siente revertendi fiduciam addunt filii sui

OPATA patriæ tecum & Argolicas opes
Miserisque summum ac maximum exsulibus bonum 405
Tantum soli natalis & patrios Deos
(Si sunt tamen Di) cerno Cyclopium sacras
Turres labore majus humano decus
Celebrata juveni stadia, per quæ nobilis
Palmam paterno non semel curru tuli 410
Occurret Argos populus occurret frequens
Sed nempe & Atreus repete silvestres fugis
Saltusque densos potius & mixtam feris
Similemque vitam clarus hic regni nitor
Fulgore non est quod oculos falso auferat 415
Cum quod datur spectabis & dentem aspice
Modo inter illa, quæ putant cuncti aspera.
Fortis fui læusque nunc contra in metus
Revolvor animus hæret, ac retro cupit
Corpus reterre moveo nolentem gradum 420
PLIST Pigro (quid hoc est?) genitor incesu stupet.
Vultumque versat, seque in incerto tenet
THY Quid, anime pendes? quidve consilium diu
Tam facile torques? rebus incertissimis
Fratri atque regno credis? ac metuis mala 425
Jam victa jam mansueti? & æumnas fugis
Bene collocatas? esse jam miserum juvæ
Reflecte gressum dum licet, teque eripe
PLIST Quæ causa cogit, genitor & patriæ gradum
Referre visa? cur bonis tantis sinum 430
Subducis? ira frater abjecta revit
Partemque regni reddit & lacere domus
Componit artus teque restituit tibi

ACT III

THYESTES—PLISTHENES

TANTALUS, (the younger), and the } *Mutæ*
third brother } *Personages*

Thyestes being recalled by his brother Atreus through
his sons returns to his country, not, however with-
out distrust, and a mind foreshadowing disaster—his
sons are tendered as hostages, that he will so return

THEMISTIS

Oh! welcome habitations of my native land and chivalrous Argos! at last I see you again and what is the greatest and most deeply felt boon to a miserable exile I feel the contact of my native soil and the God of my Father (if my friends at the present time) the sacred towers of the Cyclopes—glorious structure which never could have been built by ordinary human agency. The race course so celebrated when I was young on which I have more than once honorably earned the palm of victory in the paternal hunt. All Argos will be out to meet me and the crowding populace will rush to see me but Athens will be with them. Ah! let me seek the wood again which ever at least a retreat or the dense forest of the wild beasts. It is not this dazzling splendour of a kingdom that can entirely blink my vision as to the splendours of its brightness when I look around at what is given to me and when I behold the donor. I have usually had a courageous heart and I have felt joyful to a great degree even when mixed up with many things that every one else would regard as rough in the extreme. Now quite the contrary my mind is in a whirl of dread and my very soul recoils and I wish to take myself back again. I even move along with an unwilling step!

THIS What is this father mine thou art filtering with thy gut feeble withal! Thou shiftest thy face about perplexedly and seemest quite distrustful of thyself!

THY Oh! My soul! Why am I wavering. Why should I torture myself so long about a matter which is simple. But yet can I place any confidence in matters teeming with uncertainties my brother and the kingdom. Do I still fear evils which are already overcome am I already tamed down? And shall I fly from troubles which have been removed. Does it not suit my inclination to be miserable now? Let me turn back my steps whilst I can snatch myself away!

PLIS What reason father mine compels thee to turn back from thy country only just visited again? Why dost thou withdraw thy heart aside thou art returning as a brother and receiving a part of the kingdom and to set in order the distracting elements of the dynasty and thy brother gives thee to thyself again so to speak!

THY	Causam timoris, ipse quam ignoro, exigis Nihil timendum video sed timeo tamen	135
	Plicet ire pigris membra sed genubus labrant Alioque, quam quo nitor, abductus seroi Sic concitatum remige & velo ratem stus, resistens remigi & velo, resert	
PLIS	Evince, quidquid obstat, & mentem impedit	410
	Reducemque quartæ premior expectent, vide Pater, potes regnare THY Cum possim mori?	
PLIS	Summa est potestas THY Nulla, si cupis nihil	
PLIS	Natis relinques THY Non capit regnum duos	
PLIS	Miser esse mavult, esse qui scilicet potest	445
THY	Mihi crede, falsis magna nominibus placent frustra timentur dura dum excelsus steti Nunquam pavere destitit, atque ipsum mei Ferreum timere lateris o, quantum bonum est, Obstare nulli! capere securus dapes	450
	Humi rcentem! scelera non intrant cruras, Tutusque mensæ capitur angustæ cibus Venenum in auro bibitur expectus loquor, Malum bonæ præferre fortunam licet Non vertice alti montis impositam domum,	455
	Et eminentem civitis humilis tremit, Nec fulget altis splendidum tectis ebur, Somnosque non defendit excubitor meos Non classibus piscamer, & retro mare Jacta fugamus mole, non ventrem improbum	460
	Alimus tributo gentium, nullus mihi Ultra Getas metatur & Parthos æger Non thure columur, nec meræ, excluso love, Ornantur aræ nulla culminibus meis Imposita nutat silva, nec fumant manu	465
	Succensa multa stagna nec somno dies, Bacchoque nox jungenda pervigili datur Sed non finemur tuta sine telo est domus, Rebusque parvis alta præstatur quies Immane regnum est, posse sine regno paræ	470

THY Thou askest me the cause of my dread, which I myself cannot explain I see nothing to fear, but yet I have my apprehensions, at all events, I should like to go—My whole body seems to give way with my tottering knees, and I am literally being dragged away, to another place, from that, which I am striving to reach, just in fact, as the adverse tide drives back the craft urged on by the rower and the sails, and resists the combined efforts of both

PLIS Overcome whatever troubles thy mind or hinders thy resolution, thou readily seest, what ample reward will crown thy expectations, now that thou hast come back Oh! Father! thou canst well afford to reign

THY Yes! When I am on the death roll!

THY Thy power as a king will be omnipotent

THY None at all to one to whom it is a matter of indifference

THY Thou canst transmit it to thy sons

THY A throne only requires one occupant

THY He who thinks he cannot be happy would prefer to be wretched than dost thou mean?

THY I rely on me grand things only tickle the imagination under the assumed proportions of imposingness poverty after all is not so distressing as it is represented when I sit on
 feared
 Oh! w!

as they come—for a man to enjoy his food in security even when lying on the ground! Great crimes do not usually abound in the humble cot and one's food is appreciated and although served on a small table there is security with it. Poison is drunk out of the golden goblet! I speak from experience it is a more acceptable choice to prefer an indifferent lot—before a favorable one uncertain in its duration. The humble low lying hamlet exists in much greater serenity than the denizens of a mansion with all its majesty erected on the summit of some lofty mountain! Neither does the chaste ivory shine on the lofty ceilings for me nor does a watchful sentry mount guard to protect me during my slumber! I do not use entire fleets for the purpose of catching fish nor do I endeavour to keep the sea back by constructing piers or driving enormous piles. I do not fill my voracious stomach at the expense of the people. No hind is at my disposal beyond what the *Getæ* and *Parthians* make use of. I am not worshipped with incense nor are my altars adorned and Jupiter disregarded! No forest trees are planted on my elevated terraces waving to and fro nor many dried up lakes set on fire with great labor by the hand of man! I do not give up my entire day to sleep nor are my nights spent in protracted *Bacchinalian* carousals! But I am nevertheless free from inquietude my house is safe without defensive weapons and quiet of the most desirable kind extends to all the smaller details of my life! To be able to bear life contentedly without a kingdom represents to my mind a kingdom vast indeed!

PLIS Nec abnuendum est, si dat imperium Deus
 THY Nec appetendum PLIS Irater, ut regnes, rogat
 THY Rogat² timendum est errat hic aliquis dolus
 PLIS Redire pietas, unde submotus est solet
 Reparaturque vires justus amissus amor 475
 THY Amat Thyesten frater² & thereas prius
 Perfundet Arcos pontus, & Siculi arva
 Consistet æstus undæ, & Ionio sæges
 Matura pelago suget, & lucem dabit
 Nox atra terris ante cum flammis aquæ, 480
 Cum morte vitæ, cum roris ventus fidem
 Foedusque jungent PLIS Quam tamen fraudum times²
 THY Omnem timori quem meo statum modum
 Tantum potest, quantum odit PLIS In te quid potest
 THY Pro me nihil iam metuo vos facitis mihi 485
 Atreæ timendum PLIS Decipi captus times²
 Serum est cavendi tempus in mediis malis
 THY Eatur unum genitor hoc testor tamen,
 Ego vos sequor, non duco PLIS Respiciet Deus
 Bene cogitata perge non dubio gradu 490

ATREUS, THYESTES,
 TANTALUS F & } Mutæ personæ
 TERTIUS frater

Tacite sibi applaudit Atreus uretium fratrem, cui obviam procedit,
 & simulata in gratiam reditione eum circumvenit

PLAGIS tenetur clusis dispositis feri
 Et ipsum, & una generis invisum indolem
 Junctam prienti cerno iam tuto in loco
 Versantur odia venit in nostras manus
 Tandem Thyestes, venit, & totus quidem 495

PLIS But we should not decline to accept it, if a deity
 bestows it on us

THY Nor does it become us, to hanker after it

PLIS Thy brother invites thee to reign

THY But why does he so ask² that is the very reason
 I fear, some snare is mixed up with this!

PLIS Fraternal love often returns when it has only
 disappeared for a time, and an affection of this natural
 character soon makes up for former defection

THY Will Atreus ever love Thyestes again? I think it is more likely that the Polar stars will swoop down from the heavens and hide themselves in the broad ocean depths or that the impetuous waters of the Sicilian straits should calm down suddenly or the growing corn to ripen submerged in the Ionian seas One would rather expect to see sombre *Nox* lighting up the Earth instead of *Phœbus* or to see water mixing kindly with fire Life itself fraternizing amicably cheek by jowl with bitter *Mors* or for the winds to enter into some anomalous arrangement and treaty of peace with the ocean waves!

PLIS What fraud then dost thou fear?

THY Every fear in fact what bounds can I set on my fear? As great as is his power so is his hatred of me!

PLIS What can he do to thee?

THY For myself I entertain no fears thou art the object of my fears as regards Atreus!

PLIS Dost thou fear being taken prisoner? It is some what slow work to begin to fear mischief only when danger is far advanced

THY Let things take their course let us go! At least my son I pledge my confidence in this idea by saying I follow thee but I am not leading thee to this business!

PLIS May the Gods bless thee for having decided so considerably Come on father mine and advance with the step of confidence

ATREUS—THYESTES—PLISTHENES

TANTALUS SON	}	<i>Mute personages</i>
and the		
THIRD BROTHER		

ATREUS

LIKE some wild beast Thyestes is at last in my power entangled by the toils that have been laid for his capture and as I behold him side by side with his hateful offspring I detect the look of the parent clearly reproduced in the physiognomies of the sons Now my revenge must be planned in a safe manner at last Thyestes has fallen into my hands and not only does he

Vix tempero animo, vix dolor frenos capit
 Sic, cum feras vestigat, & longo sagax
 Lolo tenetur Umber, ac presso vias
 Scrutator ore, dum procul lento suem
 Odore sentit, paret, & tacito locum 500
 Rostro pererrat præda cum propior fuit,
 Cervice tota pugnat, & gemitu vocat
 Dominum morantem, seque retinenti eripit
 Cum spirat na sanguinem, nescit tegi
 Tamen tegatur aspice, ut multo gravis 505
 Squallore vultus obuiat mœstos comæ
 Quam fœda jaceat barba præstatui fides
 Fratrem iuvat videre complexus mihi
 Redde expetitos quidquid naum fuit,
 Transierit ex hoc sanguis ac pietas die 510
 Colantur animis odia damnata excidant
 THY Diluere possem cuncta, nisi talis fores
 Sed fateor, Atieui, fateor, admisi omnia
 Quæ credidisti pessimam causam meum
 Hodierna pietas fecit est prioris nocens, 515
 Quicumque visus tam bono fratri est nocens
 Lacrimis agendum est supplicem primus vides
 Hæ te precantui pedibus intrictæ manus
 Ponatur omnis ira, & ex animo tumor
 Erasus abeat obfides fidei accipe 520
 Hos innocentes ATR Frater, a genubus manus
 Aufer, meosque potius amplexus pete
 Vos quoque, senum præsidia tot juvenes, meo
 Pendete collo, squalidam vestem eue,
 Oculisque nostris parce, & ornatus cape 525
 Pares meis, lætusque fraterni imperii
 Capesse partem major hæc laus est mei,
 Fratri paternum reddere incolumi decus
 Habeat regnum, casus est virtus, dare
 THY Diu paria, frater, pretia pio tantis tibi 530
 Meritis rependant iegiam capitis notam

appear, but his sons too, a regular family party! I can scarcely preserve my equanimity, and it is with great difficulty, that I can keep my anger in subjugation! Just as when the blood-hound is on the track, and is then being held in by a leather strap, at the same time that he is following up that track, with his nose pressing the ground, and is obedient, whilst he is detecting the boar's whereabouts with a feeble scent at a distance only, and wanders here, wanders there silently, but when his quarry draws nearer, he strains away at the collar, and sets up a loud bark, as if he would remind his master of his being kept back, and forthwith breaks away from the hand that held him! So when an angry man has made

up his mind to spill the blood of an enemy he knows not how to dissemble his intentions but however in my particular case they must be effectually concealed' (Aside) Behold Thyestes! how his locks covered with dirt hide up that woeful countenance of his—how hideous too his beard appears! (Approaching) Let our mutual oaths Thyestes be respected It delights me to see thee brother mine Come give me the long desired embrace whatsoever ill feeling has existed between us henceforth let by-gones be by-gones! From this day forth let the love of kindred and bonds of fraternal friendship be for ever cultivated by both of us Let any lingering ill will be dismissed from our minds as too odious to be countenanced

THY I could explain away everything satisfactorily even if thou didst not meet me in the kind spirit thou art now showing But I do confess Atreus I must confess the truth of everything thou hast given me credit for This day's noble conduct on thy part has only aggravated my offences in my own eyes—That man would be hopelessly bad who could feel anything but amicably towards a brother who has evinced towards me so much consideration—I really cannot refrain from shedding tears! First thou must regard me as thy suppliant and with these hands I now embrace thee on bended knees knees that have never genuflected to mortal man before—I let all traces of animosity be rooted out—let all uprisings of anger be kindled for ever here Atreus receive these sons of mine as hostages of my good faith and sincerity!

ATR Brother mine remove thy hands from my knees seek rather the brotherly embrace, and you so many youths (addressing the sons) as the natural guardians of our advancing years hang down with your arms round my neck! Remove thy squalid apparel Thyestes and spare me the pain of beholding them any more and put on these they are identical with those I am wearing myself and take likewise as a joyful pleasure to me half of the kingdom with them! The preponderance of glory in this matter is certainly in my favor the honor indeed of restoring a kingdom to a brother who has returned to me in safety from cruel exile To hold a kingdom is a matter of chance but to give one an act of virtue!

THY Oh may the Gods reward thee with similar benefits oh! my brother! to those which thou art now so lavishly showering down upon me but do let my present squalor decline to exchange itself for that diadem with which

Squallor recusat noster & sceptrum manus
 Infracta refugit, licet in media mihi
 Latere turba Atque Recipit hoc regnum duos
 ITH Meum esse credo, quidquid est frater tuum 535
 ATR Quis influentis doni fortuna abnuat?
 ITH Expertus est quicumque quam facile effluat
 ANR Fratrem potiri gloria ingenti vctus
 TITH Iur jam peracta gloria est restat mea
 Respueie certum est regni consilium mihi 540
 ATR Meram relinquam nisi tuam partem accipis
 TITH Accipio regni nomen impositi sciam
 Sed iura & arma seuiant mecum tibi
 ATR Imposita capiti vincla venerando gere
 Ego destinatis victimis Superis dabo 545

CHORUS

Interviens actui præcedenti Chorus Atrei collaudat pietatem,
 quæ similitates & dissidia fratrum composuit non
 secus ac serenitas tempestatem secuta

CRUDAT hoc quisquam? scrus ille & acer,
 Nec potens mentis, truculentus Atreus,
 Fratris aspectu stupefactus hæsit
 Nulla vis major pietate vera est
 Iurgii externis mimici durant, 550
 Quos amor verus tenuit, tenebit,
 Ira cum magnis igitur causis
 Gratiam rupit, cecinitque bellum,
 Cum leves frenis sonuere turme,
 Fulsit hinc illinc agitata ensis, 555
 Quem movet crebro furibundus actu
 Sanguinem Mavoi cupiens recentem,
 Opprimat ferrum, manibusque junctis
 Ducit ad pacem pietas negantes
 Otium tanto subitum e tumultu 560
 Quis Deus fecit? modo per Mycenæ

thou art now proposing to dignify my head, and permit
 these unlucky hands of mine to be excused the task of
 carrying the sceptre! Let me rather go and hide myself
 away, amongst the busy crowd of mankind!

ATR The kingdom is large enough for two

RHY What brother! am I to be made to believe that
 to be mine which I know so well to be thine?

ATR Why dost thou refuse the gifts of Fortune as
 they come to thee?

THY Whoever has had any experiences in such matters must know how easily they may be lost to one!

ATR Dost thou stand in my way then brother mine of gaining for myself great glory

THY Thy glory has already been acquired it is mine that is waiting to be arrived at but my own resolution is made up—namely to refuse the crown!

ATR I will give mine up altogether unless thou wilt accept a share

THY I agree I will bear the title of king which thou hast granted me but thou shalt have authority over my subjects my armies and myself

ATR Place on thy venerable head the diadem which awaits to be placed there—I will offer to the Gods the victims which I have promised them!

CHORUS

The Chorus is entering into the spirit of the preceding act praises the fraternal affection of Atreus which has put aside the hatred and differences between the brothers in much such a way as the calm which follows the storm serves to illustrate

WHO would credit it? Here is Atreus that fierce cruel relentless man actually loses his presence of mind and appears perfectly dazed at the sight of his brother! Nothing after all is stronger than the affection arising out of blood relationship—whilst feuds carried on by those who are aliens in blood only grow more inveterate by time! When anger brought about by grievous events caused the rupture between these brothers the cry of war was heard! When the skirmish light horsemen were on the move amidst much clamping of bits here there everywhere the naked sword flashed as it was flourished about by ardent warriors whom fierce Mars urges on as with repeated onslaught the rival combatants seek out for fresh slaughter At length fraternal affection puts aside the sword of revenge and draws them together a hostile!—Now brought about Only quite late out Mycenæ in the heat of civil war—Iale distracted

Armæ civilis crepuere belli
 Pallidæ natos tenuere matres,
 Uxor armato timuit marito,
 Cum manum invitus sequeretur enfis, 565
 Sordibus pacis vitio quietæ
 Ille labentes renovare muros,
 Hic situ quassas stabilire turres,
 Ferreis portas cohibere claustris
 Ille certabat, pavidusque pinnis 570
 Anxiæ noctis vigil incubabat
 Pejor est bello timor ipse belli
 Jam minæ sævi cecidere ferri,
 Jam filet murmur grave clafficorum,
 Jam tacet stridor litui strepentis, 575
 Alta pax urbî recovata lætæ est
 Sic ubi ex alto tumuere fluctus,
 Brutium Coro feriente pontum,
 Scylla pulsatis refonat cavernis,
 Ac mare in portu timuere rutæ,
 Quod rapax haustum ievomit Charybdis,
 Et feius Cyclops metuit parentem
 Rupe ferventis residens in Ætnæ,
 Ne superfusus violetur undis
 Ignis æternis refonans caminis, 585
 Et putat mergi sua posse pauper
 Regne Laertes, Ithaca tremente
 Si furæ ventis cecidere vires,
 Mitius stagno pelagus recumbit,
 Altr quæ navis timuit fecale 590
 Hinc & hinc fufis spatiosa velis,
 Strata ludenti patuere cymbæ
 Et vacat mersos numerare pisces,
 Hic ubi ingenti modo sub procella
 Cyclades pontum timuere motu 595
 Nulla fors longa est dolor ac voluptas
 Inicem cedunt brevior voluptas
 Ima permutat levis hora summis
 Ille, qui donat diadema fronti,
 Quem genu nix tremuere gentes, 600
 Cujus ad nutum posuere bella
 Medus, & Phœbi propioris Indus,
 Et Dre Parthus equitem minati,
 Anxius sceptum tenet, & moventes
 Cuncta divinat metuitque casus 605
 Mobiles rerum, dubiumque tempus
 Vos, quibus rector maris atque terræ
 Jus dedit magnum necis atque vitæ,

mothers pressed their babes to their bosoms—wives went
 in fear for the fate of their husbands, armed for the fray,
 whilst the sword was held by a regretful hand, (and

which before being taken up) had become rusty from long disuse in the preceding times of peace! Now the whilom warrior on one side seeks to repair the ruined city now the warrior of the opposite faction is busy in rehabilitating the shattered towers and who quite lately, endeavoured to fortify his portals with iron bars and in a state of trepidation behind the niched battlements as the sentinel watched during the anxious hours of night! Thus the fear of war is sometimes more terrifying than the actual battle. Now the terrors of the sword have passed away and the sound of the shrill war trumpet is silenced and profound peace is restored to the rejoicing city of Mycenæ! So where the North West wind blows violently over the sea of Apulia the waves swell up from the lowest depths and Scylla emits a roaring response as they beat in upon the caverns and the scafers dread the seas in their very ports which the angry Charybdis receives and ejects again with terrible force—and the fierce Cyclops who inhabits the mountains of Ætna dreads his parents approach (Neptune) lest his forges the fire with its noisy wrath in those everlasting flames should be extinguished by the seas pouring down upon them and Laertes of mean resources every moment thinks that his little kingdom will be swallowed by the watery element whilst Ithaca trembles too lest the violence of the sea should overcome its powers of resistance whilst the waters surrounding it rest as quiet as a mill pond at ordinary times in the main seas whose waves the vessel fears to cut through with its sails set the smaller boats sail about playfully when the sea has calmed down and it is possible to count the very fish swimming about here where not long ago the Cyclopes tremblingly feared the sea when a terrific storm a storm of unusual violence raged around them! No condition of matter rests long in the same state even pain and pleasure visit us by turns inconstant Fortune changes the venue from the most lofty situation and substitutes one very much lower. He that graces his head with the diadem and before whom the peoples trample on bended knees at whose nod the Mede lays down his arms and the Indian a nearer neighbour of Phœbus (more easterly) and the Daci terrified at the EARTHIAN horsemen with anxious fear that the king holds the sceptre and he fore shadows all things and learns to dread the shifting and capricious tides of precarious Fortune and the uncertainty with which they arrive Thou therefore to whom the ruler of the sea and earth has given the power of deciding life or death hide away thy proud and inflated air whatever an inferior fears at thy hands thy superior

Ponite inflatos tumidosque vultus
 Quidquid a vobis minor extimescit 610
 Major hoc vobis dominus minatur
 Omne sub regno gravioꝛe regnum est
 Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,
 Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem
 Nemo confidit nimium fecundis, 615
 Nemo desperet meliora lapsis
 Miscet hæc illis, prohibetque Clotho
 Stare fortunam rotat omne fatum
 Nemo tamen Divos habuit faventis,
 Crastinum ut possit sibi polliceri 620
 Res Deus nostras celeri citatas
 Turbine versat

ACTUS QUARTUS

NUNTIUS, CHORUS

Crudele Atrei facinus & epulas nefandas, in quibus apponebantur
 Ihyestæ sui liberi, digna, quæ ex oculis spectantium sublata
 intus gererentur, narrat nuntius facundus præfens,

NUNTI **Q**UIS me per iuras turbo præcipitem vehet,
 Atque nube involvet, ut tantum nefas
 Eripit oculis? o domus, Pelopi quoque 625
 Et Tantalo pudenda CHOR Quid portas novi?
 NUNTI Quenam ista regio est, Argos & Sparte pios
 Sortita fratres? & maus gemini premens
 Fruces Corinthos? an sehis Istei fugam
 Præbens Alanis? an sub æternæ nive 630
 Hyrcanæ tellus? an vagi passim Scythæ?
 Quis hic nefandi est conscius monstri locus?
 CHOR Effrue & istud pande, quodcunque est malum
 NUNTI Si steterit animus, si metu corpus iugens
 Remittet ritus hæret in vultu tuicis 635
 Imago facti ferte me inferre procul
 Illo procellæ, ferte, quo fertur dies

acting as thy master, threatens thee Every kingdom must
 yield to one of greater power, and the man thou seest
 proud and tyrannical at the early part of the day, may
 be seen at night subdued and laid low Let no man
 crow too much in his prosperity, let no one give way too
 much in his adversity, let him take things as they occur,

thankfully Clotho forbids by virtue of her calling anything to stand still she is constantly rotating the fate of every mortal No one has ever yet found the Gods so propitious that he can with certainty promise himself anything as for to morrow The God that rules all things from his rapidly rotating wheel rolls forth our destinies exactly as they are pre ordered!

ACT IV

MESSENGER—CHORUS

A Messenger who was present reports the cruel deed of Atreus and how his own children were served up to Thyestes at the wicked feast and eloquently describes those matters which were very properly concealed from the eyes of spectators within the house

MESSENGER

WHAT whirlwind will transport me headlong into the air and envelop me in some sombre cloud that my vision may be spared to witness such revolting crimes Oh! The Dynasty! at which Ielops and Tantalus even would be abashed!

CHOR What news dost thou bring?

MESS In what region of the Earth am I? Is it Argos or is it Sparta the country of these two affectionate brothers? Or is it Corinth whose straits are between two seas? Or is it on the borders of the Danube which favors the savage Alani? Or the land of Hyrcania with its eternal snows Or am I amongst the wandering Scythians Or what place can it be that is the scene of wickedness too horrible to be mentioned?

CHOR Speak out man and tell us what the wickedness is whatever it may be

MESS I will when I can collect my mental faculties my mind is in a sort of standstill and when my stiffened limbs concealed with horror begin to thaw! The sight of the dreadful deed is still before my eyes! Oh! Wild hurricanes transport me far far from such a scene of horror! Let me be conveyed somewhere unvisited by the light of day!

Hinc raptus CHOR Animos gravius incertos tenes
 Quid sit, quod hories, ede, & auctorem indica
 Non quæro, quis sit, sed uter effrue ocuis 640
 NUNT In arce summa Pelopeæ pais est domus
 Conversa ad Austros, cuius extremum latus
 Æquale monti crescit, atque urbem premit,
 Et contumacem regibus populum suis
 Habet sub ictu fulget hic turbæ capax 645
 Immane tectum, cuius auratas trabes
 Virius columnæ nobiles maculis feriunt
 Post ista vulgo nota, quæ populi colunt,
 In multa dives spatia discedit domus
 Aicanæ in imo regio secessu patet, 650
 Alta vetustum valle compescens nemus,
 Penetræ regni nulla qua lætos solet
 Præbere iamos arbor, aut ferro coli
 Sed taxus, & cupressus, & nigra ilice
 Obscua nutat silva, quam supia eminens 655
 Despectat alte quercus, & vincit nemus
 Hinc auspicari regni Tantalidæ solent,
 Hinc petere lapsis rebus & dubiis opem,
 Affixæ inhærent dona vocales tubæ,
 Fractique currus, spolia Myrtoï maris, 660
 Victæque falsis avibus pendent rotæ,
 Et omne gentis facinus hoc Phrygius loco
 Fivus tuias Pelopis, hic præda hostium,
 Et de triumpho picta barbarico chlamys
 Fons stit sub umora tristis, & nigra piger 665
 Hæret prælude talis est diræ Stygis
 Deformis undæ, quæ facit cœlo fidem
 Hic nocte ceca gemere feræles Deos,
 Firmæ est cætenis lucus excussis sonat,
 Ululantque Mænes Quidquid rudine est metus, 670
 Illic videtur errat antiquis vetus
 Emissa bustis turba, & insultant loco
 Majori notis monstri Quin tota solet
 Micare flammæ silvæ, & excelsæ trabes
 Ardent sine igne sæpe luctuatu nemus 675
 Tuno remugit sæpe simulacris domus
 Attoniti magnis nec dies sedat metum
 Non propriæ luco est, & superstio inferum
 In luce mediæ regnat Hinc orantibus
 Responsa dantur certæ, cum ingenti sono 680

CHOR Thou art keeping our minds, in considerable uncertainty which is very trying. What can it be? at what art thou in such a state of fright? Speak out, and tell us the cause—tell us the author of the crime! We do not ask thee simply, who did it, but which of the two brothers was it. Speak, man, speak quickly!

MESS There is on the highest fortress of the palace of Pelops a frontage having a southern aspect whose extreme side rises to a mountainous height almost and overlooks the holds the nables there volters below! In this palace is a huge saloon capable of holding large crowds of people (who flock thither for various purposes) where noble porphyry columns support the gilded roof behind these and quite open to the public who may assemble there the sumptuous palace is divided off into numerous departments but there is another hall the Sanctuary of the Palace which is visible only at the farthest end a mysterious retreat a time honored grove in a deep valley concealing it from the vulgar gaze, this is the royal sanctum where no trees afford their cheerful umbrage and where the pruning knife finds no employment—but the yew the cypress and the obscure foliage rendered more so by the sombre flex wave listlessly at the undulations of the circumambient air upon all of which a lofty oak looks down from on high and rules the grove with its majestic imposingness Here the descendants of Tantalus repair to consult about their respective destinies—here to invoke aid when their affairs are in doubt or danger—Numerous spoils hang about sonorous trumpets broken chariots spoils and amongst them (an especial curio) the relics of that one fished out from the sea of Myrtilus and the disabled wheels are suspended from their treacherous axles—in fact traces of every phase of human wickedness In one place is seen the Phrygian Tiara of Pelops himself, in another the accumulated rapine taken from sundry conquered enemies—an embroidered cloak represented some triumph or other over some barbarian foe! A lugubrious fountain is observed under the shadow of this wood and the water remains steeped in a black marsh just such a marsh in appearance as the terror striking Styx which renders inviolable the oaths sworn to by the Gods It is reported here that the funereal deities set up their groans in the dead of the obscure night and the entire grove becomes convulsed with the clanking of chains and when the Manes commence their howlings! Whatever it is it is terrifying to hear but when it is brought into actual view a crowd of aged spectres emerging from their ancient tombs begin to wander about, and monsters of greater magnitude than any conception could picture leap about with mocking laughter! But suddenly the entire wood seems to burst into flames and the lofty trees look as if ignited but none

Lavantur ideo fata, & immugit specus
 Vocem Deo solvente Quo postquam fuens
 Intravit Atreus, liberos furtis trahens,
 Ornantur aieæ qui queat digne eloqui?
 Post terga juvenum nobiles ievocat manus, 685
 Et mæsta vitta capiti purpurea ligat
 Non thura defunî, non ficer Bacchi liquor
 Tangensve falsa victimam cultei mola
 Servatur omnis ordo, ne tantum nefas
 Non iute fiat CHOR Quis manum ferro admovet?
 690 NUNT Ipse est ficeidos ipse funesta prece
 Letale carmen ore violento canit
 Stat ipse ad aras ipse devotos neci
 Contrahit, & componit, & ferro admovet
 Attendit ipse, nulla pars sacri perit 695
 Lucus tremiscit toti succusso solo
 Nutavit aula, dubia, quo pondus daret,
 Ac fluctuanti similis e lævo æthere
 Atum cucurrit limitem sidus trahens
 Librati in ignes viri mutato fluunt 700
 Cruentæ Baccho regium capiti decus
 Bis terque lapsum est, flevit in templis ebul
 Movere cunctos monstra sed solus sibi
 Immotus Atreus constat, atque ultro Deos
 Terret minantes jamque dimissa mora 705
 Affluit ris, totum & obliquum intuens
 Jejuna silvis qualis in Grægeticis
 Inter juvencos tigoris eravit duos,
 Utriusque prædæ cupidæ, quo primos ferat
 Incerta morsus, flectit huc rictus suos, 710
 Illo reflectit, & famem dubium tenet,
 Sic diuus Atreus capiti devota impire
 Speculatur ut quem prius mactet sibi,
 Dubitat, secunda deinde quem cæde immolet
 Nec interst sed dubitat & fævum scelus 715

of the consuming results of positive ignition following that phenomenon—Oftentimes, the grove resounds with loud barking, as if coming from three throats simultaneously (Cerberus-like), and very often the palace is haunted with enormous and terrifying ghosts! Nor does the light of day, when it arrives, allay one's fright—for night is the peculiar feature of this grove, and superstitious alarms take a firm hold of the imagination, even in broad daylight! Here responses are given to earnest supplicants upon which they can depend, for from a wide entrance, with a loud sound the decrees are pronounced, and the cavern groans again, whilst the judicial Deity is delivering his sentence! Into this place we see furious Atreus enter, dragging with him the children of Thyestes, and

the altar is duly spread out with the sacrificial paraphernalia. Oh! how can what I saw be adequately described? He then proceeds to bind the noble hands of the young princes behind their backs and he winds round their unfortunate heads a purple bandage (blindfolding them). And frankincense is not wanting nor the sacred liquor of Bacchus (wine). Nor is the sacrificial meal forgotten as the knife is applied to the victims—every formality is rigidly observed lest the enormity of the crime should be robbed of any of its ceremonial importance.

CHOR Who applied the fatal sword what hand

MESS The presiding priest Atreus himself was there he chants forth some funereal hymn from his horrible *kyrie* at the same time that he accompanies it with impious prayers. He himself stands in front of the altar he alone manipulates upon those that are doomed for sacrifice arranges their position and applies the sword! He is in full presence and no minutiae of the wicked ceremony are omitted the grove trembles the palace totters with the shock that disturbs the earth and appears as if it were uncertain where it should deposit itself if condemned to fall. On the left side of the heavens a star is seen shooting forth tracing its passage with a black streak—and the wine which is used so freely in the sacrifice mixes with the blood of the victims! and thus Bacchus is made to assume a new character! The regal diadem on the head of Atreus (the diadem) fell off two or three times the very ivory in the temples shed tears. This monstrous deed moved the entire world convulsively but Atreus collected in his mind is alone true to himself and what is more actually terrifies the angry gods (with his audacity) and then without any delay he leaps upon the altar looking savage with his eyes rolling from side to side, and as the famished tiger of the jungle on the borders of the Ganges hesitates upon which of the two bulls he shall fasten whilst he longs only to seize them both at once but pauses as to which he shall insert his deadly fangs hither he bends his greedy jaws—thither he draws them back and actually holds aloof his voracity in this doubting mood! So dreadful Atreus speculates as to the victims which he has sacrificed to his impious wrath—He cannot make up his mind within himself as to which he shall immolate the first then he wonders whether he shall sacrifice the one intended for slaughter number one and substitute in its place that which he had marked as number two—not that it was a matter which concerned him much but only that he had doubted

Juvat ordinare CHOR Quem tamen ferro occupat?
 NUNT Primus locus (ne deesse pietatem putes)
 Avo dicatur, Tantalus prima hostia est
 CHOR, Quo juvenis animo, quo tulit vultu necem?
 NUNT Stetit sui securus, & non est preces 720
 Perire frustra passus, aut illi ferus
 In vulnere enses abscondit, & penitus piemens
 Jugulo manum commisit, educto stetit
 Ferro cadaver, cumque dubitasset diu
 Hac parte, an illa cideret, in patrum cecidit 725
 Tunc ille ad aras Plutemum saevus trahit,
 Adicitque fratri colla percussa amputat
 Cervice caesa truncus in prona ruit
 Querulum cucurrit murmure incerto caput
 CHOR Quid deinde gemina caede perfunctus fecit? 730
 Puerone parcat, an scelus sceleri ingeant?
 NUNT Silva jubatus quilibet Armenia leo
 In caede multa victor alimentum incubat,
 Cuore rictus madidus, & pulsi fame
 Non ponit iras, hinc & hinc tauros premens 735
 Vitulis minatur, dente jam lasso piger
 Non aliter Atreus saevit, atque ira rumet,
 Ferumque gemina caede perfusum tenens,
 Oblitus in quem rueret, infesta manu
 Evexit ultra corpus, ut pueri statim 740
 Pectore receptus ensis, in tergo exstitit
 Cecidit ille, & aras sanguine extinguens suo,
 Per utrumque vulnus moritui CHOR O saevum scelus!
 NUNT Exhorruistis? hactenus sistat nefas,
 Pius est CHOR An ultra magis aut atrocius 745
 Natura recipit? NUNT Sceleris hunc finem putas?
 Gravidus est CHOR Quid ultra potuit? abjecit feris
 Latranda forsitan corpora, atque igne arcuit

and he felt a sort of pleasure in doing such an alarming deed with some regard to arrangement!

CHOR Which of the sons found occupation for the sword first?

MESS The first place was dedicated to the Grandfather, Tantalus (Thou dost not suppose that he was entirely wanting in family reverence) Tantalus was his first victim (because his name was Tantalus)

CHOR What was the demeanour of the youth? with what courage did he meet his death?

MESS He stood with great firmness, and confidence in himself, as if he were not willing that any entreaties he might make should pass unheeded, but Atreus, remorseless with pent up rage, seized with his hand the neck of his

victim and holding it tightly he stabbed him with the sword which he thrust into the wound as far as the hilt and when the weapon was withdrawn the body stood upright for several seconds as it were doubting for a long time whether it should fall here or there, it then fell upon the Uncle. Then with unabated wrath he drags Plisthenes towards the altar and places him by the side of his brother he severs his head from his body with a well directed blow—his headless trunk falls to the earth and the head gives forth something like a mumbling undefinable whispering!

CHOR What did he do after he had finished with this double slaughter? did he not spare one of the boys? Oh! What crime upon crime he has heaped up!

MESS As the maned lion of the Armenian forest contemplates with satisfaction his triumphs over the herds and flocks after much slaughter his jaws still dripping with their blood although his hunger is fully appeased does not lay aside his savage nature! From all sides he terrifies the bulls whilst he is chasing the calves although his teeth are tired out with their recent dental labors! Not unlike this Atreus maintains his rage at its maximum and fairly swells with his wrath and still holding his sword sprinkled with the blood of his nephews not knowing whither he was rushing—He evidently was thirsting with his cruel hand for another victim and darting upon the third son he forthwith stabbed him in the chest and the sword passing through his body emerged at the back—He fell and his blood extinguished the fire at the altar—he thus dies from his double wound! (wound at point of entry and that made by its exit)

CHOR Oh! What horrible wickedness!

MESS Why art thou so horrified if the crime rested at this point the piety of Atreus would have been an established fact?

CHOR Can human nature dost thou tell us devise anything more cruel or more atrocious (than what thou hast told us)

MESS Now dost thou suppose that what I have related is the finale of my story? it is only a link in the chain

CHOR What more could he do we ask perhaps it is that he has handed over the bodies to be devoured by the wild beasts and has deprived them of the ceremonial flames of the funeral pile (that is dishonoring their remains)

NUNT Utinam arcuisset, ne tegat functos humus
 Ne solvat ignis! avibus epulandos licet 750
 Ferisque triste pabulum fœvus trahat,
 Votum est sub hoc, quod esse supplicium solet
 Pater insepultos spectet o nullo scelus
 Credibile in ævo quodque posteritas neget!
 Erepta vivis exta pectoribus tiemunt 755
 Spirantque venæ, corque adhuc pavidum salit
 At ille fibras tractat ac fata inspicit
 Et adhuc calentes viscerum venas notat
 Postquam hostiæ placuere, securus vacat
 Jam fratris epulis ipse divisum secat 760
 In membra corpus, amputat trunco tenus
 Humeros patentes & lacertorum moras,
 Denudat artus dirus atque ossa amputat
 Tantum ora servat, & datas fidei manus
 Hæc verubus hærent viscera, & lentis datæ 765
 Stillant caminis illa flammatus latex,
 Querente ahenò jactat impositas dapes
 Transiluit ignis, inque trepidantes focos
 Bis ter regeſtus, & pati jussus moram,
 Invitus ardet stridet in verubus jecur 770
 Nec facile dicam, corpora an flammæ magis
 Gemuere piceus ignis in fumos abit
 Et ipse fumus tristis, ac nebula gravis,
 Non rectus exit seque in excelsum levans,
 Ipsos penates nube deformi obsidet 775
 O Phœbe patiens, fugeris retro licet,
 Medioque ruptum merſeris cœlo diem
 Sero occidisti lincinat natos pater,
 Artusque mandit ore funesto suos

MESS Oh! I wish that he had thus interposed his veto and had ordered that the earth should cover their remains and that fire should not destroy them! then it would have been possible that they would have been feasted on by the birds of prey, or have attracted the wild animals to the tristful repast! But the point desired to be arrived at in all this, was that what was always considered a great punishment, should now be allowed to transpire! (What pleasure to Atreus) that the father should gaze on the unburied remains of his sons! Oh! Atrocity not yet accredited, of any time, past or present, so bad indeed, that posterity will never believe it to have been done! The entrails quiver, they are torn out of the bodies, only just dead, and the muscular coat of the veins (arteries) still acts (with the blood oozing) and the hearts as yet only having been quivering (as the result of the first impression of fear) now give a sudden leap! But Atreus carefully turns the entrails about, and seeking to invoke

the Fates, he examines critically for some clue as to what their divination might reveal he observes that those viscera are still retaining some amount of animal heat and soon after he satisfies his judgment that the sacrifices offered up were pleasing to the Deities and persuaded himself that the augury boded success and that the brothers' feast was now only anxiously waiting for the human remains to perform their part of the business! He then cut up the prominent parts from the arms from connected them with

He strips off the flesh from the various limbs and chops up the different bones—he keeps back the heads however and those very hands which had once signalized their confidence in him (the handshake)! The viscera with some other portions hang on the spit and what escapes during the roasting drips slowly down from the stove—the remainder received into the hissing caldron (which seemed to utter tones of remonstrance at the monstrosity of the deed) is soon tossed about by the impetuosity of the boiling water—the fire in jerking flames leaped in disgust about the terrible feast which was placed above it and threw itself two or three times upon the trembling altars (but was kept down by the weight of the caldron) and being thus constrained temporarily by some inscrutable impulse to submit to such an interruption begins to burn again but in a very surly mood! (The Poet here

real truth, I cannot tell thee the sound which groined the more the bodies or the flames! The fire becoming as black as pitch passes off in dense fumes and the mournful smoke as a heavy cloud does not ascend but hovers around the altar and oppresses the Penates themselves with its abnormal blackness and density. O! patient Phoebus it would have been merciful if thou hadst expunged this day out of the calendar of time and immured it unseen in the middle of the Heavens! Thou hast disappeared below the Horizon only too late! The father Thyestes carves up his own sons, served up on the platter and chews with a relish in his unfortunate mouth his own offspring. His appearance is smart with his locks extravagantly anointed with perfumed grease but he feels rather oppressed (qualmish) with the wine with which he has washed down his own flesh and blood!

Nitet fluente madidus unguento comam
 Gravisque vino super preclusa cibum
 Tenuere fruces in malis unum hoc tui
 Bonum est, Thyestes, quod mala ignoras tui
 Sed & hoc peribit, verterit curvus huius
 Sibi ipse Istan obvium ducens iter
 Tenebrisque facinus obruat tetrum novis
 Nox missa ab ortu tempore alieno gravi
 Tamen videndum est tota pateant mala

780

785

CHORUS

Videns Chorus solem retrocedere obstupescit veritus ne dissoluti
 mundi machina omnia in antiquum chaos recidant

Quo terrarum superumque parens
 Cujus ad ortus noctis operare
 Pecus omne fugit quo vertis iter
 Medioque diem perdis Olympo?
 Cui, Phœbe, tuos rapis aspectus?
 Nondum seræ nuntius horæ
 Nocturna vocat luminæ vesper
 Nondum Hesperie flexura rota
 Jubet emeritos solvere currus
 Nondum in noctem vergente die
 Tertia misit buccina signum
 Stupet ad subitæ temporæ cœnæ
 Nondum fessis bubus irator
 Quid te ætherio pepulit cursu?
 Quæ causa tuos limite certo
 Dejecit equos? numquid aperto
 Carcere Ditis victi tentant
 Bella gigantes? numquid Tityos
 Pectore fesso renovat veteres
 Saucius iras? num rejecto
 Latus explicuit monte Typhoeus?
 Numquid struitur via Phlegæos
 Alti per hostes? & Thessalicum
 Thressi premitur pelion Ossa?
 Solite mundi periere vices
 Nihil Occasus, nihil Ortus erit
 Stupet, Eoos assuetæ Deo

790

795

800

805

810

815

Frequently during the meal, his throat seems to rebel and refuse a passage to the wicked viands, but there was one redeeming feature, one favorable point, connected with all this wickedness, oh! Thyestes! and it was this, thy ignorance of what was being done! But even this

remaining consolation will soon disappear. It was possible that Phœbus himself could have reversed his chariot and changed his course to an opposite direction and thus have buried this cruel crime in darkness such has never been known before—the darkness of a night issuing from the Palace of the glorious Orient at an opposite hour would be awful however we shall all see all these crimes will one day be known to thee

CHORUS

The Chorus observing the going down of the Sun become alarmed fearing lest the whole fabric of the universe dissolved into fragments should lapse into eternal chaos

OH where oh thou parent of the Earth and chief of the Gods above at whose rising all the luminous accessories of opaque night disappear where dost thou direct thy way Why hidest thou a day in the middle of Olympus? Why oh Phœbus! dost thou avert thy face? Not as yet does Vesperus the herald of approaching night summon the stars to thy dark celestial vaults! Not as yet surely does thy declining course on the Hesperian track (the far West) induce thee to unyoke the steeds of thy chariot which have finished their diurnal duties efficiently! Not as yet has the third trumpet sounded the signal of day verging onwards towards night (third part of the day) The ploughman with his oxen not yet tired out is wonderstruck at his suppertime arriving with such unlooked for suddenness! What has driven thee away from thy æthereal path? What has diverted the horses of Iphœbus from their regular rounds? We wonder whether the grants their prisons in the realms of Pluto being burst open are warring against the Gods again? Or if Ixion with his inside worn out by the rapacious vultures is impotently renewing any of his ancient animosities? Whether Typhœus has released himself from the mountain which has been pressing him down? Or is there a road being built up high for Phlegæan Giants to renew their attempts on the Gods? Or is it Thracian Ossa being pressed down on Thessalian Pelion? The harmonious system of the universe seems upside down! There never will be again the regular rising and setting of Phœbus. Aurora the harbinger of dewy morn is at her wits end with this disturbed system of illumination of her kingdom accustomed as she is to hand over the horses of the Sun to Phœbus himself for

she knows not how to dip the already weary steeds
 nor how to immerge their manes foaming with sweat in
 the refreshing sea Sol himself about to set unexpectedly
 finds Aurora installed in an unaccustomed quarter (his)
 and he commands the darkness to appear Nox not as
 yet prepared to obey no stars show themselves nor
 does the sky afford a glimpse of anything approximating
 light nor does Phœbe dissipate any of this awful gloom!
 Whatever can all this mean? Would that real night
 might show itself!—They tremble and their minds are
 struck down with intense fear lest every conceivable
 thing should be involved and lapse shattered in one fatal
 ruin and that again inexplicable chaos should overwhelm
 both the Gods and mankind and again render undis-
 tinguishable the Earth the Seas and the fiery element
 and nature hide the wandering planets and the stars of
 the painted heavens—Nor will the ruler of the stars
 Sol when he rises directing the seasons with his eternal
 torches ever afford us again any clearly defined Summer
 and Winter! Nor will Phœbe who reflects the light of
 Phœbus, ever remove the fears inspired by night (dark-
 ness) and following a shorter course from her curved
 tracks will disregard the government of her brother as
 she is traversing the oblique paths of the Zodiac (that
 is her revolution L a regular
 pace with the Sun s of Gods
 [constellations] will is Zodiac
 formed of constellations
 stars divides the Zone
 length of the years
 group will witness the
 This Aries who at th
 navigators the blessing
 their sails—will fall
 ocean over which aforesaid he transported the timid
 Helle! This Taurus who supports the Hyades on his
 golden horns will drag down with him the Gemini and
 Cancer with his curved claws The Nemæan Leo burnt
 up with the flammigerous heat will fall again from his
 celestial habitut Virgo will fall upon the lands she
 formerly left behind disgusted with the wickedness of
 mankind—and the Libræ (the balance) those punctilious
 arrangers of day and night will drag down with them
 the venomous Scorpion and aged Chiron who drives the
 winged arrows from his Thessalian bow shall see that
 bow broken and his arrows dispersed Cold Capricorn
 (who frightened the very Giants with his ugliness) shall
 tumble bringing back his tedious winter and whoever
 thou art Aquarius Deucalion Cecrops Hylas or Ganymede

Merget condens omnia Guiges
 Et qui medias dividit Urfas,
 Fluminis instar, lubricus Anguis 870
 Magnoque minor juncti Draconi
 Frigida duro Cynosura gelu
 Custosque sui tardus pluvius
 Jam non stabilis ruet Aëtophylla
 Nos e tanto visi populo 875
 Digni, premeiet quos everso
 Cudine mundus
 In nos ætas ultima venit
 O nos dura sorte cictos,
 Seu perdidimus solem miseri, 880
 Sive expulimus! Aberant questus
 Discede, timor Vitæ est avidus,
 Quisquis non vult, mundo secum
 Pereunte, mori

ACTUS QUINTUS

ATREUS

Exultans impius Atreus nefariam de fratre vindictam sibi
 gratulatur, dirisque appositis corporibus de natorum
 sanguine præbendo deliberat

ÆQUALIS astris gradior, & cunctos super 885
 Altum superbo vertice attingens polum
 Nunc decora regni teneo, nunc solum potris
 Dimitto superos summa votorum attigi
 Bene est, jam fat est etiam mihi
 Sed cur satis sit pergam, & implebo patrem 890
 Funere suorum ne quod obstaret pudor,
 Dies recessit perge, dum cælum vacat
 Utinam quidem tenere fugientes Deos
 Possim, & coëctos trahere, ut ultionem dapem
 Omnes viderent! quod fat est, videat pater 895
 Etiam die nolente discutiæ tibi
 Tenebras, miseriæ sub quibus latitant tuæ
 Nimis diu conviva securo jacet
 Hilarique vultu jam satis mensis datum est,
 Satisque Baccho sobrio tanta ad mala 900

will break thy urn with thee, and the Pisces disappear,
 the last constellation of the Zodiac¹ and those monsters,
 which have never been in contact with the sea, shall be
 swallowed up by the Great Gulf, the sea which hides all
 things, and the Serpent shippery and as large as a river,

which divides the two Bears and the Cynosure bitterly cold with its severe frost and small comparatively is joined with the great dragon and Arctophylax (Bootes) the slow driver of his waggon already not very firm in his position shall fall also from the heavens And we miserable mortals out of all the numerous peoples of the world are thought to be deserving of such a fate that fate will overwhelm us all—the very hinges of the universe being broken (the seasons being scattered) We have arrived at our last stage of time oh miserable! that we should have ever been created for such a hard lot whether we have lost the Sun without our own faults or whether we have driven away that Sun by our own crimes! But away with useless wailings away with fruitless fears—we are fond of life but who would not wish to die if the world would only perish with him!

ACT V

ATREUS

Wicked Atreus crowingly congratulates himself on his cruel revenge towards his brother and deliberates on the dreadful feast which had been prepared and the serving up of the blood of the sons of Thyestes

I WALK abroad now on an equality with the deified stars and am attaining with my proud head the highest pinnacles a place in the lofty heavens as it were looking down upon all the mortal world below me at my feet! I am in possession of the regalia of power and the throne of my father—I must now dismiss from my mind the Gods above I have reached the summit of my desires thus so far is good and appears even ample already it looks enough for me but what shall I say it will be later on? I shall persevere with my revenge and I will cause the father to partake to repletion of his own offspring and lest by any means misgivings should prevail fortunately the day time has passed away—push on I say whilst the heavens are void of light! I wish indeed that I could prevent the Gods from retiring and keep them here even against their will that they might all witness this revengeful entertainment! What would be enough now however for the present is denied me That I must see the father face to face even if daylight be denied me at all events I will banish the mental darkness from him and under which his

Opus est Thyeste turba famularum fore
 Templi relaxa, festa prestat domus
 Libet videre, capita matorum intuens
 Quos det colores verba qui primus dolor
 Effundat aut ut spiritu expulso stupida
 Corpus rigeret fructus hic operi mei est
 Miserum videre nolo sed dum te miser
 Aperta multa lecta collucet face
 Resupinus ipse purpura atque auro mebat
 Vino gravatum sulcens lecta caput
 Traxit o me cecitum excelsissimum
 Regumque regem! vota transcendendi mea
 Satur est, caprei ducit argento merum
 Ne parca potu, restat etnumum cruor
 Tot hostiarum veteris hunc Bacchi color
 Abscondet hoc hic mensa clauditur scypho
 Mixtum suorum sanguinem penitor bibit
 Meum bibisset, ecce jam cantus ciet
 Ictusque voces, nec sitis menti imperat

I 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

Thyestis epulantis cantus quo invitit se ad letitiam, quam
 tamen mens ejus presaga mali non admittit

PERROGA longis hebetata malis,
 Jam sollicitis ponite curas
 Fugiat mœror, fugiatque pavor
 Fugiat trepidi comes casili
 Tristis egestas, rebusque gravis
 Pudor afflictis magis unde cadis,
 Quam quo, refert magnum, ex alto
 Culmine ipsum, stabilem in plano
 Figere gressum magnum, ingenti
 Strage malorum pressum, fracti
 Pondera regni non inflexa
 Cervice prae, nec degenerem
 Victumque malis, rectum impositas
 Ferre ruinas, sed jam fere

miseria are now concealed from himself Thyestes, thou art posing for much too long a time, as a guest with a contented and merry countenance, thou hast taken by this time enough of the solid viands and drunk quite enough wine, it is necessary that Thyestes should be in his sober senses to feel his misery properly! Come, all ye servants, open every door of the palace, I wish the place to put on a festive look, I wonder what sort of a visage he will have, whether it will be pale or red with surprise! What words will convey his first cries of grief,

or whether his breath will be taken away with astonishment or his body become rigid with the shock when he beholds the heads of his three sons! This is the reward of my labor I do not enjoy so much seeing him miserable but the pleasure to me is to watch him whilst it is being brought about The open porches are lighted up with a profusion of lamps and Thyestes lies down effeminately on the purple couches ornamented with gold and supporting his head now growing heavy (with the repast) with his left hand and amidst frequent hiccuping and eructations he exclaims! I think oh! I think myself nobler than any of the folks in heaven I feel a very king of kings I have transcended my wildest desires! He has made a heavy repast and he drinks his wine out of a silver goblet! Don't be sparing with the wine as yet there remains plenty of the blood yielded by the three victims the color of the old wine will soon disguise it This repast will be suitably wound up with the contents of this jug—the father shall drink the blood of his children mixed with it He would have drunk mine (with gusto) Listen he is now indulging in little snatches of songs and utters merry remarks nor does he seem to me to have full command over his senses!

THYESTES

The song of Thyestes at the feast where he gives himself up to merriment although his inner mind foresees some mischief looming in the future which is not quite in keeping with such jollity

Oh! soul of mine! recently soured by chronic misfortunes now lay aside anxious care let grief vanish and fear leave me for ever let sad privation the twin sister of trembling exile and disgrace heavy with troubles forsake me it concerns a man more from what height he may fall than the place he may reach as the result of such a fall but it is a great point when a man of importance falls from a lofty eminence to be able at the very least to place his feet firmly on the ground it is a great thing too for a man to bear up with a head not bowed down and the weight and cares of a kingdom broken up and divided and himself overwhelmed with the direst disasters quite as much as it is for a man faint hearted and subdued by misfortunes to bear with some amount of equanimity the fresh reverses which have befallen him But let me banish the dark shadow of my former cruel fate and dismiss the memory of the miserable portion of my life and let a joyful countenance reflect itself on my present

Nubila fati pelle, ac miseri
 Temporis omnes dimitte notas 935
 Redeant vultus ad læta boni
 Veterem ex animo mitte Thyesten
 Proprium hoc miseros sequitur vitium,
 Nunquam rebus credere lætis
 Redeat felix Fortuna licet, 940
 Tamen afflictos gaudere piget
 Quid me ievocas, festumque vetas
 Celebrare diem? quid flere jubes
 Nulla fugiens dolor ex causa?
 Quis me prohibet flore recenti 945
 Vincere comam? prohibet, prohibet
 Vernæ capiti fluxere rosæ,
 Pingui madidus crinis amomo
 Inter subitos stetit horrores,
 Imber vultu nolente cadit 950
 Venit in medias voces gemitus,
 Mæror lacrimas amat assuetas
 Flendi miseris dira cupido est
 Libet infaustos mittere questus
 Libet & Tyrio saturas ostro 955
 Rumpere vestes ululare libet
 Mittit luctus signa futuri
 Mens, ante sui præfaga mali
 Instat nutus feri tempestas,
 Cum sine vento tranquilla tument 960
 Quos tibi luctus, quosve tumultus
 Fingis demens? credula præsta
 Pectori fratri jam quidquid id est,
 Vel sine causa, vel fero times
 Nolo infelix, sed vagus intra 965
 Terrores oberrat, subitos fundunt
 Oculi fletus, nec causa subest
 Dolor, in metus est? an habet lacrimas
 Magna voluptas?

ATREUS, THYESTES

Atreus, festivitatem simulans, fratrem ad poculum invitat Cupienti
 illi videre liberos, quo plenius graderet, ostendit capita
 & palmas, & quid actum sit aperit, hinc dolor,
 ira, convicia, execrationes oritur

FESTUM diem, germane, consensu parum 970
 Celebramus hic est sceptri qui firmet meum,
 Solidumque precis alliget certæ fidem

lucky position Let Thyestes, as he is now, cease to be
 Thyestes of the past! This peculiar fault always character-
 izes the miserable, that they lose all faith in the possibilities
 of prosperity, let fortune return to me whilst in a happy

mood although it would distress me to ignore the sufferings of the afflicted Dame Fortune why dost thou recall me or why shouldst thou object to my celebrating this auspicious day? Why shouldst thou bid me to weep when grief springs out of nothing within my knowledge? What should prevent me from encircling my locks with flowers of recent date? There is a reason why! This much is against it the roses of spring once fall from my crown (alluding to his coronation roses) My hair although besmeared with perfumed grease (an unguent scented with the amomum) is still prone to stand on end amidst sudden terrors and the tears trickle down my unwilling face (not willing to betray the weakness which gives rise to them) irrepressible sighs interrupt my utterance grief delights in tears to which it is no stranger (as a relief to pent up sorrow) Over the miserable the desire to weep assumes an imperious sway—surely I am at liberty to indulge in my
 liberate myself from
 dyed with the Ty
 be allowed to fi

inspires me with a warning of coming grief foretelling some calamity some sad presentiment! A violent storm often overhangs the mariner, even whilst the dearest of calms prevail over the surface of the ocean, with no appearance of wind! Ah! but what grief am I insanely picturing to my mind or what racking thoughts are taking possession of me? Shall I let my trustful heart go forth to my brother? But whatever is it? Either only the fabric of my own imagination or that it appears late in the day to begin to cultivate fear! I am however unwilling to make myself miserable but still a vague alarm hovers within my breast my eyes pour forth tears on a sudden nor does the cause of such tears show itself in any definite form! Is it then merely sorrow or is it my fear? Which is it? But is not excessive joy sometimes accompanied with tears?

AIRIUS—HYLSIES

Atreus feigning hilarity invites his brother to partake of the wine and in order that he might rejoice more fully of seeing his children on asking for them Atreus shows him their heads and hands and tells him all that had been done hence arises an outburst of grief anger reproaches and curses!

ATREUS

OH my brother, let us
 this auspicious day!
 strengthen the secur
 a solid guarantee between us of inviolable peace!

THY Satis dapis me, nec minus Bacchi tenet Augere cumulus hic voluptatem petest, Si cum Meis gaudere felici datur	975
ATR Heic esse natos crede in amplexu patris Heic sunt, eiuntque, nulla prius proles tuæ Tibi subtrahetur oia, quæ exoptas dabo, Totumque turba jam suri implebo partem Satiaberis, ne metue nunc mixti meis, Jucundæ mensæ facit juvenilis colunt Sed accientur poculum infuso cape Gentile Baccho THY Capiō fraternæ dapis Donum paternis vina libentur Deis, Tunc hauriantur Sed quid hoc? non vult manus Palere cescit pondus, & dextram gravat Admotus ip̄sis Bacchus a labris fugit, Circaque rictus ore decepto effluit En, ipsa trepido mensa subfiluit solo Vix lucet ignis ipse quin æther gravis Intei diem noctemque desertus stupet Quid hoc? magis magisque concussi labant Conveia cœli spissior densis coit Caligo tenebris, noxque se in noctem abdedit Fugit omne sidus quidquid est, fiam, precei, Natisque parcat, omnes in vile hoc caput Abeat procella redde jam natos mihi ATR Reddam, & tibi illos nullus eripiet dies THY Quis hic tumultus viscera exagitat mei? Quid tremuit intus? sentio impietatis onus, Meumque gemitu non meo pectus gemit Adeste, nati, genitor infelix vocat Adeste, visis fugiet hic vobis dolor Unde obloquuntur? ATR Expedi amplexus, pater Venie natos ecquid agnoscis tuos? THY Agnosco fratrem sustines tantum nefas Gestare, tellus? non ad infernam Styga Te nosque mergis? rupta & ingenti via	980 985 990 995 1000 1005

THY Thou hast feasted me to satiety, nor hast thou been niggardly with the wine This overflowing hospitality will afford me still greater pleasure, if it be permitted me, already happy, to share that felicity with my children

ATR Hearken to me, believe me for a certainty that thy sons are practically at this moment in the arms of their father—there they are and will remain! No portion of thy offspring shall be withheld from thee! I will duly present to thee the faces of thy children! I shall fully account for every one of them, to a father so solicitous too, about his progeny! Thou shalt be satisfied, do not fear at this minute, in the presence of my own children,

they are contributing to the delightful ceremonies of the juvenile feast! But they shall be sent for in the mean time, take up this goblet the goblet of our ancestors! drink copiously of the wine it contains!

THY I accept the bestowal of this fraternal feast but let the wine be first offered to our paternal gods then I will drink what is left (lifting it to his mouth) But what is this? My hand refuses to obey my will the weight of it seems to increase and completely tires out my right hand and the wine strives to recede from my lips and flows away from my disappointed mouth and disperses itself around my jaws! Behold! the table too is losing its steadiness on the trembling floor! The lamps are scarcely yielding any light! And more than that the oppressed sky itself is growing dazed deserted as it is by the sun moon and stars during the interregnum between day and night—But what is this? The heavens shaken more and more appear to totter the darkness unites with darkness still blacker and the night hides itself away in a night more intense in its blackness! Every star has vanished! Whatever is it I pray spare my brother and my children O ye Gods! let the whole brunt of the tempest fall upon my head only! Now Atreus restore to me my sons!

ATR I will restore them to thee and no great length of time shall elapse before I do so

THY What is this disturbance which is agitating my inside? How I do tremble internally! I feel a load which I cannot bear—my chest is moaning with a moaning that surely cannot be my own Come to me my sons thy unhappy father calls thee—Oh! Come! this uneasy feeling will vanish when I behold thee! Whence come their voices?

ATR Get ready to embrace them (Here Atreus returns and shows Thyestes the children's heads) father thou! They have come thou seest! Whether or not dost thou not at this moment recognize that they are thy sons whose moaning thou art now hearing!

THY I recognize thee! my brother as always impious and cruel! Oh! Earth! how canst thou permit thyself to bear such abominable wickedness? Why dost thou not plunge thyself and us into the infernal Styx Why! that great gulf being opened dost thou not snatch away the kingdom and the king along with it and consign us to the

Ad chaos mane regna cum rege abripa	
Non tota ab imo tecta convellens solo	1010
Vertis Mycenæ? stare circa Tantalum	
Avosque nostros, si quis intra Tartara est,	
Uterque jam debuimus hinc compingibus	
Et hinc revulsis huc turam immurum sinu	
Demitte vallem, nosque defossos, tege	1015
Acheronte toto novæ supra caput	
Animæ vagentur nostrum, & ardenti fredo	
Phlegethon æternis igneus torrens ægens	
Exitu supra nostra violentus fluit	
Immotæ tellus pondus ignarum preces?	1020
Fugere Superi AR. At recipere hos potius libens	
Diu expetitos nulla per fratrem est mora,	
Fruere osculare divide amplexus tribus	
THY Hoc sacdus? hæc est gratia? hæc fratris fides?	1025
Sic odium ponis? non peto, incolumis pater	
Natos ut habeam scelere quod salvo dari	
Odiique possit, frater hoc fratrem rogo,	
Sepelire licet reddere, quod cernas statim	
Uri nihil te genitor habiturus rogo,	
Sed perditurus AR. Quidquid è matris tuis	1030
Supereſt, habebis quodque non superest habes	
THY Utrumne fevis periculum altibus precent?	
An belluis servantur? in præcunt feræ?	
ATR Epulatus ipse es impiorum natos drape	
THY Hoc est Deos quod puduit? hoc egit diem	1035
Adversum in ortus? quis miser voces dabo,	
Questusque quos? quæ verba sufficient mihi?	
Abscissi cerno caput, & vulvis manus,	
Et rupta fractis curibus vestigia	
Hoc est, quod avidus cupere non potuit pater	1040
Voluntur intus viscera, & clausum nefas	
Sine exitu luctatur, & querit viam	
Dr, frater, enses, sanguinis multum mei	
Habet ille ferro liberis demus fugam	

gloom of empty Chaos? Why dost thou not turn the entire city Mycenæ upside down, tearing up every living abode, from its lowest foundations. We, the pair of us, ought to be domiciled in the very presence of Tantalus and our worthy grandsires, and if there be a place below the domains of Tartarus (where our grandfather is in his captivity), precipitate us hence into this valley of thine, with its immense gulf, the very points of contact at every part being rent asunder and in this place immure us, hidden away in the dungeons subjacent to the entire bed of the Acheron. Let the guilty shades (Manes) wander over our heads, and the fiery Phlegethon, driving the sands about in every direction with its burning headlong streams,

flow violently above us¹ in this place of our eternal exile
 Oh! motionless Earth! Why dost thou rest as an idle
 mass? After all this the Gods even have fled! (I have
 I have and the Stars)

ATR But it is better that thou should accept than
 fully thy long-desired sons thou shalt have the full enjoy-
 ment of them no obstacle lies in thy way on the part of thy
 brother kiss them divide thy carcases between the three!

THY Oh! this horrible wickedness! Is this thy reconcili-
 ation? Is this a brother's sincerity? Is this the way thou
 markest thy hatred (revenge) I do not ask that as a
 father I should naturally expect to receive my children
 safe and sound or that it is now possible for them to be
 given up to me free from and revenge) but as a
 that he may be permitted own children or what re-
 remains to me and thou shalt be an eye witness that
 they are burnt and as their father I crave thou perceivest
 not that I should have them to preserve but that I
 should have them to destroy (burn)

ATR Whatsoever is left of thy children thou shalt have
 but whatever does not remain thou possessest already

THY Whether are they lying as food for the terrible
 birds of prey Are they preserved for the benefit of the
 fishes Or to serve as a repast for the wild beasts?

ATR Thou thyself hast feasted on them at thy impious
 banquet

THY Really! this must put the very Gods to the blush!
 This is the crime then that has made the light remain
 in the east and kept back the day! (I have refused to
 yoke his steeds) Oh! what cries shall I vent in my misery?
 What wailing shall I display? What words are sufficient
 to record my feelings? I perceive, now that their heads
 have been cut off and their hands wrenched from their
 sockets and the remains torn away from their broken
 legs This is what a father however hungry could never
 sacrifice to his voracity—My very entrails are working
 round and round within me and without any means of
 exit my misery is struggling in my inside and is seeking
 some way out of its imprisonment! Give me thy sword
 brother it has plenty of my blood on it already I shall
 effect a way out for my children! Shall the sword be

Negatui ensis ² pectori illiso sonent	1045
Contusa planctu sustine, infelix, manum,	
Parcamus umbris tale quis vidit nefas ²	
Quis inhospitalis Caucasii rupem aspeiam	
Heniochus habitans ² quisve Cecropius metus	
Terris Procrustes ² genitor en natos premo,	1050
Premorque natis sceleris est aliquis modus ²	
ATR Sceleri modus debetur, ubi facias scelus,	
Non ubi reponas hoc quoque evignum est mihi	
Et vulnere ipso sanguinem calidum in tua	
Diffundere ora debui, ut viventium	1055
Biberes cruorem verba sunt iræ dāta,	
Dum propero, ferro vulnere impresso dedi	
Cecidi ad aras, crede votivi focos	
Placavi & artus, corpore exanimō amputans,	
In parva capsi frustra & hæc ferventibus	1060
Demersi ahenis illa lentis ignibus	
Stillare iussi membra, nervosque abscidi	
Viventibus gracilique trajectis veni	
Mugire fibras vidi, & aggeffi manu	
Mei ipse flammæ omni hæc melius pater	1065
Fecisse potuit cecidit incassum dolor	
Scidit ore natos impio, sed nesciens,	
Sed nescientes THY Clusa litoribus vagis	
Audite maria vos quoque audite hoc scelus,	
Quocunque, Dii, fugistis, audite, Inferi	1070
Audite Terræ Noxque Tartarea gravis	
Et atra nube, vocibus nostris vaca	
Tibi sum relictus sola tu miserum vides,	
Tu quoque sine istic vota non faciam improba,	
Pro me nihil precabor ecquid jam potest	1075
Pro me esse ² vobis voti prospicient mea	
Tu, summe cœli rector, ætheriæ potens	
Dominatur ulæ, nubibus totum horridis	
Convelte mundum, bella ventorum undique	
Committe, & omni præte violentum intona	1080
Manuque, non qua tecta & immeritas domos	
Telo petis minore, sed qua montium	
Tergeminæ moles cecidit, & qui montibus	
Strabant præres gigantes, hæc armæ expedi,	
Iguesque torque vindicæ amissum diem	1085

denied to me² My breast shall then resound, with self-inflicted blows! (In the midst of the blows) Oh! miserable man, that I am, stay my hand, let me spare the Manes of my sons! Whoever saw such abominable wickedness² What any of the Heniochi dwelling in the rough wilderness of the inhospitable Caucasus² What Procrustes, the terror of that Cecropian country (Attica)² Here, I, a father, am squeezing my own children in my interior! And

they are tearing away at my internal organs! Is there no limit to human wickedness?

ATR A limit is certainly due to crime when thou art merely committing crime as a crime but not when thou art associating that crime with vengeance—and this vengeance appears small to my mind I ought to pour out from their wounds before thy very eyes that thou mightest drink their reeking blood whilst life still remained within them! I am simply trifling with my anger whilst I hurry matters on with idle words—I inflicted the wounds with the thrusts of my sword—I slew them before the altar—I pacified the Lares with the slaughter which I vowed should be offered and cutting up the limbs of their dead bodies I divided them myself into small portions and plunged some of them into the hissing caldron other portions I decided should be roasted the fluids therefrom dripping down before a slow fire I cut the limbs away from the bodies before life was quite extinct I watched the entrails as they crackled whilst transfixed on a delicate spit (skewer) and I kept the fire up with my own hands their own father could not have managed the business with greater culinary skill! My anger after all fell short of the mark for in ignorance the father munched his sons flesh in his impious mouth but the pity is that they were incognizant of what that father was doing with them!

THY Hear O ye seas shut in by winding shores! hear also ye Gods whithersoever ye have fled of this dreadful list of crimes—listen O ye regions below listen all corners of the earth! O thou night oppressed with black Tartarus like clouds give ear to my voice! I am destined for thee thou longest to see me miserable although thou art not deprived of the stars I will not offer up any unbecoming prayers for myself nor in fact will I solicit anything for myself or ask whether anything is possible to be done for me let my prayers be regarded as for thee! Oh thou ruler of lofty heaven thou sovereign of the ethereal palaces surround the entire universe with frightful tempests on all sides let there be war amongst the winds themselves and let the whole world in every part resound with thy ter-
 not such as thou selectest
 undeserving homesteads
 but that sort which brood
 mountains Pelion Ossa and
 upus and dispersed the
 giants which equalled those mountains in height! Hasten with thy armaments! Let me behold the lightnings which thou canst hurl and make up for the missing day!

Jaculare flammis, lumen ereptum polo
 Fulminibus exple crura, ne dubites diu,
 Utriusque mala sit si minus, mela sit mea
 Me pete trifulco flammarum telo facem
 Per pectus hoc trans mitte si natos pater 1090
 Humare, & igni tradere extremo volo,
 Ego sum cremandus si nihil superos movet,
 Nullumque telis impiorum numen petit,
 Aeterna non permanent, & tenebris tegit
 Immensa longis scelera nil Titani queror, 1095
 Si perseveras ATR Nunc mea ludo manus,
 Nunc parva vera est palma perdideram scelus,
 Nisi sic doleres liberos nasci mihi
 Nunc credo, castis nunc fidem reddi toris
 THY Quid liberi meliorem ATR Quod fuerant tui 1100
 THY Natos parenti ATR Fateor, &, quod me juvat,
 Certos THY Piorum praesides testor Deos
 ATR Quid conjugales THY Scelere quis pensat scelus?
 ATR Scio, quid queraris scelere praecepto doles
 Nec, quod nefandis hauseris, tangit, dapes 1105
 Quod non parvis fuerat hic unum tibi
 Instruere similes inficio fratri cibos,
 Et adjuvante liberos matris aggredi,
 Similique leto sternere hoc unum obstitit,
 Tuos putasti THY Vindices adieunt Dei 1110
 His puniendum vota te tradunt mea
 ATR Te puniendum liberis iurdo tuis

Shoot forth thy flames, and superadd to thy lightnings,
 all the light which can be drawn away from the heavens,
 so as to intensify them! The culpability of each of us
 is great, do not hesitate for long, if there be any difference
 in our guilt, let it be mine, which shall be adjudged the
 greater! Select me, send through my breast, the flaming
 fires of thy three forked lightning if as a father I only
 wish to bury my sons and deliver them over to "fire"
 at last? I myself must be burnt, if nothing moves the
 Gods, and no deity is willing to search out the wicked
 for punishment with his lightnings, let eternal night
 remain to us, and hide these tremendous crimes with its
 prolonged darkness! O Titan! I shall complain of
 nothing then, if thou wilt only persevere in lying hidden
 away

ATR Now I congratulate myself upon my operations,
 now a real victory is achieved I should have been deprived
 of the chief advantages of my crime, unless thou grievest as
 thou hast been doing—I believe, that those children were
 destined to be born for me (for my designs) and thus it
 is, that I have dealt out justice to such chaste nuptials!

THY What had the children done to have deserved all this?

ATR Simply that they were thine!

THY That children should suffer for their parents misdeeds?

ATR I acknowledge this and what gives me equal pleasure the unmistakability of their origin!

THY I call to witness the Gods who preside over the innocent the Conjugal Gods!

ATR Dost thou mean Hymenæus?

THY What dost thou argue that crime should be punished by crime of greater intensity?

ATR I know what thou wouldst have endeavoured to carry out—thou art regretting that thou wert forestalled in thy wickedness. Nor does it so much affect thee that thou hast actually partaken of the feast dreadful as it is (confessedly) but that it was not thy hand that was concerned in its preparation—it was in thy mind to get up a similar entertainment for thy unsuspecting brother! and aided by the mother to have made an onslaught on my children and lay them low with a fate of like character but there was only one thing that deterred thee—Thou thoughtest they might be thy own!

THY Ah! the revengeful gods will appear on the scene my desire is to deliver thee over to be punished by them!

ATR I consign thee to be punished through the fate of thy children!

P H Œ N I S S Æ

QUÆ VULGO

T H E B A I S

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ŒDIPUS
ANTIGONE
NUNTIUS

JOCASTA
POLYNICES

ARGUMENTUM

ŒDIPUS sibi oculis ubi scelus suum (de quo vide argumentum Œdipi) agnovisset, erudit, in exilium spontaneum profectus, amolitur et se filiam Antigonen quæ patri vitales iuras perituro ducem se viæ offert, utque mortis cupidinem deponat, multis precibus orat, tandem exoritur Cujus interer filios Licoem & Polynicem, violato regnandi per vias sedere, impia moventes arma, incertum laborat inter Jocasta in gratiam reducere Defunt inutile huic Fragædæ cetera

ACTUS PRIMUS

ŒDIPUS, ANTIGONE

Œdipum ab instituta morte revocat perfurdatque filia
Antigone, dux patris cæci

ŒDIP CÆCI parentis regimen, ac fessum unicum
Patis levamen, nati, quam tanti est mihi
Genuisse vel sic, desere infauftum patrem
In recta quid deflectis errantem gradum?
Permitte labi melius inveniam viam 5
Quam quæro solus, quæ me ab hac vita extrahat,
Et hoc nefandi capitis aspectu levet
Cælum atque terras quantulum hæc ego manu?
Non video noxæ conscium nostræ diem
Sed videor hinc jam solve inhærentem manum, 10
Et patere cæcum, qui volet, ferri pedem
Ibo, ibo, qui prærupta protendit iugum
Meus Cithæron, qua peragrato celer
Per saxi monte jacuit Actæon, suis
Novæ præda canibus, qui per obscurum nemus, 15
Silvamque opacæ vallis instinctis Deo
Egit forores mater, & gaudens malo,
Vibrante fixum prætulit thyrsu caput,
Vel qua cucurrit corpus invisum trahens
Zethi juvenis, qua per horrentes rubos 20
Tauri ferocis sanguis ostendat fugas,
Vel qua alta maria vertice immenso premit
Inor rupes, qua scelus fugiens suum,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ŒDIPUS
ANTIGONE
MESSENGER

JOCASTA
POLYNICES

ARGUMENT

When Œdipus had discovered his crime he caused his own eyes to be put out concerning which see the Argument to Œdipus he separates himself from his daughter Antigone who offers herself as guide to her father who is tired of his life and that he might more readily abandon his desire for death she begs of him with strong entreaties at last succeeding in her persuasions in the meantime his sons Eteocles and Polynices engage in impious strife the treaty binding them to reign alternately being violated Jocasta the mother labors in vain to bring about a reconciliation between them (The rest of this imperfect tragedy is wanting)

ACT I

ŒDIPUS—ANTIGONE

Antigone the daughter becomes guide to her blind father and prevails on Œdipus to relinquish his determination to die

ŒDIPUS

O my daughter guide of thy blind parent and the only prop of a worn out father what great happiness is there — — — into the world
I am now parent! I e way I am seeking alone,—that way which will remove me from the world and thus relieve both heaven and earth of the unpleasantness of beholding my criminal face How little have I done with this hand of mine to remedy my condition! I cannot (being blind) though conscious of my offence look on the day but yet the day sees me

Novumque faciens, mater infiluit freto
 Mersura natum, seque felices, quibus 25
 Fortuna melior tam bonas matres dedit!
 Est alius istis noster in silvis locus,
 Qui me reposcit, hunc petam cursu incito
 Non hesitabit gressus, huc omni duce
 Spoliatus ibo quid moror sedes mers? 30
 Mortem, Cithæron, redde & hospitium mihi
 Illud meum restitue, ut expirem senex,
 Ubi debui infans recipe supplicium vetus
 Semper cruenta sæve, crudelis, ferox
 Cum occidis, & cum parcis olim jam tuum 35
 Est hoc cadaver perage mandatum patris,
 Jam & matris animus gestit antiqua exsequi
 Supplicia quid me, nata, pestifero tenes
 Amore vinctum? quid tenes? genitor vocat
 Sequor, sequor jam parce sanguinem gerens 40
 Insigne regni Læus iacti furit
 Et ecce manes manibus infestis petit
 Goditque vultus natæ genitorem vides?
 Ego video tandem spiritum inimicum exspue,
 Desertor animi, fortis in partem tui 45
 Omitte pœnas languidas longæ moræ,
 Mortemque totam recipe quid segnis traho?
 Quid vivo? nullum facere jam possum scelus
 Possum miser predico, discede a patre
 Discede, virgo timeo post matrem omnia 50
 ANT Vis nulla genitor, a tuo nostram manum
 Corpore resolvet nemo me comitem tibi
 Eripiet unquam Labdaci claram domum,
 Opulenta ferro regnæ germani petant,

withdraw thy hand which thou art thus holding in mine, and suffer my steps with their uncertain foot-hold to be borne where they will! I must go—I must go, for my refuge, where Cithæron stretches out into the rugged heights—across those rocks, where fleet Actæon fell, after being chased far and wide on this mountain, as an unexpected prey to his own dogs! Or where the mother (Agave) conducted her sisters, urged on by Bacchus, into the obscure grove and the woods of the shaded valley, and rejoicing at her ferocious crime carried the head of her son Pentheus fixed to the point of her trembling thrus! Or where the ferocious bull of Zethus ran wild, dragging at its tail the hateful body of Dirce, and where her blood showed the track of the savage animal through the terrible brambles—Or shall I go where the rock of Ino looks down on the deep sea from its wide summit—where she, flying from the crime of Athamas [who had

slain one of his sons Learchus] and committing a fresh one herself, that mother who bent on drowning herself with her other son Melicerta leaped into the sea) Happy are they for whom a more auspicious fortune provided with such accommodating mothers! There is yet another place in those woods which would suit my case and which still has a right to claim me I will seek it with hurried steps nor shall my pace be slackened there I will repair and cast aside all leadership why should I dally thus about a final resting place? Cithæron let me select thy loftiest summit and afford me that asylum which belongs to me that I may die as an old man where by good rights I ought to have died during my infancy! Cithæron resume thy time honored punishment always savage bloodthirsty cruel unmerciful both when thou sacrificest and when thou showest clemency! Formerly this carcass of mine was thine—it is thine now—carry out the injunction of my father and mother my inclination will now rejoice that I should receive the punishment as of old! Why daughter dost thou hold me fast with such objectionable care? Why dost thou retain me thus? My father is calling me I am coming I am coming oh! spare me! and wearing the blood stained symbol of royalty stolen from him by me! see Laus! he is raging with anger! he is seeking me and plunging his cruel fingers into my orbits and tries to tear out my eyes! Daughter! dost thou not see my father? I see him although I am blind! Oh my craven soul let me rid myself of my troublesome existence and not rest contented with being courageous towards only a portion of my miserable self (meaning putting out his own eyes) Let me put an end to the slow punishment of protracted delay and die thoroughly at once! Why do I lingeringly drag on a life like this? Why should I live? There are no more crimes for me to commit! Ah! miserable! Yes there are I acknowledge! Depart from thy father Oh my daughter! depart whilst thou art still a virgin after my incestuous affair with thy mother I fear everything and distrust myself!

ANT No power father shall ever detach my hand from thy personal protection no one shall ever snatch me away from thee me thy only companion—My brothers may contend with the sword for the opulent kingdom and the brilliant palace of Labdacus but the most important part out of the kingdom of my noble father (to my eyes) is mine the father himself No brother shall take thee from me nor any one else who wields the Theban sceptre and leading the battalions of Argos not

Pais summa magni patris e regno mea est	55
Pater ipse, non hunc aufferet frater mihi,	
Thebana raptō sceptrā qui regno tenet,	
Non hunc ceteras aliter Argolicas agens	
Non si revulso Juppiter mundo tonet,	
Mediumque nostros fulmen in nexus cadat,	60
Manum hunc remittam prohibere, genitor licet,	
Regam abnuentem, dirigam invito gradum	
In plura tendis? vado praeiupta expetis?	
Non obsto, sed precedo quo vis utere,	
Duce me duobus omnis eligitur via	65
Perire sine me non potes, mecum potes	
Haec alta rupes arduo surgit iugo,	
Spectatque longe spatia subiecti maris	
Vis hunc petamus? nudus haec pendet silex,	
Haec scissā tellus faucibus ruptis hinc	70
Vis hunc petamus? haec irarum torrens erudit,	
Partesque ipsi montis exestas rotat	
In hunc ruimus dum prior, quo vis, eo,	
Non deprecor, non hortor extinguere cupis,	
Votumque, genitor, maximum mors est tibi?	75
Si moreris, antecedo si visis, sequor	
Sed flecte mentem, pectus antiquum advoca,	
Victasque magno robore victuras domas	
Resiste, tantis in malis vinci mori est	
ŒDIP Unde in nefanda specimen egregium domo?	80
Unde ista generi virgo dissimilis suo?	
Fortuna, credis? aliquis est ex me pius?	
Non esset unquam (fata bene novi mea)	
Nisi ut noceret Ipsa se in leges novas	
Natura vertet, regeret in fontem citas	85
Revolutus undas amnis, & noctem afferet	
Phœbea lampas, Hesperus faciet diem	
Ut ad miseras aliquid accedat mea,	
Pu quoque erimus unica Œdipodæ est salus,	

if Jupiter himself should send forth his lightning till the world was literally ploughed up for them, then his lightning would have to pitch on the very part, where our hands are joined! Thou mayst try and hinder me, Father, but I will never relax this hand of mine. I will guide thee although, against thy will, I will direct the steps of my unwilling father! whether we approach the plain, or whether thou climbest the rocks, I go with thee, I do not prevent thee, I go in front of thee, whichever thou wishest to do with me as thy guide. Every way that is chosen by thee, will be acceptable with me. Thou canst not perish without me, thou canst with me! Here is a lofty rock, rising out of the ridge of a steep mountain, and

commands the view for a long distance of the sea at its foot hast thou a mind that we should go thither? Here a naked rock hangs down! There the Earth divided by a rugged entrance gapes wide with its gulf below! Art thou desirous that we shall go there? Here is a rapid waterfall which rolls in its path the disintegrated masses of a mountain which it undermines! Shall we throw ourselves into it? Whilst I go in front we will go wherever thou wilt Mind! I am not blaming thee I am not advising thee Oh! Rather! is death thy chief desire is it the greatest consideration to thee If thou art to die I go before thee if thou art to live I shall live too! But pray change the current of thy mind call up some of thy ancient courage and subdue thy troubled thoughts which are to be brought under control by great efforts Act otherwise for it is simply a worse misfortune to die overcome by such misfortunes however great!

ŒDIP How is it that there springs such an admirable example of human virtue from such a wicked stock? How is it that this spotless virgin so belies the race of Œdipus Oh! The Fates! Can I believe it That any thing good could emanate from me? That there should exist any thing (and I have watched my own career closely) that was not calculated to operate against me—Nature surely has changed her system and has invented fresh laws for her own guidance! The river rolling along with its rapid streams will recede into a simple fountain! Phœbus with his fiery brightness will produce darkness instead! Hesperus will perform the duties of the Sun! That something however should tend by good rights to augment my misery! For lo! we now observe Virtue in our family! but the one redeeming consolation for Œdipus is that he will not attain any benefit arising out of it Why do I in this listless manner refrain from exacting that punishment with my right hand which I deserve is it not right that I should revenge my as yet unavenged Father? Whatever thou hast already done has been to avenge the mother! (Pulling out his eyes) Let go the hand of thy father courageous virgin! thou art only prolonging my death and art conducting the funeral rites of a living father! Prepare at last to cover my odious body with earth! Thou sinnest with an honest intention Thou callest it affection to drag about an unburied parent it amounts to the same thing he who compels an unwilling man to die and he that hinders him from dying when he is hastening to arrive at it! to forbid a man to die who wishes for death is practically

Non esse saluum liceat ulcisci patrem	90
Adhuc inultum dextra quid cessas iners	
Evigere pœnas ³ quidquid exiactum est adhuc,	
Mati dedisti mitte genitoris manum,	
Animosa viro funus extendis meum,	
Longasque vivi ducis exsequias patris	95
Aliquando terra corpus invisum tege	
Peccas honesta mente pietatem vocis,	
Patrem insepultum trahere qui cogit mori	
Nolentem, in æquo est, quique properantem impedit	
Occidere est, vetare cupientem mori	100
Nec tamen in æquo est alterum gravius reor,	
Malo imperari, quam eripi mortem mihi	
Desiste cœpto, viro jus vitæ ac necis	
Meæ penes me est regna deserui libens,	
Regnum mei retineo si fida es comes,	105
Ensem parenti tradi, sed notum nece	
Ensem paterna tradis ³ an nati tenent	
Cum regno & illum ³ faciet, ubicunque est, opus,	
Ibi sit ielinguo natus hunc habet meus	
Sed uterque flammis potius & visum aggerem	110
Compone in altos ipse me immittam rogos	
Erectam ad ignes funebrem escendum struem,	
Pectusque solvam durum, & in cineres dabo	
Hoc quidquid in me vivit ubi sævum est mare ³	
Duc, ubi sit altis prius totum faxis jugum,	115
Ubi tota rapidus ducat Ismenos vada	
Duc, ubi feræ sint, ubi fietum, ubi præceps locus,	
Si dux es illuc ire morituro placet,	
Ubi sedit alta rupe semiseio dolos	
Sphinx ore nectens dirige huc gressus pedum,	120
Heic siste patrem dira ne sedes vacet,	
Monstrum repone majus hoc faxum insidens	
Obscura nostræ verba fortunæ loquar,	
Quæ nemo solvat quisquis Assyrio loca	
Possessa regi scindis, & Cadmi nemus	125
Serpente notum, sacra quo Dirce latet,	
Supplex adoras, quisquis Euiotam bibis,	
Spartenque fratre nobilem gemino colis,	
Quique Elm & Prunafon, & Bæotios	
Colonus agros uberis tondes soli,	130
Adverte mentem sæva Thebarum lues	

killing him! Nor, however, is there quite an equality in the two alternatives but I think that one cruelty is greater than the other to forbid a man to die, who wishes for death! I would rather that a sentence of death should be passed on me, than that I should receive a reprieve (that death should be taken from me) Abandon then, thy undertaking, daughter, the choice of life or death as regards

myself is within my own discretion! I have of my own free will left my kingdom but I still retain the kingdom of my individual self if thou art a faithful companion to me give thy parent a sword but it must be the very sword that is branded with a father's slaughter wilt thou give it to me? Or have the sons taken possession of it as well as the kingdom? But wherever it is crime is its appointed mission let it remain where it is as I abandon sole claim to it one son may have it but both may use it (used between them against each other) I reprove rather a huge pile and apply the blazing torches and I will cast myself forthwith into the burning mass (pile) or I will with intrepid step ascend the funeral mound till I reach the flames in their full activity and thus do away with my cheerless thoughts and hand over whatever is living and dwells within to be converted into ashes! Where is the relentless ocean Conduct me where the mountain is broken up into lofty rocks Where the swiftly flowing Ismenus threads its course in winding streams—If thou art my guide lead me where wild beasts abound where the sea is treacherous—where there are precipitous rocks to one of such places it pleases me to go and die! Or where the Sphinx sits on an elevated rock (that insidious sort of the enigmatical) and invents the deceitful enigmas which issue from its semiferous mouth (half human half animal) hither direct the course of my steps here stop thy father and let not that insidious sort be disengaged (if it be) let me take up the post and replace the vacancy with a monster more horrible than the Sphinx! Where I sitting on that stone could recite in obscure conundrums my own miserable career which no one would ever be able to interpret! Whoever thou art that ploughest the lands of the Assyrian king or whatever suppliant thou art that offerest up thy adorations at the grove rendered famous by the serpent of Cadmus by whose shade the fountain sacred to Dirce is hidden from the vulgar gaze Whoever thou art who imbibest the water of the Lurota or that who dwellest in Sparta rendered famous by the twin brothers (Castor and Pollux)—Whoever thou art who livest in Elis or Piræus—or thou inhabitant who reapest thy harvests from the Bœotian fields Thou denizen of a fruitful soil give me thy earnest attention the savage monster (Sphinx) of Thebes in delivering his disaster—foreboding utterances in obscure language what could he have propounded like this or what so incapable of being unravelled—The son-in-law of a grandfather the rival of his own father the brother of his own children and the parent of his brothers a grandmother who brought forth children to a man and grandchildren to him at

Lucrifica cæcis verba committens modis,
 Quid simile² posuit² quid tum inexticabile²
 Avi gener, patrisque rivis sui,
 Frater suorum liberum, & fratrum parens, 135
 Uno avia partu liberos peperit viro,
 Ac sibi nepotes, monstrum quis tantum explicet²
 Ego ipse, victæ spolia qui Sphingis tuli
 Hærebo, fati tardus interpretis mei
 Quid perdis ultra verba² quid pectus ferum 140
 Mollne tentas precibus² hoc animo sedet,
 Effundere hanc cum morte lucrantem diu
 Animam, & tenebras petere non scelere hæc meo
 Patum alta nox est Tartaro condi juvat,
 Et si quid ultra Tartarum est tandem libet, 145
 Quod olim oportet morte prohiberi haud quæo
 Ferrum negabis² novis lapsu vias
 Cludes & arctis colla laqueis inferi
 Prohibebis² herbas, quæ ferunt letum, auferes²
 Quid ista tandem cura perficiet tua² 150
 Ubique mors est optime hoc curvit Deus
 Eripere vitam nemo non homini potest,
 At nemo mortem mille ad hanc aditus præsent
 Nil quæro dextra noster & nuda solet
 Bene animus uti dextra nunc toto impetu, 155
 Toto dolore, viribus totis veni
 Non destino unum vulnere nostro locum
 Totus nocens sum qui voles, mortem exige
 Effringe corpus, coique tot scelerum corpora
 Evelle, totos viscerum nuda sinus 160
 Fractum incitatis ictibus gutturi sonet,
 Laceræve fixis unguibus venæ fluant
 Aut duige iras, quo soles hæc vulnera
 Rescissa multo sanguine ac tibe irriga
 Hac extrahe animum, duram, inexpugnabilem 165
 Et tu, parens, ubicunque poenarum arbiter
 Adstas mearum (non ego hoc tantum scelus
 Ulla exprobrari credidi poena satis
 Unquam, nec ista morte contentus fui,
 Nec me redemi parte membratim tibi 170
 Volui perire) debitum tandem exige
 Nunc solvo poenas, tunc tibi inferias dedi
 Ades, atque inertem dexteram introitus preme,
 Magisque merge timida tum parvo caput
 Libavit haustu, virque cupientes sequi 175

one and the same parturition! Who could unravel such monstrous facts? Why I myself should pose as the one who bore off the palm from the vanquished Sphinx! the tardy interpreter of my own destiny! Why do I indulge in empty words? Why do I endeavour to assuage my troubled soul with vain prayers? A resolution takes pos-

session of my mind to do away with that life which has been so long struggling with death and to search for eternal darkness (death) for this ordinary darkness of night (his blindness) is as naught compared with my wickedness—It would please me to be hidden away in Tartarus and if there be any place beyond Tartarus so let that be my destination! I am not willing to be prevented from seeking death the fate which was my due long ago! Thou persistest in denying me the sword! Thou shuttest out my path from the dangerous precipices into which I might otherwise fall thou preventest me from placing round my neck the tightened cord (strangulation) Thou placest out of my reach the poisonous herbs which bring about death so easily and with such certainty! What is to be arrived at finally from all these precautions of thine? (addressing Antigone) Death is everywhere! A beneficent God has taken care of mortals thus far! There is no one living that cannot rob thee of life but no one can rid thee of death! A thousand ways are at our disposal I do not ask for any special one. My own resolute will aforesaid enabled me with this right hand of mine and without the adventitious use of surgical or other weapons to employ it to some purpose! (Crepus means putting out his eyes which he did with his own fingers) Come now then Oh! right hand of mine with all thy
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choose Break up my whole body tear out my heart that has been capable of so many crimes lay bare the entire coverings of my entrails let my bare chest resound again beaten forcibly with a rapid succession of blows! let my veins torn by my nails dug into them flow freely with my blood! Or let me direct my anger where I showed it aforesaid (the eyes) and inundate the ancient wounds being opened up with the gushing blood and corruption! And let me remove with it (What the hand brings about) my own obdurate indomitable soul! And thou, oh! Iarent wherever thou art come forward as the arbitrator of my punishment I have always been of opinion that my crimes could never be sufficiently expiated—by any punishment! Neither have I been contented with my present kind of death (Blindness) nor that I should be redeemed by any part of me that was left behind I have desired to die giving to thee (his father Iarus) every part of myself piece by piece pray demand thy full rights at last! I now wish to receive the extreme punishment and then I shall have given thee the sacri

Eduxit oculos hæret etiam nunc mihi Ille animus, hæret, cum recusantem manum Pressere vultus iudicis verum, O dipe Minus cruxisti lumina iudicet tua Quam præstitisti nunc manum cerebro induc	180
Hæc parte mortem perage, que cepit mori ANR Pueri o parens magnanime miserande peccor Ut verba matre mente placida audias Non te ut reducam veteris ad specimen domus Habitumque regni flore pollentem inclito	185
Peto, ut ut iras, tempore aut ipsa mori Fractas, remisso pectore ac placido seras Et hoc decebat roboris tanti virum Non esse sub dolore, nec victum malis Dare terga non est, ut putas, virtus, pater,	190
Imere vitam, sed malis ingentibus Obstare, nec se vertere, ac retro dire Qui sati proculerunt, ac vita bona Proiecit, atque absceidit, & cruxus suos Oneravit ipse, cui Deo nullo est opus,	195
Quare ille mortem cupiat, aut quare petat Utrumque timidi est nemo contempsit mori, Qui concupivit cuius haud ultra mala Evire possunt, in loco tuto est situs Quis jam Deorum (velle sic) quidquam potest	200
Malis tuis adicere? jam nec tu potes Nisi hoc, ut esse te putes dignum necesse Non es, nec ulla peccatus hoc culpa attingit Et hoc magis te, genitor, infontem vocat, Quod innocens es, Dis quoque invitis quid est	205
Quod te effervit, quod novos sufflaverit Stimulos dolori? quid te ad infernas agit Sedes? quid ex his pellit? ut carere dic? Cares ut alius nobilem muris domum, Patrumque fugas? patrum tibi vivo perit	210
Natos fugis, matremque? ubi aspectu omnium Fortuna te submovit & quidquid potest Auferre cuiquam mors, tibi hoc vita abstulit Regni tumultus, turba fortunæ prior Abscessit et te iussit quem, genitor, fugas?	215

fices due to the Infernal Deities (who preside over those ceremonies amongst the Manes) Come, and force thy hesitating right hand inwards, and bury it the more deeply, the last time thou timidly sacrificedst the head, with a small wound, and with difficulty drewest forth thy eyes which were only desiring to second thy efforts¹ Even now, thy courage hesitates, hesitates, even when thy face presses down towards thy unwilling, vacillating hand¹ Thou must hear the truth Œdipus, thou didst pull o thy eyes with less courage, than thou didst find the

display in being removed! Now try thy hand upon thy brain thou canst easily bring about death to that part where death has already et in (a mind dead to everything)

ANT Oh! magnanimous I rent! I pray thee that thou wilt listen in a calm spirit to a few words from thy wretched daughter I do not ask that I should bring thee back as a noble ornament of thy ancient dynasty with all thy regal power and clad in all the pomp of thy kingdom amidst abundant floral displays! but that thou shouldst bear up against thy angry passions whilst they are being toned down by time and resignation and that being so with thy mind restored to a state of composure and is it not becoming to a man of thy strong natural powers that he should not be under the tyranny of grief nor turn his back upon misfortunes and acknowledge himself mastered—It is not valor father as thou imaginest to hold life in contempt but to oppose great troubles with fortitude and not avoid them by flying from them or idly turning thy back on them The man who treads under foot his destiny and disregards and casts aside the good things of this life only makes his misfortunes more difficult to bear—that man requires no useless assistance from the Gods! Why should any man wish for death or go in search of it both of these things are the sign of a dastardly spirit no one has ever looked upon death with contempt who has longed for it—That man is placed in a safe position whose misfortunes cannot extend beyond that point which they have already attained! Which one of the Gods even if he wished it could add anything to thy calamities? Now do not think of anything but this thou shouldst be able to consider that thyself is undeserving of death! Thou art not deserving of death Nor has any crime ever entered thy heart and father! more than this consider thyself innocent because thou art really innocent in spite of the Gods!

What is it

stings to

infernal ab-

ones? I

not tro

from a

itself,—

Dost thou fly from thy sons or thy mother? I fortune has removed thee from the sight of all of them and whatever death can take from any one that life has taken away from thee! The troubles of a kingdom and thy former subjects in the times of thy prosperity has ceased to be ruled by thee! From whom then father dost thou flee

σΟΙΡ Me fugio, fugio conscium scelerum omnium
 Pectus, munumque hanc fugio & hoc calum & Deos
 Et diu fugio scelera, quæ feci innocens
 Ego hoc solum, frugifera quo surgit Ceres,
 Pisco² has ego iuras ore pestifero traho² 220
 Ego laticis haustu satior² aut ullo fruor
 Alme parentis munere² ego castam matrem
 Nesandus, incestificus, execrabilis
 Attrecto² ego ullos iure concipio sonos,
 Per quos parentis nomen, aut nati audiam² 225
 Utinam quidem rescindere hæc quirem iura
 Manibusque adactis omne, qua vocis meruit
 Aditusque verbis tramite angusto patet,
 Eruiere possem, nati iam sensum tuu,
 Quæ pars meorum es criminum, infelix pater 230
 Fugissem inhareret ac recrudescit nefas
 Subinde, & iures ingerunt, quidquid mihi
 Donastis oculi cur caput tenebris grave
 Non mitto ad umbras Ditis æternas² quid hec
 Mines meos detineo² quid terram gravo² 235
 Mixtusque superis erro² quid restat mali²
 Regnum, parentes, liberi, virtus quoque,
 Et ingenui sollertis cæcimum decus
 Penere cuncta fors mihi infesta abstulit
 Lacrimæ supererant hæc quoque eripuit mihi 240
 Absiste nullas animus admittit preces,
 Novamque penam sceleribus quatit penam
 Et esse par quæ poterit infanti quoque
 Decreta mors est facti quis tam tristior
 Sortitus unquam² videram nondum diem, 245
 Uterque nondum solveram clusi moras,
 Et iam timebar protinus quosdam editos
 Non occupavit, & novæ luci abstulit
 Mors me antecessit aliquis intra visceræ
 Materna letum præcoquis facti tulit 250
 Sed numquid & peccavit² abstrusum, abditum,
 Dubiumque an essem, sceleris infandi reum
 Deus egit illo teste dimittit prens,
 Calidoque teneros transtulit ferro pedes,
 Et in alta nemora pabulum misit sevis, 255
 Avibusque sævis, quas Cithæron noxius

ŒDIP I fly from myself—I fly from a mind conscious
 of every crime I fly from this parricidal hand, from this
 sky around us, and the Gods—and I fly, as a criminal
 from the terrible wickedness which I have committed!
 Why am I now treading this very ground, from which
 Ceres causes the fruits of the earth to spring up? Why
 do I exhale the very air I breathe, from my poisonous
 mouth? I am cloyed with the very water which I imbibe,
 or why am I allowed to enjoy any benefit arising from

Mother Earth? Why do I touch this pure hand of thine I that am wicked incestuous accursed? Why do I catch any sounds with my ears by which I should recognize the name of Parent or Son? I wish that I was able to break down those passages to the ears and those out of which the voice issues and my efforts brought to bear that I could pluck out everything the very orifice for the transmission of the words I am now uttering and which lies open with such a narrow approach! Oh! my daughter! I thy miserable father would a long time ago have avoided anything that reminded me of thee who art a part of my crimes! (The incest with thy mother) Every now and then that crime hangs about me and seems to be reenacted and my ears appear to rehearse whatever ye oh! my eyes! have freed me from realizing! Why do I not hand over this head of mine already afflicted with darkness (loss of sight) to the eternal shades of Pluto? Why am I still here? a Ghost of Humanity! Why do I pester this Earth? Why do I wander about with those above the earth (the living) what other calamity awaits me My kingdom my parents my children my virtue also and the crowning distinction of a clever intellect as shown in solving the enigma of the Sphinx have all disappeared! My unhappy lot had deprived me of everything but my tears remained and these have now been taken from me (with the loss of the eyes the lachrymal glands) Desist, daughter my inclination does not respond to thy entreaties—it seeks some fresh but adequate punishment for my crimes but where or what is the penalty which shall be a condign one? Death also was predestined for me when an infant what man has ever been dealt with in this way by such a cruel destiny? I had not as yet seen the light of day nor concluded my retention in a mother's womb (period of gestation) and before my entry into this world I became an object of terror! Death often claims children directly they are born and robs them of their new form of life! Death preceded me! Death has reached some by a premature fate death in their mother's womb! But is there anything in that? Had they even sinned as yet? The God Apollo condemned me as one marked out—for some abominable crime and whilst I held a difficult place for him to determine such a matter hidden away as I was in my mother's womb and whilst every doubt existed (whether I should be born dead or alive of what sex I should be or whether I should be turned out as an unviable abortion (one that cannot live) or as a foetus fully developed! With such testimony as this my parent prejudged me he pierced my tender feet with red hot

Cruore sæpe regio tinctas alit
 Sed quem Deus damnavit, abjecit patet,
 Mors quoque refugit præstiti Delphis fidem
 Genitorem aditus impiorum stravi nece 260
 Hoc alia pietas redimet occidi patrem,
 Sed matrem imavi proloqui hymenæum pudet,
 Trædasque nostris his quoque invitum pati
 To coge pœnas facinus ignotum, efferum,
 Inusitatum effare, quod populi horreant, 265
 Quod esse factum nulla non ætis neget,
 Quod patricidii pudeat in patris totos
 Tuli paterno sanguine aspersis manus,
 Scelerisque pretium majus accepti scelus
 Leve est patrum facinus in thalamos meos 270
 Deducta mater, ne parum scelerum foret,
 Fœcunda nullum crimen hoc majus potest
 Natura ferre si quod etiamnum est tamen,
 Qui facere possent, dedimus abjeci necis
 Pretium paternæ sceptrum, & hoc iterum manus 275
 Armavit alias optime regni mei
 Fatum ipse novi nemo sine sacro feret
 Illud cruore magni præfigit mala
 Paternus animus iuncta jam sunt femina
 Cladis futuræ spernitur pacti fides 280
 Illic occupato cedere imperio negat
 Jus ille, & isti fœderis testes Deos
 Invocat, & Argos exsul atque urbes movet
 Græcis in arma non levis fessis venit
 Ruina Thebis tela, flammæ, vulnera 285
 Instant, & istis si quod est majus malum,
 Ut esse genitos nemo non ex me sciat
 ANTI Si nulla, genitor, causa vivendi tibi est,
 Illic una abunde est, ut pater natos regas
 Graviter furentes tu impiorum belli minas — 290
 Avertere unus, tuque vecordes potes
 Inhibere juvenes, civibus pacem dare,
 Patrie quietem, fœderi læso fidem
 Vitam tibi ipse si negas, multis negas
 & DIP Illis parentis ullus aut æqui est amor, 295
 Vidis cruoris, imperii, armorum doli,

skewers, and sent me into the thick forest, as food for the wild beasts, and the fierce birds of prey which destructive Cithæron has often nourished when drenched with the blood of Kings! But the father cast off, whom the God condemned and death has even turned its back upon me! I have fulfilled the Delphian Oracle I have risen against and laid low my father with a cruel death, the deep reverence to the oracle may somewhat extenuate the crime! I slew the father, but I loved the mother! I

am ashamed to talk of the marriage and the hymeneal ceremonies Let me insist however unwilling that I shall undergo adequate punishment for all this—It covers me with shame to speak of such unusual cruel unprecedented crimes which make the people to shudder at and that a crime which no age would acknowledge could be perpetrated and one which would call for universal execration—the Stigma of Parricide! I actually installed myself in my own father's marriage bed with my hands imbued with a father's own blood! And I entered upon a second crime greater is a set off for the first! The pregnant mother was decoyed into a marriage with me lest there should not have been the requisite amount of crime! Nature herself could not tolerate an offence of greater turpitude If there is anything still however to be done those that can do it I have provided in the shape of sons! I have abdicated the throne as the price of parricide and thus again has enabled others to arm themselves for crime (The sons at war with each other) I know very well the destiny of my kingdom—No one can hold that sceptre without detestable slaughter my paternal mind predicts great calamities already the seeds of coming slaughter are sown broad cast the observance of all treaties is set at naught—one refuses allegiance to him who occupies the throne the other quotes his claim and invokes the Gods as witnesses to the broken treaty and being banished from power stirs up Argos and the Grecian cities to take up arms—The ruin is not a light one which is now overtaking Thebes! The Sword Fire and Slaughter are imminent and if there is a greater misfortune than all this it is that nobody suspects that they are my sons!

ANT If no other reason for living is presented to thy mind father this is over and above ample to prove it to thee that thou as their parent shouldst bring these raging sons into subjection thou art the only one to avert the dangers arising out of this important strife and thou canst restrain these mad boys! give peace to the people tranquillity to thy own country and insist on the observance of the violated treaty—if thou art so persistent in denying life to thyself surely thou wilt be robbing many others if it!

CRIP Is there any sense of justice or love for a parent in these sons thirsting for blood power war and treachery and as I can sum up briefly in a word they must be cruel and criminal to be worthy of such a father as myself!—They vie with each other for crimes of every sort and they take no thought where their rage may drive them

Diris, scelestis, breviter ut dicam, meis²
 Certant in omne facinus, & penſi nihil
 Ducunt ubi illos ira præcipites igit
 Nefasque nullum, per nefas natū putant 300
 Non patris illos tingit afflicti pudor,
 Non patriæ regno pectus attonitum furit
 Scio, quo ferantur, quantū moliri parent
 Ideoque leti quæro maturi viam,
 Morique propeio, dum in domo nemo est mea 305
 Nocentior me nata, quid genubus meis
 Fles advoluta² quid prece indomitum domas²
 Unum hoc habet fortuna, quo poſſim capi,
 Invictus aliis ſola tu affectus potes
 Mollire duros, ſola pietatem in domo 310
 Docere noſtra nil græve aut miſerum eſt mihi,
 Quod te ſciri voluiſſe tu tantum impera
 Hic Œdipus Œgræa tranabit freta,
 Iubente te, flammæque, quas Siculo vomit
 De monte tellus igneus volvens globos, 315
 Excipiet ore, ſequæ ſerpenti offeret,
 Quæ ſæva fuit nemois Herculeo furit,
 Iubente te præbebit altibus jecur,
 Iubente te vel vivet

ACTUS SECUNDUS

NUNTIUS, ŒDIPUS, ANTIIGONE

Nuntius, a Thebanis miſſus, Œdipum obſecrat, ut rediens
 componat filios abnuſit Œdipus, & in ſilvas ſe
 recipiens filius diras imprecat

NUNT **E**XEMPLUM in ingens regia ſturpe edite, 320
 Thebæ paventes arma ſiſterna invocant,
 Rogantque teſtis arceas patriis faces
 Non ſunt minæ jam propius acceſſit malum
 Nam regna repetens frater, & patriis vices,
 In bella cunctos Græciæ populos igit, 325

precipitately, and being born in crime, they deem nothing they can do, a crime at all¹. It is not any diſgrace reflecting on their afflicted father, nor any love of their country which affects thoſe ſons in the ſlighteſt degree but their unaccountable minds that urge them on to anger and thirſt, ſimply for power. I know exactly, to what their thoughts are leading them, and what they will dare to accompliſh with their deſires, and thus it is, that I am more eager to ſelect the road for my own final deſtruc-

tion that I am in such a hurry to die so that I may do so whilst I can regard r
 more criminal than the
 ter why dost thou weep
 knees? Why dost thou strive to subdue one that is in accessible to all thy entreaties? My condition still presents one feature by which I could be softened although my adamantine resolution resists all others. Thou alone canst calm down my afflicted soul. The only one in our wicked house who can boast of any virtue! Nothing is dreadful or insupportable to me now whatever I may learn that thou wilt be willing for me to carry out—! Thou hast but to command me! First may Œdipus swim along the waves of the Ægean Sea or at thy command shall he inhale the flames which the Earth ejects from the Sicilian Mount (Ætna) and the balls of fire, which are rolled forth from it or shall Œdipus offer himself to that serpent which still in its anger rages at the theft of the golden apples by Hercules? or will it please thee better that like Tityus I should hand over my liver and entrails to the vultures? Or wilt thou order me to do the most terrible thing of all—that I should live! (And this would be the greatest punishment of all)

ACT II

MESSENGER—ŒDIPUS—ANTIGONE

A messenger sent from Thebes beseeches Œdipus that he should return and reconcile his sons. Œdipus refuses and betaking himself to the dismal forests lavishes his execrations upon those sons.

MESSENGER

O H! thou descendant from a royal race Thebes trembling with alarm at the war between the brothers invokes thee as an admirable example of the changes of Fortune and implores thee that thou wilt drive away the flames of war which are threatening their native homesteads and these are not mere alarms, already the dogs of war are loose and at their very thresholds—For the brother that is seeking to gain back the kingdom and to disturb the order of succession (reigning by turns) has drawn the entire population of Greece into this war seven military camps have pitched themselves around the walls! Help us! Prevent alike war and crime!

Septena muros castra Thebānos premunt
 Succurre, prohibe paūter & bellum & nefas
 ŒDIP Ego ille sum, qui scelerr committi vetem,
 Et abstineie sanguine a cūro manus
 Doceam² magister juris & amoris pū
 Ego sum² meorum facinorum exemplū appetunt
 Me nunc sequuntur laudo, & agnosco libens
 Exhortor, aliquid ut patre hoc dignum gerant
 Agite, o propago clarū, generosam indolem
 Probate factis, gloriam ac laudes meas
 Superate, & aliquid facite, propter quod patrem
 Adhuc iūvet vixisse facietis, scio
 Sic estis orti scelere defungi haud levī,
 Haud usitato, tanta nobilitas potest
 Ferte arma, facibus petite penetrales Deos
 Flugemque flamma metite natūlis soli
 Miscete cuncta rapite in exitium omnia
 Dejicite passim mœnia, in plūnum date
 Templis Deos obruite, maculatos lūres
 Conflate ab imo tota confidat domus
 Urbs concremetur primus a thalamis meis
 Incipiat ignis ANT Mitte violentum impetum
 Doloris, ac te publica exorent mala,
 Auctorque placidæ liberis pacis veni
 ŒDIP Vides modestæ deditum menti senem²
 Placidæque amantem pacis ad partes vocis²
 Tumet animus irā, feruet immensum dolor,
 Majusque, quam quod cūsus & juvenum fuor
 Conatur, aliquid cupio non satis est adhuc
 Civile bellum frater in fratrem rnat
 Nec hoc sit est quod debet, ut fiat nefas
 De more nostro, quod meos decet toros,
 Date arma patri nemo me ex his eruat
 Silvīs latebo rupis exesæ cavo,
 Aut sepe densū corpus rbsuūsum tegam
 Hinc aucupabor verba rumoris vagi,
 Et sœva fratrum bellū, quod possum, audiam

ŒDIP Am I to be the man, who can take upon himself to forbid crimes to be committed, and to advise men to stay their weapons from the shedding of the blood of others, however dearly it may be cherished? Am I the administrator of Justice's laws and the champion of legitimate love? Why! they are only too desirous of taking me as an example for their guidance in the cause of crime! Why! they are only following in my footsteps! I commend them for it and I recognize their operations most gladly, and I exhort them, moreover, that they should acquit themselves, in a way worthy of such a "sire" as myself! Push on! Oh! my illustrious progeny, and establish

a claim to thy noble origin by thy deeds—outstrip me in my glorious exploits and in my triumphs and mind to do something yet on account of which it may give me pleasure to find that I have lived to witness it thou wilt do this I am persuaded for thou wast born for it! (Composed of the exact materials) Such a nobility as thou possessest can only faithfully perpetrate any crimes any unheard of wickedness (and thus support thy dignity) Carry on thy war enter into the sanctums even of thy paternal gods with thy blazing torches gather in the harvests of thy natal soil with flames instead of the sickle (that is burn them down) throw everything into confusion—hand over everything to destruction—destroy the city walls everywhere and level them all to the ground—bury
 temples pull
 the entire cit
 of their own
 by Lares—let
 ground and
 let the conflagration be initiated by the destruction of my marriage bed!

ANT Dismiss these violent transports of rage and let the bad tidings (misfortunes) which have been reported to thee have some weight with thee Come father be thou the means of establishing the blessings of peace between thy sons

ÆDII Dost thou regard me as an old man abandoned to mental serenity and moderation that thou shouldst invite me as one loving the blessings of peace (as thou callest them) and desirous to encourage others to follow out a similar course? Why! My own very soul is swelling out with wrath—a deeply rooted hatred rages within me and much greater than any undertakings or furious experiments that the ardor of those boys could bring about! I still crave for my something civil war is not as yet enough for me—let brothers fly at brothers throats nor is that enough! What ought to be is that some crime should be done worthy of my own formula something that shall be consistent with that incestuous bed of mine! Supply thy father with defensive weapons and no one shall ever rescue me from these forests! I would hide in the hollow rock or I would conceal dense thickets and there to the words of flying rumors and should hear with my own ears of the savage warfare of the brothers! What could I do better?

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Ἀνέφελος

IOCASTA, ANTIIGONE, NUNTIUS

Jocasta, audito in proximâ stare utramque ciuem, propere fertur, filios (si fieri possit) in gratum reductura

FELIX Agave, facinus horrendum, manu
 Qua secerat, gessit, & spoliū tulit
 Cruentâ natî Mænas in partes datū 365
 Fecit scelus, sed misera non ultra suum
 Scelus hoc cucurrit hoc leve est, quod sum nocens
 Feci nocentes dederat ærumnis meis,
 Peperi nocentes dederat ærumnis meis,
 Ut & hostem amrem Brumâ ter posuit nives, 370
 Et terrâ jam falce decubuit Ceres,
 Ut exsul errat natus, & patriâ cunctis,
 Profugusque regum auxilium Græcorum rogat
 Gener est Adrastus, cuius imperio mare,
 Quod cingit Isthmum, regitur hic gentes furs, 375
 Septemque secum regna ad auxilium trahit
 Generi quid optem, quidve deceam, hunc scio
 Regnum reposcit causâ repetentis boni est,
 Mala, sic petentis voti quæ faciam parens
 Utrumque natum video nil possum pie 380
 Pietate salva facere quodcunque alteri
 Optabo nato, fiet alterius malo
 Sed utrumque quævis diligam affectu pari,
 Quo causa melior, forsque deterior trahit,
 Inclinat animus, semper infirmo favens 385
 Miseros magis fortuna conciliat suis
 NUNT Regina, dum tu flebiles questus cies,
 Terisque tempus, tota nudatus stetit
 Acies in armis ærâ jam bellum cient,
 Aquilaque pugnam signiferi moti vocat 390
 Septena reges bella dispositi parant
 Animo parâ Cadmea progenies subit
 Cursu citato miles hinc illinc ruit
 Vide, ut atra nubes pulvere abscondat diem,
 Fumoque similes campus in cælum erigat 395
 Nebulas, equestri fracta quas tellus pede
 Submittit &, si vera metuentes vident,
 Infesta fulgent signa subrectis adest
 Frons prima telis aurea clium notâ
 Nomen ducum vexilla præscriptum ferunt 400
 I, redde amorem fratribus, pacem omnibus,
 Et impia arma mater opposita impedi

ACT III

Part of this tragedy is lost—(the commencement)

JOCASTA—ANTIGONE—MESSLNGER

Jocasta from the report that the armies of the brothers are drawn up against each other in battle array is summoned hastily and if it were possible to be done tries her utmost to reconcile the brothers

JOCASTA

AGAVE in a happy mood enough carried her abominable crime in the hand that had committed it and she (a Mænad of Bacchus) the sanguinary mother, held up as a trophy affixed to her Thyrsus the mangled remains of her Son (Pentheus) (See First Act line 16 et seq) She committed a crime in the first instance but this one crime of hers did not lead on to others—this is trivial compared with mine! Because I am criminal myself I make others criminal this likewise so far is a light offence but I was the means of bringing forth criminals but this much was wanting in my budget of misery that I should even love my enemy (Polynices) Winter has deposited her snows three times and the third years harvest has been laid low with the sickle since my son Polynices wandered abroad as an exile and vanished from his native soil and now that same exile is enlisting the Grecian kings as auxiliaries He is a son in law of Adrastus by whose sway the sea which girds the isthmus of Corinth is governed—this king is drawing in an alliance with his own subjects those of seven other kingdoms to reinforce the army of this son in law! What I wish for and what I shall determine to do I know not Polynices seeks for the kingdom again the reason for seeking for it thus is excusable enough but obviously reprehensible as to the mode in which he seeks to attain his object! How can I as a parent wish either of them success on each side of me I behold a son I can do nothing conscientiously which could render justice to both what I would desire in favor of one son would resolve itself as an injury towards the other! But although I love them both with equal affection my heart which always takes the side of the weaker inclines me towards the one whose cause is just at the same time that it attracts me to that one whose lot is the harder! Fortune induces us to sympathize with the miserable and all the more when associated with the ties of kindred

ANT Perge, o parens, & concita celerem gradum,
 Compesce tela, fratribus ferrum exuite
 Nudum inter enses pectus infestos tunc 405
 Aut solve bellum, mater, aut prima exiipe
 JOC Ibo, ibo, & nimis obvium opponam caput
 Stabo inter arma petere qui fratrem vult,
 Petat ante matrem tela, qui fuerit pius,
 Rogante ponat matre qui non est pius 410
 Incipiat et me servidos juvenes tuus
 Ienebo nullum teste me fici nefas
 Aut si aliquid & me teste committi potest,
 Non fiet unum ANTI Signa collatis micant
 Vicina signis clamor hostilis fremit 415
 Scelus in propinquo est occupat, mater, preces
 Et ecce motos fletibus credas meis
 Sic agmen armis segne compositur venit
 Procedit acies tarda, sed properant duces
 JOC Quis me procella turbine infuror vehens 420
 Volucer per auris ventus etheris aget
 Quæ Sphinx, vel atra nube subtexens diem
 Stymphalis, vidis præpetem pennas feret?
 Aut quæ per altis æris irrupturus
 Harpyia, sævi regis observans famem? 425
 Et inter acies projiciet raptam duras?
 NUNT Vadit furenti similis, aut etiam furit,

MESS Oh! Queen! Why dost thou trouble thyself, with these mournful reflections, and fritter away the time—The entire army is marching onwards with their glittering swords—already the war-trumpet rouses them to action, and the standard bearers with the Eagles waving to and fro in the air give notice of the impending battle. The seven kings having so disposed their battalions, are getting ready, as it were, for the seven-strong encounter—the sons of Cadmus have entered upon the campaign with equal martial determination! Here, there, everywhere, the soldiers are rushing on precipitately with a rapid advance! Observe how the sky is becoming black with the whirl winds of dust and how the day light is becoming obscured, and the field of battle raises volumes of clouds like smoke, towards the heavens, which, the ground being broken up, by the hoofs of the cavalry, is made to send up, and if those that are timid or flurried will only take the trouble to observe attentively, they can behold the warlike banners which are being proudly displayed—The front rank is advancing with their arrows half raised, and the standards bear the names of the generals, inscribed on them, accompanied with some sort of glaring device set forth in gold! Go thou and induce a feeling of fraternal love with the

belligerent brothers and thus insure peace for all and as a mother standing forth with unflinching courage between thy sons stay their impious strife!

ANT Go Oh! I rent hurry onwards thy departure and appease their angry strife and putting aside their weapons dash them from the hands of the brothers and present thy naked breast between their angry swords put thou an end to this war or be thou a sacrifice!—first!

JOC I will go—I will go and present my head as they deal their strokes and I will stand between their hostile swords so that the one that is seeking the brother for a target shall make a target of his own mother! The one who proves his affection will put aside his weapon at his mother's earnest entreaties—the one who proves himself the reverse shall begin with me! As an old woman I will hold back the raging boys and no fratricidal crime shall have me as an eyewitness or if any work of slaughter is capable of being committed with me for an eyewitness it shall not be limited to that solitary deed for I myself will perish too!

ANT The standards are now closing in! they are joining battle! The warlike din of the hostile forces is distinctly heard as the opposing armies clash! Crime is not now far off mother let them give ear to thy prayers and take my word for it thou must rely on their being wrought upon by thy tears! The army is tardy in its advance is now meeting with the opposing battalions—The battle is progressing slowly but the generals seem to be hurrying forward impetuously!

JOC What wind & tempest will hurry
What Sphinx will be representative from
the day as with a black cloud will swiftly bear me hence on its eager wings? or which of the three Harpies that take such morbid delight at the craving hunger of the cruel King Phineus will conduct me along the paths of the lofty sky and after seizing me up will eventually throw me forwards between the two armies?

MESS She Jocasta is starting off like a mad woman or she is in reality mad just as the swift arrow shot forth by some Parthian marksman is urged on to its destination, or as the ship is caught in a heavy squall and is pressed

Sagitta qualis Parthica velox manu
 Excussa fertur qualis infans ratis
 Premente vento rapitur, aut qualis cadit
 Delapsa caelo stella, cum stringens polum 430
 Rectam citatis ignibus rumpit viam,
 Attonita cursu fugit, & binas statim
 Diduxit acies victa materna prece
 Hæfere bella, jamque in alteram necem 435
 Illinc & hinc miscere cupientes manum
 Vibrata dextra tela suspensa tenent
 Paci fævetur omnium ferrum lætæ
 Cessatque lectum vibrat in fratrum manu
 Læmata curas mater ostendit comis, 440
 Rogat abnuentes irrigat siccæ genas
 Negare matri, qui diu dubitat, potest

ACTUS QUARTUS

JOCASIA, POLYNICES, EILOCLES

Jocasta utrumque filium serio precatur, ut similitate polita
 in gratiam & amorem redire velint Polynices
 impie respondet

IN me arma & ignes vertite in me omnis rursus
 Unam juventus, quæque ab Inachio venit
 Animosa muro, quæque Thebana sero 445
 Descendit arce civis atque hostis simul
 Hunc petite ventrem, qui dedit fratres viro
 Hæc membra passim spargite, ac divellite
 Ego utrumque peperî ponitis ferrum oculus
 An dico, & ex quo³ dexteris matri date 450
 Date, dum præ sunt error invitos adhuc
 Fecit nocentes omne Fortune fuit
 Peccantis in nos crimen hoc primum nefas
 Inter scientes geritur in vestra manu est,
 Utrum velitis sancta si pietas placet, 455
 Donate matrem pace si placuit scelus,

onwards through the waves, or as a meteor, (falling star)
 descending from the skies approaches the earth with
 extreme velocity, and the igneous matter thrown off,
 brushes the air, as it forces its progress, in any direction
 it may take, so Jocasta quite beside herself flies along
 will all speed and immediately places herself between
 the two opposing armies, which being prevailed upon
 by her maternal entreaties, the fighting ceases¹ just as
 they were most bent on dealing their blows right and

left for each other's destruction and now they hold their weapons aloof balanced in their right hands—All are in favor of peace! Every one else assumes a pacific attitude and sheathes his sword! but they are still flourished menacingly in the hands of the brothers and the mother tearing down her hair displays her hoary locks—she implores them but they refuse to listen—she bathes her face with tears to think that where hesitation once seemed to prevail at first should at last end in a mother's being denied any efficacy arising out of her entreaties!

ACT IV

JOCASTA—POLYNICES—FLOCLÉS

Jocasta entreats the brothers most suppliantly, that they should put away their mutual hatred and return to the paths of reconciliation and affection Polynices gives an unnatural reply

JOCASTA

TURN the fire and sword on me let all the brave young warriors make a rush at me alone and what ever combatants have marched from the city of Inachus or whosoever else led on by their youthful ferocity have come down from the Theban citadel—armed citizens and soldiers alike seek out my body the body that has borne such brothers to a husband scatter and tear asunder these limbs of mine in every direction—I brought forth both of you but shall I tell you by whom? therefore insert thy swords quickly!—Give thy right hands to thy mother give them whilst they are yet unpolluted by a brother's blood! Blind ignorance hitherto has made us (thy father and myself) the unconscious instruments of crime all the evils of an unjust lot have been visited upon us! this crime have committed
The crime is at
but if the sacred
both make thy
ready at thy hand
thee either stop the war or kill me who am now delaying thy warlike doings! To which son shall I the anxious mother first address my alternate entreaties? Which of you shall I wretched as I am embrace the first? I am attracted towards both of you with equal love! One of

Magnus paratum est mediis si opponit parens
 Proinde bellum tollite, aut belli moram
 Solliciti nunc cui mater altera prece
 Verba admovebo? misera quem amplectar prius 160
 In utramque partem ducor affectu pari
 Hic absuit sed praeter si fratrum valent
 Nunc alter abest ergo jam nunquam duos
 Nisi sic, videbo? junge complexus prior
 Qui tot labores totque perpassus mala 165
 Longo parentem fessus exilio vides
 Accede propius clude vaginam impium
 Ensem, & timentem jamque cupientem excuti
 Hanc solo desige matrem tuo
 Corre pectus pectori clypeus vetat 470
 Hunc quoque reponere vinculo frontem caue
 Tegimenque capitis triste belligeri leva
 Et ora matri redde quo vultus refert
 Acieque provida fratris observas manum
 Affusa totum corpus amplexu tegam 175
 Tuo cuori per meum fiet via
 Quid dubius haeres? an times matris fidem
 Por Timeo nihil jam jura naturae valent
 Post ista fratrum exempla, ne matris quidem
 Fides habenda est hoc Redde jam capulo manum 180
 Adstringe gladium, leva se clypeo ingerat,
 Dum frater castratur, armatus mane
 Tu pone ferrum, causa qui es ferri prior
 Si praes odium est, furere si bello placet
 Inducias te mater exiguis rogat, 185
 Ferat ut reverso post fugam nato oscula,
 Vel prima, vel supremam dum precem peto,
 Audite inermes ille te, tu illum times,
 Ego utrumque, sed pro utroque quid stultum abhorreo
 Recondere enses? quolibet gaude mori 190
 Id gerere bellum cupitis, in quo est optimum
 Vincti vereris fratris infesti dolos?
 Quoties necesse est fallere, aut falli et suis,
 Patiare potius ipse, quam facias, scelus
 Sed ne vereere mater insidias & hinc, 495
 Et rursus illinc abiget exore, an patri
 Invideo vestro? veni, ut ucerem nefas,
 An ut viderem propius? hic ferrum abdedit

you has been absent (Polynices), if the treaty between the brothers is still to hold good, the other will now go away I wonder therefore, if I shall ever see you two brothers otherwise than I see you now, in open warfare with each other! Let the one, therefore, who has undergone so many difficulties and misfortunes and who now sees his mother, wearied out with his long exile! be the

first to meet my embrace come nearer return thy wicked sword to its sheath and put aside that trembling spear already eager to be employed and stick it into the ground thy shield too prevents my maternal bosom from meeting thine in affectionate conjunction put that aside also Remove thy helmet relieve thy warlike head of that awful appendage and turn thy unencumbered face to wards thy Mother! Why dost thou direct thy glances and watch the hand of thy brother with such an anxious look! I will cover thy entire body with my close embrace and the road to thy blood shall be that shall pass through mine! Why dost thou hesitate as if thou doubt edst it? Or dost thou question a mother's sincerity?

POL I do doubt the laws of Nature are now of no avail after the example shown by two brothers no trust can be reposed even in a mother!

JOC Turn thy hand now towards the hilt of thy sword fasten on thy warlike helmet and arrange thy shield on the left side and remain accoutred whilst thy brother casts aside his military appendages Thou Eteocles put aside thy blade for thou art the original cause of this appeal to the sword if thou entertainest such an unconquerable dislike for peace and nothing pleases thee but fighting thy mother asks thee for a short truce and that my son having returned from his mother's exile may receive a mother's kisses for the first or perhaps the last time! Whilst I am seeking for a temporary peace listen to me both of you unarmed! Eteocles Polynices fears thee and thou in both that is I fear for y fuse to restore that drawn in thy reluctance as much as thou likest thou dost want it I see to continue the struggle in which in sooth it will redound to thy advantage to be overcome rather than to be victorious Dost thou fear any treasonable designs on the part of thy brother As often as there must be a necessity for perfidy or to suffer from perfidy at the hands of others it is far better to suffer from its effects than to commit another great crime in order to correct it but do not fear thy mother will shield thee from treachery Thou on the one side and the brother as well on the other am I to obtain what I ask by these entreaties of mine? am I to envy the lot that has fallen to thy father? I have come that I may banish crime and not that I should see it drawing nigher to me! (To Polynices) Eteocles has sheathed his sword and leaning on his spear is merely idly watching the arms he has

Reclinis h̄istæ, & um̄a defixa incubant
 Ad te preces nunc, n̄te, maternas feram, 500
 Sed ante lacrimas teneo longo tempore
 Petita votis ora te, profugum solo
 Patrio, penates regis externi tegunt
 Te maria tot diversa, tot casus vagum
 Egere non te duxit in thalamos parens 505
 Comitatu primos, nec sur festas manu
 Ornavit sedes, nec sur lætas faces
 Vitæ revolvit dona non tui & graves
 Gravis focer, non urva, non urbes dedit
 Dotale bellum est hostium es factus gener, 510
 Patrii remotus, hospes alieni laris,
 Externi consecutus, expulsus tuis,
 Sine crimine exsul ne quid e fatis tibi
 Deesset paternis, hoc quoque ex illis habes,
 Errasse thalamis n̄te, post multos mihi 515
 Remisse solis, n̄te, suspensæ metus
 Lt spes parentis, cujus aspectum Deos
 Semper rogam, cum tuus reditus mihi
 Tantum esset crepturus adventu tuo,
 Quantum daturus, quando pro te desinam, 520
 Divi, timere dixit irridens Deus,
 Ipsum timebis nempe, nisi bellum foret,
 Ego te carerem nempe, si tu non fores,
 Bello carerem triste conspectus datur
 Pretium tui, durumque sed matri placet 525
 Hinc modo recedunt arma, dum nullum nefas
 Mors scius rudet hoc quoque est magnum nefas,
 Jam prope fuisse stupeo, & sanguis tremo,
 Cum stare fratres hinc & hinc video duos
 Sceleris sub ictu membra quassantur metu 530
 Quam p̄nc mater majoris aspectu nefas,
 Quam quod miser videre non potuit pater!
 Licet timore facinoris tanti ircem,
 Videtamque jam nil tale, sum infelix tamen,
 Quod p̄nc vidi per decem mensum graves 535
 Uteri labores, perque pietatem inclita
 Precor sororis & per irati sibi
 Genis parentis, scelere quis nullo nocens,

And aside—It is to thee now, Oh! my son! that I tender
 my entreaties as well as the tears I have shed before, I
 now behold the face, which for so long a time, has been
 my eager wish to see thee, an exile from thy native
 country, the household gods of a strange king have given
 thee an asylum, thou hast passed thy time as a wanderer
 over many seas and through many misfortunes No
 mother at thy side, regulated the preliminaries of thy

marriage—No mother to conduct thee to the nuptial chamber no mother adorned thy dwelling with festive decorations no mother has affixed the sacred wreaths to the nuptial torches which usually crown with joy the marriage ceremony! Thy father in law has given thee no presents of gold or other valuable treasures no lands no city even as a dowry but war simply war has been thy only marriage settlement thou hast been made the son in law of our enemy transported from thy own country the guest of an alien household and expelled from thy own family thou hast allied thyself with the fortunes of strangers an exile without any fault of thine own and lest anything should be spared thee arising out of thy paternal destiny thou certainly canst lay claim to this particular one I thou hast made a great mistake in marriage! (like the marriage of herself with *Œdipus*) Oh! my son! returned to me after so long a time Oh! my dear son the hope and anxious care of thy parent for a sight of whom I have often prayed to the Gods when lo! thy return

return—
 apprehend—
 only re

ay when thou didst
 cease to entertain
 in a jeering tone
 reason to fear on
 his account! In effect unless this war had arisen I should still have not seen thee but as it has taken place if thou wert not here I should not witness this war a sad cruel price is being paid for seeing thee but cruel as is this awful price it pleases me so long as I do see thee! Only let arms be in abeyance now whilst cruel Mars dares to incite no more crime! It is however a great crime in itself for things to have been so nearly approaching crime even! I am quite stupefied and I tremble and turn pale when I see two brothers standing face to face on the brink of crime my limbs are paralyzed with fear—How nearly I as a mother have witnessed a crime more heinous even in my eyes than that which their miserable father could not tolerate to look upon! It is only just that I should escape being an eye witness to such abominable wickedness and I should never have beheld the like I am miserable at the thought of how nearly I did see it! Oh! *Polymces*! I conjure thee by the ten months I carried thee with pain and suffering in my womb (they reckoned utero gestation at ten months then)

—by
 ing h
 out c
 of thy sister
 by his think
 innocent tore
 exacting them as a cruel penance
 for an imaginary offence avert these cruel flames from
 thy native city turn back the standards of thy bellicose

Erroris a se dña supplicia exiēgens,
 Haufit, nefandas mœnibus patrius faces 540
 Averte, signa bellici retio agminis
 Fleſte ut recedas, magna pars ſcleris tamen
 Veſtri paraſta eſt vidit hoſtili grege
 Campos repleri patria, fulgentes procul
 Armis catervas vidit equitatu levi 545
 Cadmea frangi prata, & excelſos rotis
 Volitare proceres, igne flagrantēs trabes
 Fumare, cinerū quæ petunt noſtias domos,
 Fratresque (facinus quod novum & Thebis fuit)
 In ſe ruentes totus hoc exercitus, 550
 Hoc utrinque populus omnis, hoc vidit ſoror,
 Genitrixque vidit nūm pater debet ſibi,
 Quod iſta non ſpectavit occurrat tibi
 Nunc Œdipus quo iudice, erroris quoque
 Pœnæ petuntur ne, precor ferro erue 555
 Patriam, ac penates, neve, quas regere expetis,
 Everte Thebas quis tenet mentem furoꝝ
 Patriam petendo perdis ut fiat tua
 Viſ eſſe nullamꝫ quin tuæ cauſæ nocet
 Ipſum hoc, quod armis uris infeſtis ſolum, 560
 Segetesque aduſtas ſternis, & totos fugam
 Edis per agros nemo ſic vaſtat ſua
 Quæ corripī igne, quæ meti gladio jubes,
 Aliena credisꝫ rex ſit e vobis uter,
 Manente regno, quærite hæc telis petes 565
 Flammisque teſtaꝫ poteris has Amphionis
 Quaffare molesꝫ nulla quis ſtruxit manus,
 Stridente tardum machina ducens onus,
 Sed convocarus vocis & citharæ ſono
 Per ſe ipſe tuus venit in ſummis lapidis 570
 Hæc ſaxa fringes victorꝫ hinc ſpolia auferes,
 Vincitoſque duces patris æquales tuiꝫ
 Matres ab ipſo conjugum raptis ſinu
 Sævus catenâ miles impoſita trahetꝫ
 Ut adulta virgo mixta captivo gregi 575
 Thebana nuribus munus Argolicis eatꝫ
 An & ipſi palmis vincita poſt tergum datas
 Mater triumphū præda fraterni vehatꝫ
 Poſſeſne cives lætus exitio datos
 Videre paſſimꝫ mœnibus curis potes 580
 Hoſtem admovereꝫ ſanguine & flamma potes

followers, but although thou recedest, a great portion of the mischief has already been perpetrated—thy country beholds the fertile plains overrun by hostile bands, at a distance, the troops proclaiming their presence with their glittering arms, it beholds the Theban meads, broken up, trodden down by the light horsemen, the Chiefs and

Nobles dashing along in their chariots the houses smoking from conflagrations already set in and which threaten to destroy the homesteads and reduce them to ashes! And the brothers rushing madly upon each other but alas! What crime can be a novelty to unhappy Thebes! The assembled forces have witnessed all this and the entire population and thy sister have seen it and I the miserable mother am included amongst the spectators! For the father is indebted to himself (loss of his sight) that he has not seen these things and Œdipus it will now occur to thy mind by what dispensation the punishment of an error even is sometimes visited! Do not I entreat thee ruin thy country and thy household gods nor destroy that Thebes which thou art now aspiring to govern! What madness possesses thy mind that in thy endeavours to gain a country thou must destroy it in order that a country may be thine dost thou wish that it should not exist! But all this kind of thing only injures thy own cause in as much as thou burnest up the soil wherever thy destructive soldiery go thou throwest down the standing corn just as it is getting ripe and thou bringest about a universal flight throughout the entire land no sensible man devastates his own property or is it that what thou believest belongs to another thou must order to be destroyed by fire or mown down by the sword! Seek to decide which of the two is to be the king whilst there remains anything at all in the shape of a kingdom! Shalt thou search out for the palaces with fire and sword? Canst thou possibly desire to demolish the walls raised by Amphiön? Which no hand of man struggling with the burden slowly moved even by loud sounding machinery could ever have built up! But the stones themselves wrought upon by the enchanting influence of Amphiön's voice and the sweet melodies from his lyre of their own accord mounted to the loftiest towers! Wilt thou as the conqueror dare to destroy those walls? Dost thou propose to retire loaded with spoils and with chiefs as old as thy own father manacled as prisoners? Will the merciless trooper drag along bound in chains mothers torn away from the arms of their husbands? Will the Theban Virgin of ripe age mixing indiscriminately with the rougher captives go forth to be presented to the matrons of Argos? Or shall I as a mother be carried off bound with my hands behind my back together with the other booty resulting from a brother's triumph? Is it possible that thou canst witness with exultation the carrying off at every turn of the citizens into exile? Canst thou placidly allow the enemy to encamp within those sacred walls Is it thy wish to

Implere Thebas² tam ferum & durum geris
 Sævumque in uas pectus, & nondum imperas²
 Quid sceptrâ facient² pone vestros, precor,
 Animi tumores, teque pietati refer 585
 POL Ut profugus errem semper² ut patria arcear,
 Opemque gentis hospes externæ sequar²
 Quid paterer aliud, si fefellissem fidem
 Si pejerasssem² fraudis alienæ dabo
 Poenas, at ille præmium scelestum feret² 590
 Jubes abire matris imperio obsequor
 Da, quo revertar regia frater mea
 Habitat superbus, parva me abscondat crêta
 Hanc da repulso liceat exiguo lare
 Pensare regnum conjugii donum datus 595
 Arbitria thalami diua felicitis feram,
 Humilisque focerum lina dominantem sequar²
 In seuitutem cadeie de regno, grave est
 IOC Si regna quæris, nec potest sceptrio manus
 Vacare sævo, multa, quæ possunt peti 600
 In orbe toto, quælibet tellus dabit
 Hinc nota Baccho Tmolus attollit juga,
 Qua lata terris spatia frugiferis jacent
 Et qua trahens opulenta Pactolus vada
 Inundat auro rura nec lætis minus 605
 Mæandros arvis flectit errantes aquas,
 Rapidusque campos fertiles Hebrus fecit
 Hinc grata Cereri Gargara, & dives solum
 Quod Xanthus ambit nivibus Idæis tumens
 Hinc, qua relinquit nomen lonu maris, 610
 Fauces Abydi Sestos oppositæ premit
 Aut, quæ latus jam propior Orienti dedit,
 Tutamque crebris portibus Lyciam videt
 Hæc regna ferro quære in hos populos ferat
 Socer arma fortis has paret sceptro tuo 615
 Tradatque gentes hoc adhuc regnum puta
 Tenere patrem melius exilium est tibi,
 Quam reditus iste crimine alieno exulas,
 Tuo redibis melius istis viribus
 Nova regna nullo scelere maculata appetes 620
 Quin ipse frater, arma comitatus tur,
 Tibi militabit vade, & id bellum gere,
 In quo præter materque pugnanti tibi
 Frivere possint regna cum scelere, omnibus
 Sunt exilis gravior nunc belli mala 625
 Propone, dubias Martis incerti vices

fill Thebes with slaughter and conflagrations² Dost thou possess a heart so truculent and callous, so cruelly thirsting for revenge, which as yet thou hast not tried to subdue² Is all this, what sceptres can bring about²

Cast aside I conjure thee thy maddened swelling rage
and betake thy heart to piety!

POL Shall I always wander as an exile? shall I be
driven away from my native land and as a stranger seek
the assistance of an alien country what more could I
undergo even if I had broken my faith if I could have
perjured myself as my brother has done Shall I be
punished for the fraud of another whilst that other will
be reaping an absolute reward for his own wickedness?
Thou commendest me to depart I am ready to obey thy
mandate Tell me to what place shall I return? Shall
my proud brother dwell in my palace and I hide myself
away in some humble cottage—arrange this for me thus
driven away from my rights—let me set up as an equivalent
for a kingdom a small fire side and shall I have to bear
the odious tyranny of a well to do wife and be handed over
to a spouse as a mere matrimonial appendage? and as
a humble scullion serve under a domineering father-in-
law? It is a sorry fate to fall from the height of a
kingdom into the depths of slavery!

JOC If thou art in search of a kingdom and it be
impossible that thy hands can rest unless they are holding
a sceptre stained with blood—Any country will afford
thee many things to gratify thy ambition and which can
be arrived at in every part of the globe—not far from
here for instance Tmolus raising its tempting summits
noted for its wine and saffron—producing resources (dear
to Bacchus) where broad expanses of land are to be
seen in the most fertile districts then again thou canst
turn to the rich plains where the Pactolus stretching
its opulent streams enriches the banks with its golden
sands! Nor does Nature direct the wandering course of
the Meander over less fruitful fields nor does the rapidly
flowing Hebrus divide less fertile plains! Then again
there is the Gargara famous for its corn (dear to Ceres)
and the rich land which is watered by the winding
Xanthus swollen with the melted snows of mount Ida!
or thou mayst seek that part where the Ionian sea
changes its name to the Hellespont where Sestos on the
European side opposite to Abydos on the Asiatic shore
encloses the straits! (Dardanelles) or to that part which
presents itself nearer to the East and where Lycia is
seen to afford harbours—
thy brave
these people Adrastus will prepare them for thy sceptre
and deliver such countries over to thy sovereignty, suppose

Licet omne tecum Græciæ iobur trahis
 Licet arma longe miles te late explicet,
 Fortuna belli semper incipit in loco est
 Quodcumque Mars decernit exurgit duos, 630
 Licet impares sint, gladius & spes & metus
 Sors cæca versat præmium incertum petis
 Certum scelus Fuisse sic votis Deos
 Omnes tuis cessere, & versi fugam
 Petiere cives clade funesta jacent 635
 Obtevit agios miles Exsultes licet,
 Victorque fratris spolia dejectu geris
 Frangenda palma est Quare tu id bellum putas
 In quo execrandum victori admittit nefas,
 Si grudet hunc, quem vincere infelix cupis 640
 Cum viceris, lugebis infustus, age,
 Dimitte pugnas libera patriam metu
 Luctu prientes poi Sceleris & fraudis fur
 Patris nefandus frater ut nullis ferat
 JOC Ne metue, pœnas, & quidem solvet graves 645
 Regnabit POL Hæcne est pœna JOC Si dubitas ro
 Patrique crede Cadmus hoc dicet tibi,
 Cadmique proles sceptri Thebarum fuit
 Impune nulli gerere, nec quicquam fide
 Rupta tenebat illa jam numeies, licet, 650
 Fratrem inter istos POL Numeio & est tanti mihi
 Cum regibus jocere JOC Te turbæ exsulum
 Adscribo regna, dummodo invisus tuis

it is thy father, who still rules at Thebes (holds the kingdom) Evil is better for thee, than such a return from exile, as thou hast made thine! Evil thyself from the criminal usurpation of another Thou wilt then be returning, parading a crime, towards thyself, instead of towards another! It is better with such advantages in thy favor that thou shouldst search out for a fresh kingdom uncontaminated by indelible crime! But assuredly in that case, thy brother would join himself to thy forces, fight in thy interests! Go thou, Polynices, and wage such a war as that, thy father and mother could then aid and abet thy warlike ambition Kingdoms arrived at by criminal means are far more onerous than the terrors of exile—Now on the other side, think to thyself, of the evils connected with war, and the doubtful chances of uncertain warfare it might be that thou couldst manage to attach to thy standards all the strength of Greece, it might be, that thou wouldst, as a soldier, display thy military tactics, far and wide, but the fortune of war is always precarious and everything depends upon the caprices of Mars! the sword may raise two combatants

to an equal footing althou h one might be very much inferior to the other and one unfore sen circumstance might convert fear into hope and confidence into despair. No! In war thou take t in an certain reward but thou attune t a certainty in the crime which characterize it. Supposin^g that all the Gods had favored thy vow that the fellow citizens havin^g been forced to yield or havin^g been driven back had ought refuse in shi ht there th v are—involved in a terrible ruin! the elder then bid the ground from our ight with his pre tate body (massacred by the conqueror. Th u m hie t exult if it pleased thee as a conqueror to take t thy elf the peal- cized from thy overthrown brother but the victory would be a sullied conquest! In what light can t thou regard a conte t in which the victor own that it represent an execrable crime and then glory over hi triumph? When thou hadst vanquished the brother whom thou in an unhappy state of mind wishest to do thou wouldst be orry for it! Come dismiss all this fighting free thy country from the e mite time alarms and thy parents from the sorrow cau ed thereby!

101 Dost thou mean that I toole should suffer no chastisement for his wickedness and fraud

102 Don't thou be alarmed he will suffer punishment heavy enough! He will reign!

103 Is that then to be his only punishment

104 If thou hast any misgivin s on that score perhaps thou wilt be inclined to believe what thy grandfather and thy own father would say about it. Cadmus would inform thee that the entire tribe of the house of Cadmus that the Theban sceptre has never been held by anyone without his comin^g to grief—Nor has anyone ever held it without violating the compact (alternately reigning). How is it given to you to enrol yourselves as rival brothers

105 I do reckon myself amongst that number and it is of great moment to me to rank as a king amongst the others

106 I hand thee over to the rank and file of my exiled subjects

107 Thou mayst reign but it will be with the hatred of those over whom thou dost reign!

POL Regnare non vult, esse qui invisus timet
 Simul ista mundi conditor posuit Deus, 655
 Odium atque regnum regis hoc magni reor,
 Odiū ista premere multa dominantem verat
 Amor suorum plus in iratos licet
 Qui vult amari, languida regnet manu
 Invisa nunquam imperia retinentur diu 660
 JOC Præcepta melius imperii reges dabunt,
 Exilia tu dispone POL Pro regno velim
 Patriam, penates, conjugem flammis dare
 Imperia pretio quolibet, constant bene

Deest, et magna pars hujus Tragediæ intercidit

ET To be one who dreads to reign, because he is hated is certainly no particular inducement to sigh for a throne, but the God, the creator of the universe, has so arranged these matters, that hatred and power go hand in hand, I deem it the function of a powerful King, to crush out every thing that opposes his will, The love of his subjects forbids a King to rule as he ought, in many respects, but their hatred gives him greater power to act—He who lays himself out to be loved, must rule with a very forbearing hand!

POL Detested rulers seldom retain their power long

ET Kings will, with greater success, lay down a code to regulate their power Thou, Polynices, canst take in hand the management of exiles, to retain my kingdom, I am willing to sacrifice my country, my household gods and my wife with them to the flames—a Kingdom is worth buying, no matter what it costs!

(The rest of this Tragedy is wanting)

HIPPOLYTUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HIPPOLYTUS	NUNTIVS
PHÆDRA	NUTRIX
THESEUS	FAMULI
CHORUS CIVIUM ATHENIENSIVM	

ARGUMENTUM

HIPPOLYTI, Thesei ex Antiope Amazone filii, Dianam virginem ac ventricem colentis, absente apud inferos Theseo, noverca Phædra castitatem oppugnat, nec expugnat Repulsa impudica mulier Theseo reduci privignum oblata per vim stupri insinuat Ille credulus, filio, qui jam domum impudicam fugerat, e votis quod restabat tertio fretus, absenti mortem impiecurtur ritum facit votum Neptunus, emissio trivio marino, qui equos Hippolyti consternat, unde per repres & sava distractus ruriger dilinquitur Quod ubi rescivit male sibi conscia mulier, scelus suum falsamque cūmen apud matrem confessā, gladio se transfigit Theseus innoxii filii casum lugens, iramque suam detestatus, collectos passim ritus componit

ACTUS PRIMUS

HIPPOLYTUS

Hippolytus varia loca & munera ministris & venationis comitibus dispartit, Dianamque venationis Deam invocat

ITE, umbrosis cingite silvas,
Summaque montis juga Cecropii
Celeri planta lustrate vāgi
Quæ sacro loca Parnethi
Subjecta jacent, & quæ Thriasius
Vallibus amnis rapida curiens

5

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HIPPOLYTUS	MESSENGER
PHÆDRA	NURSE
THESEUS	ATTENDANTS
CHORUS of ATHENIAN CITIZENS	

ARGUMENT

Phædra, the step-mother of Hippolytus the son of Antiope the Amazonian Queen, whilst Theseus was away in the

infernal regions endeavours to overcome the chastity of Hippolytus who has devoted his life to celibacy and
 Phædra fails in her
 unchaste step-
 son in law had

violently attempted to force her to commit adultery. Theseus believing her story invokes the God (Neptune) to visit his absent son with death for he had already fled from his immoral home. Theseus trusts to the third of his vows into which he had entered and Neptune confirming that vow caused a sea Bull to show itself on the shore as Hippolytus was passing—this frightened the horses of his chariot and they rushed madly on and Hippolytus who is driving them is dragged over rocks and briers precipitately and meets his death. But when Phædra was informed of this conscious of the mischief she had brought upon him she confessed to Theseus her own guilt and the false charge she had made and then stabs herself with a sword. Theseus bewailing the misfortunes of his son and despising himself for the anger he had so unjustly shown pieces together the scattered fragments of Hippolytus collected from every source—(to give them becoming burial)

ACT I

HIPPOLYTUS

Hippolytus points out the various places eligible for the sportsman and instructs his attendants and fellow lovers of the chase in the various functions appertaining to hunting pursuits and he invokes the kind interest of the Goddess of Hunting (Diana)

SET out my sporting companions surround the shady woods with nets snares and dogs with a keen scent and as thou wanderest forth scour with eager strides the lofty summits of the Cecropian mountain and those plains which lie at the foot of rocky Parnes and where the river running in a rapid stream beats upon the banks of the Thracian valley climb the hills which are always white with the Rhipæan snows some go here others go there wherever a grove is seen with its lofty alders—Wherever smiling meadows are to be found—Where the gentle Zephyr with its dewy breath favors the growth of the vernal grass—Where too the smooth Ilissus glides

Verberat unda, scandite colles
 Semper cynos nive Riphæa
 Hac, hac alii, qua nemus alta
 Texitur alno, qua prata jacent, 10
 Quæ rorifera mulcens aura
 Zephyrus veinas evocat herbas
 Ubi per glacies lenis Ilissus,
 Ubi Mæander super æquales
 Labitur agros piger, & steriles 15
 Amne maligno radit arenas
 Vos, qui Maiathon tramite lævo
 Siltus aperit, qua comitatae
 Gregibus parvis nocturna petunt
 Pabula foetæ vos, qui tepidis 20
 Subditus austus, figora mollit
 Durus Acharon alius rupem
 Dulcis Hymetti parvis alius
 Calcet Aphidnas pais illa diu
 Vacat immunis, qui curvati 25
 Litori ponti Sunion urget
 Si quem tingit gloria silvæ,
 Vocat hunc Phlyeus hic versatur
 Metus agricolis, vulnere multo
 Jam notus aper At vos Iliis 30
 Crinibus trictis mittite habenas
 Teneant acres lora Molossos
 Et pugnares tendant Cressæ
 Fortius trito vincula collo
 At Spartanos (genus est audax 35
 Audumque feræ) nodo cautus
 Propiore ligi veniet tempus,
 Cum Intratu roris fari sonent
 Nunc demissi rure roras
 Cipient iuras, lustraque pieffo 40
 Querant rostro dum lux dubia est,
 Dum signa pedum roscida tellus
 Impressa tenet, alius roras
 Cervice gravi portare plagas,
 Alius teretes properet laqueos 45
 Picra rubenti liner penna
 Vano cludat terrore feras
 Tibi libretur missile telum
 Tu grave dextra lævæque simul
 Robur lito dirige ferro 50
 Tu precipites clamore feras
 Subfessor ages tu jam victor
 Cuius solves viscera cultro

slowly along near the barren fields, or where the Mæander, in its tardy serpentine course, approaches places of similar

character and skims over the sterile sands! deposited by that sluggish river (throwing up sand instead of mud)—Wend thy way to where the Marathon to the left of thee opens out its forests or in those spots where the wild animals having recently brought forth seek for their nightly food accompanied by their little flocks—or turn to that side where subjected to the warm South West wind the hardy Acharnæ is able to tone down the severity of the cold (assisted by the rocky mountains near it)—Another detachment must explore the mountain heights of sweet Hymettus (famous for its thyme and honey)—and another will take the small places about Aphidna but that part has for some time been exempt from our sporting raids where the promontory Sunion stretches out its shores to the winding sea—If any of you are attracted by the excitement of the chase then the woods of Phlyeus will satisfy thee here the wild boar so well remembered by those who have been wounded by his tusks still incites the fears of the natives (husbandmen) But some of you let loose dogs which do their work without alarming the game with their barking or other canine noises but thou must hold in with stout thongs the fierce Mastiff breed and the fiery Cretan hounds Blood hounds will strain even strong chains which hold them in and wear away the hair of their strong necks with their energy—but when you are using the Spartan hounds they are courageous dogs and very eager for blood—you must hold them in with a shortened cord, (give them less latitude) the time will soon be here when they will make the hollow rocks and caves resound again when they give tongue after that with their noses to the ground they will catch the scent and with their heads verily pressing the earth they will search out every spot even whilst it is yet twilight and whilst the dewy surface still retains the imprint of the game that have traversed it another portion of you will carry the larger nets a great load though for the shoulders! Another will get ready with the finer sort of nets large feathers painted over with red marks you will find have a tendency to shut in some of the wild animals frightening them with their novelty! then will be the time for you to discharge your arrows—you will at the same time have to aim your blows vigorously with your broad sword, right and left! Another division of you will hide in ambush and scare the wild animals in all directions with the human voice (plentiful shouting) Then thou as a conqueror wilt with thy curved hunting knife cut them open and remove the viscera (the thorax and abdominal contents)—behold! Dianal courageous goddess thou art always at hand for

Ades en comiti, Diva virago,
 Cujus regno pars teriarum 55
 Secreta vacat, cujus certis
 Petitur telis fera, quæ gelidum
 Potit Araxen, & quæ stanti
 Ludit in Istro turæ Gætulos
 Dextra leones, tua Cretæas 60
 Sequitur cervas nunc veloces
 Figis dæmas levior manu
 Tibi dant variæ pectora tigres,
 Tibi villosi terga bifontes,
 Latisque feri cornibus uri 65
 Quidquid folis præcitur arvis,
 Sive illud inops novit Garamas,
 Sive illud Arabs divite silva,
 Sive ferocis jugo Pyrenes,
 Sive Hyrcani celant saltus, 70
 Viciusque vagus Sarmata campis,
 Arcus metuit, Diana, tuos
 Turæ si gratus numina cultor
 Tulit in saltus, ietia vincas
 Tenuere feræ, nulli laqueum 75
 Rupere pedes, festui pluvstro
 Præda gementi tum rostra canes
 Sanguine multo rubicundæ geiunt,
 Repetitque casus rustica longo
 Turba triumpho 80
 En, Diva favet signum aguti
 Misere canes vocor in silvas,
 Hæc, hæc pergam, quæ viæ longum
 Compensat iter

PHÆDRA, NUTRIX

Phædra amore Hippolyti videre se fatetur apud nutricem
 frustra eam et tam nefando amore dehortantem

PH **O** MACNA vestri Cetera dominatrix freti, 85
 Cujus per omne litus innumere rates
 Tenuere pontum, quidquid Assyriæ tenus

a fellow-sportsman, thou whose assigned territories are in sequestered and solitary places, by whose never failing arrows the wild beasts are sought out and brought to earth wherever they may be found, whether it be those which slacken their thirst in the cool Araxis, or those that frisk about on the frozen Danube, with thy certain right hand

(never failing) thou layest low the Libyan Lions (Gretulian)—thou who overtakest the Cretæan Stag wilt at one time bring down with thy nimble hand the swift fallow deer—then the striped tiger will offer its breast to thy weapon as it advances to the attack—the shaggy bison will lend their backs for thy certain aim and the wild buffaloes with their wide spreading horns! avail thyself also of anything that is seeking its food in the deserted plains—Whatever is noticeable in the country of the poor wandering Garamantes or anything which the Arab can offer in his woods abounding with spices or on the summits of the wild Pyrenees or those regions which are obscured by the Hyrcanian forests and where the wandering Scythian in his uncultivated plains fears thy quiver! Oh! Mighty Diana! if any grateful hunter who invokes thy aid and if thou art propitiously inclined ventures into the forest the nets he prepares will hold the wild animals securely confined no struggling efforts with the feet will break through the snares and the spoil is safely borne away on the creaking waggon—then it is that the dogs have their noses freely tinged red with the blood of the animals they had fastened upon with their teeth and the rustic party will return to their cottages with protracted demonstrations of joy—Behold! the Goddess is favorable to the cause! Hark the knowing dogs are sending forth a signal for us they are barking! We are invited to the woods this way! Companions all this way! our journey will be shortened by taking this route! (signifying the direction they were to take)

PHÆDRA—NURSE

Phædra confesses to her nurse—that she is ardently in love with Hippolytus and the nurse exhorts her in vain to desist from such a wicked amour

PHÆDRA

OH! Cretel thou important ruler of a vast sea whose innumerable ships command the ocean beating on every shore wherever Nereus carves a path for the various tracks of the navigators as far as the Assyrian shores—Why dost thou compel me handed over as a species of hostage to repugnant household gods married tied up to an absolute enemy and doomed to pass my life in misery and tears! Behold! my exiled husband remains away from me and Theseus is still keeping faith

Tellure Nereus pervium rostris fecat,
 Cur me in penates obsidem invisos datam,
 Hostique nuptam, degere ætatem in malis 90
 Lacrimisque cogis? profugus en conjux abest,
 Præstatque nuptæ, quam solet, Theseus fidem
 Fortis per altas invii retro lacus
 Vadit tenebras miles audacis proci,
 Solio ut revulsam regis inferni abstrahat, 95
 Pergit furoris socius haud illum timor,
 Pudorque tenuit stupra & illicitos toros
 Achéronte in imo quærit Hippolyti pater
 Sed major alius incubat mœstæ dolor
 Non me quies nocturna, non altus sopor 100
 Solvere curis alitur & crescit malum,
 Et ardet intus, quælis Ætnæo vapor
 Exundat antro Palladis telæ vacant,
 Et inter ipsas pensa labuntur manus
 Non colere donis templa votivis libet, 105
 Non inter aras, Atthidum mixtam choiris,
 Jactare tacitis conscias faciis faces,
 Nec adire castis precibus aut ritu pio
 Adjudicatæ præsidem terræ Deam
 Juvat excitatas consequi cursu feras, 110
 Et rigida molli gæsa jaculari manu
 Quo tendis, imo? quid furens saltus amas?
 Fatale miseræ matris agnosco malum
 Peccare noster novit in silvis amor
 Genitrix, tui me miseret infando malo 115
 Correpta, pecoris efferri sævum ducem
 Audax amasti torvus, impatiens jugi,
 Adulter ille, ductor indomiti gregis
 Sed amabat aliquid quis meas miseræ Deus,
 Aut quis juvare Dædalus flammæ queat? 120
 Non, si ille remeet arte Mopsopia potens,
 Qui nostra cæca monstra conclusit domo,
 Promittat ullum casibus nostris opem
 Stirpem perosi Solis invisi Venus,
 Per nos catenis vindicat Martis sui, 125
 Surasque probris omne Phœbeum genus
 Onerat nefandis nulla Minois levi

with his wife after the old fashion, promising to come back.¹ As the valiant companion of a venturesome love-making adulterer Pirithous, he starts off through the realms of darkness to that relentless river, whence there is no return (The Styx) in order that he may forcibly abduct Proserpine from the throne of the King of Hell—the conspirator in this mad scheme is persevering—No fear possesses him—no sense of shame, and this father of Hippolytus

is on the look-out in the depths of Acheron for an opportunity to practise his lustful propensities and to overcome the chastity of Proserpine—Is it another distress still greater to my troubled mind—quiet— repose— know me not—no welcome sleep is it to me to relieve my oppressed mind bowed down by my anxieties and the mischief is being nursed and is waxing stronger and I am burning inwardly much in the same way that the smoke of Itha is nourished by the flaming caverns below! The knitting and weaving work as taught by Minerva is completely set aside and the wools no sooner than they are taken up slip from my fingers. It is not allowed to me to propitiate the Goddess of Chastity in her temples and mixing in the company of the Attic Matrons at the altars to brandish my guilty torques amid the Eleusinian ceremonies nor to approach with chaste prayers and pious observance the Deity that presides in the realms subject to her jurisdiction—No! it pleases me more to pursue the terrible wild animal as they take to flight in the company of Hippolytus and to hurl the weighty javelin from my gentle hand—But why rave I thus Oh! my soul! Why do I bicker so madly after the forests it calls to my mind the fatal misfortune which befell my miserable mother our criminal amours were both conducted in these fatal woods! Oh my mother! as thy daughter have compassion on my crime! for thou incited by some criminal passion wert bold enough to be enamoured with the fierce leader of the herd (The Bull given to Minos by Neptune) but though fierce and impatient of restraint that practical adulterer although only the herd of an indomitable flock was susceptible of the influence of the fatal passion! What deity art thou who comest to me in my misery? Or what Dadalus will be able to assist me in restraining the consequences of my ardent passion? No! even if he were to come to my aid with all the contrivances and labyrinths arising out of the Mopsopian skill (Dadalus hailed from Attica where Mopsopus was King) although he did shut up far from mortal gaze the monster that emanated from our race! Could even he alas promise any alleviation to my miseries. Could even alas! Venus assist us? she who hates the entire progeny of Ithabus and who is only too ready to venge herself upon us as a set-off for her own amorous entanglements with Mars she saddles
 race of
 an amo
 character
 always a

Defuncta amore est jungitur semper nefas
 NUR Thesea coniux, clara progenies Jovis,
 Nefanda casto pectore exturbata oculus 130
 Exstingue flammam, neve te dire spei
 Præbe obsequentem Quisquis in primo obstitit
 Populitque amorem, tutus ac victor fuit
 Qui blandiendo dulce nutrit matrum,
 Sero recusat ferre, quod subit, iugum 135
 Nec me fugit, quam durus, & veri insolens,
 Ad recta flecti regius nolit tumor
 Quemcumque dederit exitum casus feram
 Fortem facit victricis libertas senem
 Obstare primum est velle nec tibi vir 140
 Pudor est secundus, nosse peccandi modum
 Quo, miseri, pergis quid domum infirmam aggravas,
 Superasque matrem magis est monstro nefas
 Nam monstra fato, moribus scelera imputes
 Si, quod maritus supera non cernit loci, 145
 Tutum esse facinus credis, & vacuum metu
 Eiris tenei crede Lethæo abditum
 Thesea profundo, & ferre perpetuam Styga
 Quid ille, lato maris qui regno premit,
 Populisque reddit par centenis pater 150
 Latere tantum facinus occultum sinet
 Sagar parentum est curi credamus tamen
 Astu doloque tegere nos tantum nefas
 Quid ille rebus lumen infundens suum
 Matris preens? quid ille, qui mundum quatit, 155
 Vibrans corusca fulmen Atræum manu,
 Sator Deorum? credis hoc posse effici,
 Inter videntes omni ut lateris vos?
 Sed, ut secundus numinum abscondat favor
 Coitus nefandos, utque contingat stupro 160
 Negrita magnis sceleribus semper fides
 Quid poena praesens, conscire mentis priori,

NUR Oh! wife of Theseus! illustrious progeny of Jupiter, expel at once all criminal thoughts from thy chaste mind, conquer thy ardent passions, and do not give thyself up, without a struggle, to these wicked desires! Whoever resolutely opposes illicit love, and checks it in the bud, what a happily-secured conqueror that person is!—On the contrary she who encourages a wicked passion, because it is pleasant and does her best to deceive herself, and whilst desirous to give up the task upon which she has entered, sometimes finds that it is too late to be easily accomplished—Nor does it escape my conviction, how royal pride inaccessible to usual influences and unaccustomed to hear the truth at all times, is anything but willing

to be turned into the right path when once it had swerved from it! Whatever ending this business may have I am willing to subscribe to it (endorse it) Thou seest my time is nearly up my approaching enfranchisement (freedom) is nigh and this makes an old woman like myself speak out! The first step for the honorable mind to encourage is to be willing to remove an evil and do not let the opportunity for so doing slip from thy grasp the second stage of honor would necessarily be to learn the full extent of that evil! To what art thou tending in thy miserable frame of thought? Why dost thou aggravate the evil which still attaches to thy house (race)? or art thou endeavouring to surpass thy mother in crime? thy sin would be greater than even the monster crime! For thou must put the monster crime down to fateful thy wickedness thou couldst trace to nothing but thy own foul inclinations! If thy husband does not see what is going on in the upper world (Theseus is away in the Infernal regions) dost thou believe that the crime could be kept away from his knowledge with any degree of certainty and that under any circumstances that he would not entertain grave apprehensions as to the true character of the crime? If thou supposest otherwise thou art mistaken dost thou believe that Theseus will remain hidden in the depths of Hell and have to put up with his Stygian prison for evermore? And what will he say (Minos) who rules the seas in that wide kingdom that father who administers the laws to hundreds of nations? Will he permit a crime of such magnitude to remain undiscovered? The principal function of a parent is to exercise especial vigilance and care as regards his offspring and to take care too that he is not in any way the victim of deception! But we may take it for granted that we shall never be able to conceal so enormous a crime with any amount of craft or artifices! What will that maternal grandfather of thine (Phœbus) think of this crime? He that sheddeth his penetrating rays upon the things of this world! What too will thy fraternal grandfather (Jupiter) the ruler of all the Gods think? He that causes the very universe to tremble of Ætna a brightness? knowing all matter can be managed that thou shouldst remain undiscovered? Dost thou think on the contrary that a favorable construction will be put upon such abominable adultery and the clemency which is always denied to all other great crimes should form any exception in the case of thy adultery? What thy present suffering is appears

out of thy mind preserve thy chastity and think of thy mother's fate abhor fresh copulations and such ones! Why! thou art now meditating an unheard of medley—sharing the nuptial couch with father and son! indiscriminately! and about to risk an inexplicable impregnation for thy adulterous womb! Go on! and invert the very course of nature by thy criminal passion! Why should monsters be done away with? Why should the labyrinth of thy natural brother go begging for a tenant? As long as a Cretan woman I suppose desires to carry on an amour so long must the world be prepared to hear of some monster's arrival which it is unaccustomed to behold and so long must Nature herself act conformably with her complications!

PH What thou tellest me Nurse I know is quite true but my infatuation leads me to contemplate even the worst things my mind although I am perfectly aware of what I am doing carries me away headlong and it then as it were sways to and fro seeking in vain to follow more righteous counsels as when the mariner is urging on his heavily laden craft against an adverse sea his labor is expended in vain and his craft is driven astern in spite of every effort by the obstinate tide! What reason suggests my infatuation overcomes and I continue to rage and a very potent deity it is I assure thee which has a power for dominion over my mind and
 that mean is that winged god
 that the feelings of the great
 Jupit indomitable power—and
 the warlike Mars has also shown his susceptibility to the fatal passion! That God Vulcan the fabricator of the three forked lightning and he who is always keeping his furnaces in working order on the summits of *Ætna* has himself glowed again with the fires inspired by Cupid whilst *Phœbus* himself has been wounded by that Boy (Cupid is always represented as a boy) who directs his darts with greater precision than he who has succumbed to darts more powerful than his own (Jupiter) This little winged boy hovers about the bright heavens and thus dull globe of ours with equal pertinacity!

NUR It could only have been lust which always basely inclines to vicious courses that originally transformed the amorous passion into a deity and in order that there should be more latitude afforded to the votaries of Venus! *Erycina* (Venus) sends forth her prowling little son I warrant thee through every land and has dignified him for the passion which he inspires by investing him with

Vana ista demens animus adsevit sibi,
 Venerisque numen sinxit atque arcus Dei
 Quisquis secundis rebus exultat nimis
 Fluitque lux, semper insolita appetit 205
 Iunc illa magnæ diæ fortunæ comes
 Subit libido non placent factæ dapæ
 Non tectæ fami moris aut vilis cibus
 Cur in penates rarius tenues subit
 Hæc delicatas eligens pestis domos 210
 Cur sancta parvis habitat in tectis Venus
 Mediumque finos vulgus affectus tenet,
 Et se coercent modici contra divites
 Regnoque sulti plura quam fas est petunt
 Quod non potest vult posse qui nimium potest 215
 Quid deccat alto præditum solio vides
 Metue, ne verere sceptra remanentis viri
 VII Amoris in me maximum regnum sero,
 Reditusque nullos metuo non unquam amplius
 Convexa tetigit superi qui mersus semel 220
 Adit silentem nocte perpetua domum
 VIII Ne crede Diti cluserit regnum licet
 Crasque diæcæ Stygius observet fores
 Solus negatus invenit Thæscus vias
 IX Veniam ille amoris forsitem nostro dabit
 VIII Immitis etiam conjugii castæ fuit
 Experta sævam est barbara Antiope manum
 Sed posse flecti conjugem iratum puta
 Quis hujus animum flectet intracabilem
 Exosus omne femine nomen fugit, 230
 Immitis annos calidæ vitæ dicat,
 Connubia vitat genus Amazonium scias
 X Hunc in nivosi collis herentem jugis,
 Et aspera agili saxa calcantem pede,
 Sequi per alta nemora, per montes, placet 235

the title of a spurious Deity! This little son of Venus flying through the heavens, dares to hurl his dangerous, wanton and insolent darts at the Gods themselves, with his delicate little hand! And this little fellow, although he holds only a certain special powers amongst the gods, the mad ambition of his mother has awarded him this empty rank and made him her ancillary deity and armed him with the bow of a god! Whosoever exacts too much in prosperity and is surrounded with luxury is always hankering after something fresh—his lustful propensities, those awful companions of unlimited fortune, advance upon him “pari passu” Ordinary food does not satisfy him—he is not content with a residence of respectable pretensions, and his viands are objectionable, if they do

not cost enough money! Why then does this pest criminal love select and fasten upon the homes of the opulent and enter so rarely the homesteads with impoverished Penates? Why does laudable love exist only amidst humble roofs the common herd of mankind hold their natural affections in check avoiding extremes and the man with modest means restrains his unbridled passions on the contrary the wealthy especially those who enjoy the additional advantages appertaining to a kingdom are always sighing for more than is really right for them to have! What is not possible they wish to be so so thou canst understand who art desiring too much what the obligations are and what becomes one who is raised to that royal pinnacle—a throne Go thou in fear and dread the husband who will return to his kingdom!

PH I reign in the kingdom of Love which is at present a sovereign power with me and I do not fear any one's return—He who has been once submerged in that silent abode of perpetual darkness has gone whence he will never more reach the regions above!

NUR Do not believe that Pluto may have been pleased to shut him up as a prisoner in his kingdom and the Stygian Dog (Cerberus) may be guarding the dreadful portals Has not Theseus unassisted already found a way there which is denied to all others?

PH Perhaps he might forgive me for this love affair of mine

NUR But was he not severe enough in his nature even towards a chaste wife? Did not the barbarian Antiope experience his savage nature? but supposing it possible under ordinary circumstances to pacify an angry husband! Who could expect to subdue a disposition so intractable as that of Hippolytus? He avoids women and hates their very name, he has dedicated his life perhaps cruelly towards himself to perpetual celibacy in a word he eschews marriage entirely remember his Amazonian origin!

PH It pleases me to follow his haunts to find him hanging about on the heights of snowy hills and to see him tramping along over the rough rocks with nimble strides and to accompany him over the lofty forests and the mountain sides

- NUTR Resistet ille, seque mulcendum dabit,
 Castoque ritus Venere non castra exuēt.
 Tibi ponet odium, cuius odio forsitan
 Persequitur omnes? PH Precibus haud vinci potest? 240
- NUTR Ferus est PH Amore didicimus vinci feros
 NUTR Fugiet PH Per ipsa marita, si fugiat, sequar
 NUTR Patris memento PH Meminimus matris simul
 NUTR Genus omne profugit PH Pellicis caeco metu
 NUTR Aderit maritus PH Nempe Pirithoi comes
 NUTR Aderitque genitor PH Mitis Ariadne pater 245
 NUTR Per has senectæ splendoris supplex comas,
 Fessumque curis pectus, & cara ubera
 Precor, furorem siste, teque ipsam adjuva
 Pars sanctitatis, velle finari fuit
 PH Non omnis animo cessit ingenuo pudor 250
 Paremus, ultra qui regi non vult amor
 Vincitur haud te, fama, maculari suam
 Haec sola ratio est, unicum effugium mori
 Virum sequamur morte praevictum nefas
 NUTR Moderare, alumnæ, mentis effrenare impetus, 255
 Animos coerce dignam ob hoc vitam reor,
 Quod esse temet tutam dignam necesse
 PH Decreta mors est quaritur fati genus
 Laqueone vitam suam in ferro incubem?
 An missa preceps arce Palladiæ cadam? 260
 Pro, castitatis vindicem armemus manum
 NUTR Sic te senectus nostra precipiti suat
 Perire leto? siste furibundum impetum
 [Haud facile quisquam ad vitam revocari potest]
 PH Prohibere ratio nulla perituum potest, 265
 Ubi qui mori constituit, & debet mori
 NUTR Solamen annis unicum fessis, hera,

NUR Dost thou think that he will stop and abandon himself kindly to thy adulterous embraces, and exchange his chaste habits and ideas for those of a highly immoral love? He will put thee under the ban of his hatred, the same hatred, indeed, which he entertains towards all women

PH Could he not be overcome by my soft entreaties?

NUR He is fierce and obdurate

PH I have learned the method of overcoming savageness with love (meaning that she has managed Theseus)

NUR He will fly from thee

PH If he does fly, I will follow him, over the seas, even!

NUR Remember his father

PH Remember the mother as well

NUR He flies from our whole sex

PH I do not fear any meretricious rival

NUR But thy husband may return

PH Yes the confederate of Pirithous!

NUR Thy father also may come

PH Oh! the father of Ariadne he was kind to her?

NUR By these locks (placing her hands on them) now grey with old age as a suppliant I entreat thee by this breast of mine enfeebled by anxieties by the nipples at which thou once didst fly with infantine eagerness—stay thy madness—lend aid to thy own righteous cause a great step in the art of being cured is to wish for a remedy and then submit to the *modus curandi* — the means of cure!

PH Every feeling of shame is not quite extinguished from my natural disposition! Let me prepare Nurse for my task—a love which cannot be kept under must be trodden down I am not willing that my reputation should be sullied—this is the only way out of my difficulty the only means of escaping from my crime—I must join my husband! I must anticipate crime by death!

NUR Try and govern my nurse child the wild impulses of thy heart restrain unholy passions I conclude from thy remarks that thou art more worthy to live and for this reason that thou now considerest thyself more worthy to die

PH I have determined to die Nurse but the kind of death is the next question—Shall I end my life with the noose (strangulation) or fall upon the sword or sallying forth shall I throw myself headlong from the lofty citadel of Pallas? Ah! happy thought! I will arm my hand as the means of avenging my chastity

NUR Dost thou think that even my old age will ever

NUR Oh! my mistress! the only solace to my wearied life if a mad notion so persistently haunts thy mind I say, hold reputation in contempt we know that rumour seldom inclines to the truth—makes out a better when one deserves a worse character and a worse character when one merits a more favorable one Let me try what I can do for thy sad unmanageable mind—that shall then be my undertaking to seek out the wild youth and see whether I can bend the inclinations of that savage young man!

CHORUS

The Chorus espouses the assumption that all things should yield to love that mankind of every position every age every condition the Gods above and the Gods below and even down to the dumb creation all animals whether terrestrial (brutes) aquatic (fishes) or aerial (birds)

Oh! Goddess (Venus) sprung from the tempestuous waves whom that double functioned Cupid (Eros and Anteros the latter the divine love the former the grosser and sensual passions) calls mother—never flagging in his activity with the arrows and reckless as to the love inspiring passions he brings about Oh! that lascivious little boy (Eros) with his deceptive smiles with what sure effect does he operate with his ceaseless quiver! His inspiring power searches out the innermost marrow of our very bones drying up in its progress the coursing veins with his furtive fires! The wounds which he inflicts however present no very broad external surface! they are deep wounds! but the germ absorbed therefrom consumes the marrow hidden away in the recesses of our organism (figuratively neutralizing the power of resistance)—there is no rest where that little boy is concerned in his nimble flight he scatters far and wide in every clime in every nook the arrows which he shoots forth from his restless untiring quiver! Whatever land witnesseth the rising of the sun or whatever land lies where the chariot of Phoebus stops at the end of his Hesperian journey (the West the late setting of the Sun) or whatever country is under the scorching tropic of Cancer and if there be any country beneath the frigid Ursa Major which affords a sheltering ———— wandering tribes each one effects of the wounds o the fierce ardor of impetuous youth or coaxingly invite back the died

Ipse, qui cœlum nebulasque ducit ³	300
Candidas ales modo movit alas,	
Dulcior vocem moriente cygno	
Fronte nunc torva petulans juvenis	
Virginum stravit sua terga ludo,	
Perque fraternos nova regna fluctus,	305
Ungula lentos imitante remos,	
Pectore adverso domuit profundum,	
Pro sua vector timidus rapina	
Arfit obscuri Dea cliva mundi	
Nocte deserti, nitidosque fratri	310
Tradidit currus aliter regendos	
Ille nocturnas agitare bigas	
Discit, & gyro breviora flecti	
Nec suum tempus tenere noctes,	
Et dies tardo remeavit ortu,	315
Dum tremunt aves graviore curru	
Natus Alcmena posuit phætram,	
Et minax vasti spolium leonis,	
Passus aptari digitis smaragdos,	
Et dari legem rudibus capillis	320
Crura distincto religavit auro,	
Luteo plantas cohibente focco	
Et manu, clavam modo qua gerebat,	
Fila deduxit properante fuso	
Vidit Persis, ditisque ferax	325
Lydia regni, dejecta feri	
Terga leonis, humerisque, quibus	
Sederat alti regia cœli,	
Tenuem Tyrio stamine pallam	
Sacer est ignis, (credite læsis)	330
Nimiumque potens qua terra fallo	
Cingitur alto, quaque ætherio	
Candida mundo sidera currunt,	
Hæc regna tenet Puer immitis	
Spicula cujus sentit in imis	335
Cæculus undis grex Nereidum,	
Flammamque nequit relevare mari	

out passions of the aged and decrepit! He strikes the hearts of the tender virgins, and evokes a thrill—a passion which they had never felt before! and he even forces the Gods above, quitting their celestial homes to visit the Earth below and assume all kinds of disguises for the furtherance of their love-inspiring designs! Phoebus, originally the shepherd of the Thessalian flocks, drove the herd, and having laid aside his lyre, called them together with his pipe made up of variously sized reeds, and how often has he assumed, as well, the forms of the lower animals! The great Jupiter, who rules the heavens and

the cloudy firmament sometimes as a bird has assumed its wings and plumage of shining whiteness and furthered the deception with a voice sweeter than that of the dying swan—at another time as a fierce bull with a savage visage he gives up his back for the amusement of young virgins and then travels over a fresh kingdom his brother Neptune's aquatic empire (the sea) and overcomes the suspicious element with his powerful chest contending against its obstinacy and furthermore to quiet it (the sea recognizes a new master) imitates the sounds produced by rowers through certain movements of his feet—as he timidly pursues his way with his capture (Europa) lest she should be submerged! The illustrious goddess of the sky when in darkness (night) forsakes her nocturnal post and hands over to her brother her brilliant chariot to be under his guidance after a different manner (hinting at his mode of driving)—he learns however to manage the two-horsed nocturnal chariot of his sister and to go by a shorter circuit but the night does not preserve its usual duration—it is longer and as a consequence the day light returns with a retarded arrival whilst the axles of the chariot seem to give way under their heavier burden (Phœbus) That son of Alcmena (Hercules) laid aside his quiver and that terrifying trophy the skin of the Nemean Lion and permitted his fingers to be jewelled with emerald rings and to have his rough locks perfumed and dressed and to be carefully done up according to the prevailing fashion and with that huge hand which hitherto had or now and then drew out the ate manner whilst working spindle!—He then fastens to his legs with bands ornamented with gold the yellow slippers *Socci* with which he had inclosed his feet *Persia* and *Lydia* those fertile countries with their rich kingdom have witnessed the fact of Hercules throwing down in disgust the lion's skin from his shoulders on which had aforetime rested the very heavens with their palaces and donning a cloak made up of some flimsy *Tyrian* purple fabric And this is that execrable fire of Love Believe in those that have suffered from its too terrible effects! Whatever land is surrounded by the deep sea whatever bright stars pursue their course in the ethereal sky this insolent pertinacious little boy holds such kingdoms in his sway—Of whose thrusts the blue water nymphs the offspring of *Nereus* and *Doris* are susceptible in the retired waters even which they inhabit nor does he it is perceived exempt the sea from his visitations (passions)—the wing bearing portion of nature they feel his fires! and what terrific battles the

Ignes sentit genus aligerum
 Venere instincti quam magna gerunt
 Grege pio toto bella iuveni¹ 340
 Si conjugio timuere suo,
 Poscunt timidi prælia cervi,
 Et mugitu dant concepti
 Signa furoris tunc virgatas
 India tigres decolori horret 345
 Tunc vulnificos acuit dentes
 Aper, & toto est spumeus ore
 Pœni quatunt colla leones,
 Cum movit amor tum silva gemit
 Murmure sævo 350
 Amat insani bellua ponti
 Lucæque boves vindicant omnes
 Natura sibi nihil immune est
 Odiumque perit, cum iussit amor
 Veteres cedunt ignibus iræ 355
 Quid plura canam? vincit sævas
 Cura novercas

ACTUS SECUNDUS

CHORUS, NUTRIX, PHÆDRA

Amoris morbum, impatientiam & æstum conqueritur nutritrix
 mox ipsa prodit Phædra mutatis vestibus in cinctum
 Amazonis seu venaticis, ut Hippolyto placeat

CHOR **A**LTRIX, profare, quid feras? quonam in loco est
 Regina? sævis ecquis est flammis modus?
 NUTR Spes nulla, tantum posse leniri malum, 360
 Finisque flammis nullus insani erit
 Torretur æstu tacito, & inclusus quoque,
 Quamvis tegatur, proditur vultu furor
 Erumpit oculis ignis, & lapsæ genæ
 Lucem recusant nil idem dubiæ placet, 365

bulls, urged on by the venereal œstrum, will wage for supremacy amongst the rest of the herd, and the timid stags will stand their ground, when their females are in danger, and they evince with their loud mewings the symptoms of the anger which possesses them—then the tawny Indian dreads the striped tigers more than ever, and then the wild boar appears to have his teeth sharper than usual by the cruel wounds he causes, and his jaws

are covered with foam the Carthaginian lions shake their manes unusually when the amorous feelings possess them and then it is that the forests resound with their savage roaring—even the huge brutes denizens of the sea (whale grampus etc) learn to love and then even the huge pachyderms (the Elephants)—Nature claims all—everything for herself! Nothing is free! Hatred vanishes when love commands—Old animosities yield to the sacred fire of love! What more shall we sing? It is this! It overcomes with its persistency even cruel step mothers!

ACT II

CHORUS—NURSE—PHÆDRA

The Nurse complains of love as a disease as regards its intolerance and the power it assumes after which Phædra gives herself up to a thorough change of raiments and dons the garb of an Amazonian huntress that she may the more easily captivate Hippolytus

CHORUS

NURSE tell us all thou knowest In what state of mind is the queen? Is there any moderation evinced yet in her wicked passions?

NUR No hope! so great an evil cannot be easily got rid of! there will never be an end to her insane infatuation she is literally burnt up with the secret flames that rage within her bosom and her madness though kept within herself to some extent shows itself in her very looks and gestures however else it might be hidden—this secret fire springs up into her eyes and her drooping eyelids avoid the light—nothing which might have pleased her formerly satisfies her capricious mind now—and her uncertain temper discovers itself in her very bodily attitudes in the arms which she throws about as the mood varies—sometimes her legs give way and she falls down like one about to die and her head seems with difficulty held up by her enfeebled neck now when she retires to rest she seems to have no disposition to sleep but passes the night in vain wailings—she then orders herself to be raised up in bed and for her body to be placed in some other position (to have her bed and arrangements altered to give greater ease to her

Artusque varie jactat incertus dolor
 Nunc ut soluto labitur moriens gradu,
 Et vix labante sustiner collo caput
 Nunc se quieti reddit, & somni immemor
 Noctem querelis ducit, attoli jubet, 370
 Iterumque poni corpus, & solvi comas,
 Rursusque fingi semper imprætiens sui
 Mutatur habitus nulla jam Ceieris subit
 Cura, aut salutis vadit incerto pede,
 Jam viribus defecta non idem vigor, 375
 Non oræ tingens nitida purpureus iubor
 Populatur artus cura jam gressus tremunt,
 Tenerque nitidi corporis cecidit decori
 Et, qui seiebant signa Phœbeæ facis,
 Oculi nihil gentile nec patrium micant 380
 Lacrimæ cadunt per oræ, & assiduo genæ
 Rose irrigantur qualiter Tauri jugis
 Tepido madescunt imbre percussæ nives
 Sed, en, prætescunt regiæ fastigia
 Reclinis ipsa sedis auratæ toro, 385
 Solitos amictus mente non sana abnuat
 PH Removete, famulæ, purpura atque auro illitas
 Vestes procul sit muricis Tyrii iubor,
 Quæ filæ ramis ultimi Seres legunt
 Brevis expeditos zona constringat finus 390
 Cervix monili vincitur, nec niveus lapis
 Deducit rures, Indici donum maris
 Odore crinis spirans Assyrio vinct
 Sic temere prætere colla perfundunt comæ
 Humerosque summos, cursibus motæ citis 395
 Ventos sequantur læva se pharetræ dabit,
 Hostile vibret dextra Thessalicum manus
 Talis severi mater Hippolyti fuit
 Quælis, relictis frigidi ponti plagis,
 Egit crateras, Atticum pulsans solum, 400
 Tantalus, aut Mæotis, & nodo comas
 Coegit emisitque, lunata latus
 Protecta peltæ, talis in silvas ferat
 NUTR Sepone questus non levat miseros dolor,
 Agreste phœca virginis numen Deæ 405
 Regina nemorum, solæ quæ montes colis,
 Et unæ solis montibus coleris Dea,

body), then all at once she orders her hair to be let down, and then to be dressed again immediately after—she is intolerant of her very self, her whole demeanour has undergone a change, she is careless about her food, and does not care whether she is ill or well—she walks with a tottering gait, in fact, she is thoroughly spent as regards physical vigor. There is an absence of all her

quondam vivacity nor does the rosy tinge show itself upon her once delicate complexion rivalling the driven snow in its purity—she is wearing out her body with anxiety—already her steps tremble and the delicate graceful comeliness of her figure has vanished—and her orbs which bore the indication of her divine origin (Phœbus) now shine in no way to remind thee of her high born descent or that of her fathers—Her tears are continually trickling down her face and her cheeks are bathed with perpetual moisture! just in the same mode as the drifting snow melted by the warm showers moistens the surface earth on the mountain ridges of Taurus—But further behold when the palatial portals lie open to the visitor there is the queen on her throne lounging languidly on a gilded couch where she sits and discards all her usual attire and accessories in a most unaccountable frame of mind!

PH Take away slaves these garments dyed with purple and ornamented with gold remove I command the ravishing colors of the Tyrian dyes which adorn those delicate fabrics which the Seres in their far off country gather from the branches of trees let a short girdle encircle my loose garments giving me free use of my limbs let my neck be relieved of this necklace and let not the earrings with their snow white precious stones dangle any longer from my ears—the stones which trace their original home to the far off Indian Seas let my flowing locks be exempt from the Assyrian perfumes—let my hair carelessly fall down my neck and around my shoulders—let those dishevelled locks wave to and fro just as the wind whatever humor it is in pleases to direct them Give me the quiver which I shall carry in my left whilst my right hand shall brandish the Thessalian spear! As the mother of stern Hippolytus used to be so I desire to be just as she was when she led on the savage Amazonian battalions recruited from the marshy districts near the Tanus and Mæotis and when she left behind the countries bounded by the frigid Euxine! and when she began to tread to gather up her hair in her shoulders with the protecting her side! In such a guise will I make my appearance in the forests!

NUR Dismiss thy grief
sorrow invoke the aid o
who presides over what re
of the forests who alone inhabits the mountains and the
only goddess thou canst worship in those deserted elevated

Converte tristis ominum in melius minus,
 O magna filvas inter & lucos Dea,
 Clarumque cœli fidus, & noctis decus, 410
 Cujus relucet mundus alterna fice
 Hecate triformis, en ades cœptis favens
 Animum rigentem tristis Hippolyti domo
 Amare discat, mutuos ignes ferat
 Det facilis aures mitiga pectus ferum 415
 Innecte mentem torvus, aversus, ferox,
 In jura Veneris redert huc vias tuas
 Intende sic te lucidi vultus ferant,
 Et nube rupta cornibus puris eas
 Sic te, regentem frena nocturni æthereis, 420
 Detrahare nunquam Thessali cantus queant,
 Nullusque de te gloriam pastor ferat
 Ades invocata jam faves votis, Dea
 Ipsam intueor solemne venerantem sacrum,
 Nullo latus comitante quid dubitas? dedit 425
 Tempus locumque casus utendum artibus
 Trepidamus? haud est facile mandatum scelus
 Audere verum iusta, qui reges timet,
 Deponat, omne pellat ex animo decus
 Malus est minister regni imperii pudor 430

HIPPOLYTUS, NUTRIX

Nutrix Hippolyti animum mollire, & ad nuptias & delicias urbanas
 flectere callide tentat Ille vitæ cælibis & rusticæ (quæ urbanæ
 collatam præfert) institutum immotus tenet

HIPPO **Q**UID huc seniles fessæ moliris gradus,
 O fida nutrix, turbidam frontem gerens,
 Et mœsta vultus? sospes est certe parens,
 Sospesque Phædra, stirpis & geminæ jugum

regions Change thy sad apprehensions of evil for a more
 favorable future! Oh! great goddess who presidest amongst
 the forests and graves, the brilliant star of heavens and
 the glory of night whose dominion is lighted up, in thy
 alternate capacity with Phœbus! Oh thou three-formed
 Hecate! pray come to us, with any form thou mayst
 choose to assume, and favor our enterprise! Break the
 adamant heart of this wretched Hippolytus, let him learn
 to love, let him reciprocate the passion that burns in the
 bosom of another—let him give ear patiently to our
 entreaties—soften his hard spirit—ensnare his heart in the
 meshes of Love, and let him, the savage, repulsive,

returning Hippolytus turn back his nature and be brought into full allegiance to the canons of Venus! Oh! Use thy utmost power to promote this end! And thus may thy bright countenance shed its brilliant light upon the earth and mayst thou come forth having dispelled the obscuring clouds which hide thy glory with thy radiance unimpaired! (with thy cornua undimmed that is) that thy disc may be distinctly seen—(the horned heifer was held sacred to the Moon) and thus may no Thessalian incantations be able to draw thee from thy undertaking as thou handling the reins art ruling the operations of the nocturnal sky and may no future shepherd (Endymion) glorify himself at having received favors from thee! Come thou as thou art invoked Oh! goddess be propitious to my prayers—I see Hippolytus! he is about to offer his accustomed sacrifices no one is accompanying him no one at his side! Why do I hesitate? Time place and opportunity are at my disposal! I must use some artifice but I dread the experiment! It is not always an easy thing to dare to commit a crime even when thou art ordered to do it but sometimes in the interests of those we fear of Kings for example and fearing as I do Phædra one can afford to ignore the justice of the cause and to chase away every known sentiment of shame from one's breast But it is a very sorry sample of virtue nevertheless which is the mere tool of regal power

HIPPOLYTUS—NURSE

The nurse tries artfully to soften the inflexibility of Hippolytus and to turn his thoughts towards marriage
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HIPPOLYTUS

OH! my faithful nurse why comest thou hither thoroughly fagged out and advancing with the feeble pace of an old woman wearing too such a look of sadness in thy face and with such a woeful troubled look? Surely my father Theseus is quite safe and Phædra too is not she quite well? For she thou knowest is the connecting link of our race between myself I mean (Antiope my mother) and my half brothers (Demophoon and Antigonus by Phædra)

NUTR Metus remitte prospero iægnum in statu est, 435
 Domosque florens sorte felici viget
 Sed tu beatis mitior rebus veni
 Namque anxiam me cura sollicitat tui,
 Quod te ipse pœnis gravibus infestus domas
 Quem fata cogunt, ille cum venia est miser 440
 At si quis ultro se malis offert volens,
 Sequè ipse torquet, peidere est dignus bonæ,
 Queis nescit uti potius annorum memor
 Mentem ielava noctibus festis facem
 Attolle curas Bacchus exoneret graves 445
 Ætate fruire, mobili cursu fugit
 Nunc facile pectus, grata nunc juveni Venus,
 Exsultet animus cui toro viduo jaces
 Tristem juventam solve nunc luvus ipe
 Effunde habenas optimos vitæ dies 450
 Effluere prohibe propria descripsit Deus
 Officia, & ævum per suos ducit gradus
 Lætitia juvenem, fions decet tristis senem
 Quid te coerces, & necis rectam indolem
 Seges illa magnum sœnus agricolæ dabit, 455
 Quæcunque lætis tenera luxuriat satis
 Arborque celso vertice evincet nemus,
 Quam non maligna cædit aut iefecat manus
 Ingenia melius iecta se in ludes ferunt,
 Si nobilem animum vegeta libertas alit 460
 Truculentus, & silvester, & vitæ incius,
 Tristem juventam Venere deserta colis
 Hoc esse munus credis indictum viris,
 Ut dura tolerant cursibus domitent equos,
 Et fœva bella Marte sanguineo gerant 465
 Providit ille maximus mundi patiens,
 Cum tam rapaces cerneret fati manus,
 Ut damna semper sobole repararet nova
 Excedat, agedum, iebus humanis Venus,
 Quæ supplet ac restituit exhaustum genus, 470
 Orbis jacebit squalido turpis situ,
 Vacuum sine ullis classibus stabit mare,
 Alefque cœlo deerit, & silvis fera,

NUR Banish thy fears, the kingdom is in a prosperous condition and thy illustrious family is in the full enjoyment of its happy lot—but come thou, I pray, in a mild and happy mood amongst all our pleasant surroundings, for my regard towards thyself, rouses within me certain anxious thoughts, in that, to thy own injury, thou oppressest thyself with such heavy self-imposed restrictions—that man whom the fates hold in their power when such a one is miserable, we reward with our sympathy¹—but if any man only too readily gives himself up as a

voluntary recipient of misfortune and so far perverts his natural tendencies he richly deserves to be deprived of the good things of this world and which if he had them he would be utterly unable to enjoy¹ But thou rather as thou shouldst be mindful of thy vigorous youth relax

is the time for an assailable mind now is the time that Venus should be a welcome goddess to amorous youth let thy heart leap at the very thought¹ Why shouldst thou lie at nights with no desirable bed fellow² Throw aside sadness from thy youthful nature now fasten upon the enjoyments of life¹ Throw aside the reins with which thou hast restrained thyself prevent the last days of thy life from slipping away from thee—a beneficent Deity has very wisely prescribed the various duties of mankind and he has so planned his programme that life should pass through well defined stages¹ Joy becomes youth—a thoughtful brow befits old age why shouldst thou curb thy nature as thou dost and blot out thy stage of youth the stage through which thou art now passing² The growing corn will afford a plentiful return to the husband man for his labor and each tender shoot will increase till it becomes a luxuriant blade and contributes its individual share towards producing an abundant harvest! And the sapling will eventually look down upon the forest with its lofty branches—the tree which no greedy hand has attempted to fell or rob of its umbrageous investiture—a man's mind—when it is well regulated is much more calculated to

liberty gives
ignorant of th

trian ideas thou art passing thy cheerless youth foregoing the pleasures of love! Dost thou think that this way of passing a life was ordained for man² that he should simply put up with every hardship and privation—that he should do nothing but break in horses for running races and to wage cruel wars in honor of sanguinary Mars² No—the chief parent of the universe has provided against such a contingency! When he said that the hand of Death was so eager to take away what he had made in order that he might replace the losses by producing fresh offsprings

Come on he said let love go forth amongst human affairs and play its part and it is that (Love) which fills up the vacancies and replenishes the races when they are becoming exhausted! The unattractive earth would remain in an uncultivated condition—the blue sea would rest

Solis & æter pervius ventis erit	
Quam varia leti genera mortalem trahunt	475
Carpuntque turbam, pontus, & ferrum, & dolus	
Sed fati credas deesse, sic vitam Styga	
Jam petimus ultro cœlibem vitam probet	
Sterilis juvenus, hoc erit, quidquid vides,	
Unius ævi turba, & in semet ruet	480
Proinde vitæ sequere naturam ducem	
Urbem frequenta, civium cœtus cole	
HIPP Non alia magis est libera, & vitio carens,	
Ritusque melius vita quæ priscos colit,	
Quam quæ relictis mœnibus silvas amat	485
Non illum avaræ mentis inflamat furor,	
Qui se dicavit montium infontem jugis	
Non aura populi, & vulgus infidum bonis,	
Non pestilens invidiæ, non fragilis favor	
Non ille regno servit, aut regno imminens,	490
Vanos honores sequitur, aut fluxas opes,	
Spei metusque liber haud illum niger	
Edaxque livor dente degeneri petit	
Nec fœdera populos inter atque urbes sita	
Novit, nec omnes conscius strepitus pavet	495
Haud verba fingit mille non quærit tegi	
Dives columnis, nec trabes multo insolens	
Suffigit auro non cruor laevis piæ	
Inundat aras, fruge nec sparsi sacra	
Centena nivei colla submittunt boves	500
Sed rure vacuo potitur, & aperto æthere	
Innocuus errat, callidas tantum feris	
Stansisse fraudes novit, & fessus gravi	
Labore, niveo corpus lasso foveat	
Nunc ille ripam celeris Alpheï legit	505
Nunc nemoris alti densa metatur loca,	
Ubi Lerna puro gelida pellucet vado,	

unvisited by any noble fleets—the winged aerial denizen of the sky would no longer be seen, and the wild animal would no more infest forests and the atmosphere would be left only for the use of Phœbus and Æolus! What different kinds of death take off and snap up the human race!—the sea—the sword—the poisoned cup! But can it be believed that the hand of Destiny is wanting on all this that we should seek willingly the dark realms of Pluto—that youth should choose a life of celibacy and not propagate the species—this would be the state of matters. Wherever thou castest thy eyes, there would only be one generation of every species of animality and every thing would come to a standstill with their disappearance from the scene! Therefore, follow the dictates

of nature the originator of life itself frequent the cities and cultivate the society of the citizens!

HIPP I do not think there is any life which gives one more liberty or one more free from harmful influences than that which inclines one to love the forests the cities being left out of one's calculation—There no madness of a covetous nature assails a man who devotes himself interfering with no one to the mountain fastnesses—he is not annoyed there with popular clamor—No vulgar herd to practise their treachery upon men of uprightness—no wretched envy—no questionable kindness—and what is more he is subject to no dominations but he that hangs about a kingdom seeks only for empty honors or the amassing of riches—the denizen of the forest is exempt from alternating hopes and fears nor do the loathsome fangs of wicked and voracious envy inflict their wounds upon him! Nor has he ever been brought in contact with such people as he would find there nor with the villainy they practise nor does a troubled conscience cause him to fear every popular outbreak! Nor has he to invent excuses or to tell lies!—like the rich man of the cities he does not sigh for a palace supported by a thousand columns nor in his pride does he adorn his palatial ceilings with a profusion of golden display—nor do a hundred snow white bulls submit their necks to the sacrificial knife and with the ceremonial meal thrown over them to be then served up as sacred offerings to the Gods! But he enjoys the open plains and wanders hurting no one—a free man breathing the free air! His only knowledge of deception is setting clever snares for the wild beasts and when wearied out with his hunting exertions he soothes his tired out frame by bathing in the silvery streams of the Ilissus! Sometimes he chooses the banks of the swiftly flowing Alpheus at other times he pitches upon the densest spot in the lofty forests for the purpose of laying his snares and then he will shift his scene of operations to where the cool Lerna is transparent with its crystal streams here the noisy birds give forth their various notes—here behold ancient beeches with their branches trembling whenever struck by the slightest puff of wind or sometimes it pleases him to confine himself to the banks of some wandering river or to pass his time in gentle slumber lying on the naked sod! or sometimes a tremendous fountain will pour down its rapid streams or at other times a swift murmur would strike the ear as the water ran in and out amongst the fresh flowers which line the banks and the fruit which falls blown down by the wind serves to satisfy his hunger

Sedemque mutat heic aves queulæ fremunt,
 Ramique ventis lene percussi tremunt,
 Veteresque fagi juvit aut annis vagi 510
 Pressisse ripas, cæspite aut nudo leves
 Duxisse somnos, sive fons largus citas
 Defundit undas, sive per flores novos
 Fugiente dulcis murmurat rivo fons
 Excussa silvis poma compescunt famem 515
 Et fraga parvis vulsa dumetis, cibos
 Faciles ministrant regios luxus procul
 Est impetus fugisse sollicito bibant
 Auro superbi quam juvat nuda manu
 Captasse fontem! ceterior somnus premit 520
 Secura duo membra versantem toro
 Non in recessu furta & obscuro improbus
 Quærit cubili, seque multiplici timens
 Domo recondit æthera ac lucem petit,
 Et teste cælo vivit hoc equidem reor 525
 Vixisse ritu, primi quos multos Deis
 Profudit ætas nullus his auri fuit
 Cæcus cupido nullus in campo facer
 Divisit agros arbiter populis lapis
 Nondum secabant ciedulæ pontum rates 530
 Sua quisque norat maria non vasto aggere
 Ciebiaque turre cinxerant urbes latus
 Non arma sæva miles aptabat manu,
 Nec torta clufas fregerat saxo gravi
 Balista portas, iussa nec dominum pati 535
 Juncto ferebat terra servitium bove
 Sed arva per se fœta poscentes nihil
 Pavere gentes silva nativas opes,
 Et opaca dederant antra nativas domos
 Rupere fœdus impius lucri furor, 540
 Et ira præceps quæque succensas agit
 Libido mentes venit imperii sitis
 Cruenta factus præda majori minor
 Pro jure vires esse tum primum manu
 Bellare nuda saxaque & ramos rudes 545
 Vertère in arma non erat gracili levis
 Armata ferro cornus, aut longo latus
 Mucrone cingens ensis, aut crista procul
 Gule comantes tela faciebat dolor

—and the wild strawberries plucked from amongst the small thickets afford him a very ready means of appeasing his appetite—he is possessed of an invincible desire to fly from royal luxuries. Kings are at liberty to quaff their wine from the golden goblet, amidst the uncertainties which surround royalty, but it delights him to take his draught from the nearest spring, the hollow of his hand

serving him as a
 weary with greater
 in security to a h
 not require as a thief, to hide away his pilferings in some
 sly corner or obscure place of concealment and who
 being always in fear of detection shifts his resting place
 (abode) from one locality to another! Nay! he seeks
 only the air and light of heaven and lives openly under
 the canopy of the sky! Indeed I suppose during the
 earlier ages when men mixed up with the gods they
 lived pretty much in this kind of way No one amongst
 such men as those was led headlong by any desire to
 amass heaps of gold No stone held sacred as the land
 mark of proprietorship parcelled out the lands amongst
 the people (at that time) Venturesome crafts had not at
 such an epoch dared to risk the dangers of the ocean—
 Every one knew his own sea—his own surroundings—they
 had not at that time encompassed their cities and depended
 the approaches thereto with vast walls and numerous
 towers—no soldier sighed to
 for slaughtering his fellow in
 directed against closed porta
 enormous stones which it hurled against them! Nor did
 the earth demand the necessity for any ploughman to
 guide the efforts of the yoked oxen! but the people
 demanding nothing but what was necessary for their
 existence with no anxious care about agriculture subsisted
 on what the fields fertile of their own accord afforded
 them The forests yielded up their native resources and
 obscure grottoes supplied them with habitations an im
 pious desire to obtain power then induced them to
 break treaties into which they had solemnly entered
 then heedless rage and the lawless desires which agitated
 the maddened mind then ensued the sanguinary thirst
 for power—the weaker man fell a prey to the stronger
 one—and instead of law and justice strength became
 the prevailing arbiter! then at first they fought with the
 naked fists and when they began to be more civilized
 ste—

w

w

sword with its tapering point attached to the side or
 crested helmets with their plumes shaken by the agitating
 breeze—univers
 of destruction
 and a thousand
 hence very soo
 land and the sea was even reddened by it! Then crimes
 having no bounds spread into every dwelling and no

Invenit artes bellicus Mavors novis,	550
Et mille formas mortis hunc teras cruor	
Infecit omnes fufus, & rubuit mare	
Tum scelera, demto fine, per cunctas domos	
Iete nullum eruit exemplo nefas	
A fratris frater, dextera nati parens	555
Cecidit, mortuus conjugis ferro jacet,	
Perimuntque fœtus impiæ matres suos	
Taceo noveicas mitius nil est feris	
Sed duæ malorum femina hæc scelerum artifex	
Obsedit animos, cujus infestæ stupris	560
Fumant tot urbes, bella tota gentes gerunt,	
Et versa ab imo regna tot populos premunt	
Sileantur uris soli conjux Algæ	
Medea reddit feminas diuum genus	
NUTR Cur omnium sit culpa paucarum scelus?	565
HIPP Detestor omnes, horreo fugio, execro	
Sit ratio, sit natura, sit diuus furor	
Odiffe prœcui ignibus iunges iuvas,	
Et amica ritibus ante promittet vira	
Incerta Syrtis, ante ab extremo sinu	570
Hesperia Tethys lucidum attollet diem,	
Et ora damis blanda præbebunt lupi,	
Quam victus animum feminae mitem geram	
NUTR Sepe obstinatis induit frenos amor,	
Et odia mutat regna materna aspice	575
Illæ feroces sentiunt Veneris iugum	
Testaris istud unicus gentis puer	
HIPP Solamen unum matris amissæ sero,	
Odiffe quod jam feminas omnes licet	
NUTR Ut dura cautes undique intactabilis	580
Resistit undis, & lacescentes aquas	
Longe remittit, verba sic si erant mea	
Sed Phædra præceps graditui, impatiens moræ	
Quo se dabit fortuna? quo veiget furor?	
Terræ repente corpus exanimatum accidit,	585
Et ora morti similis obduxit color	
Attolle vultus, dimove vocis moras	
Tuus enī alumna, temet Hippolytus tenet	

crime was committed that had not a precedent! Brother slew brother, and parent fell by the right hand of son, husband lay prostrate by the sword of a wife, and impious mothers destroyed their own offspring—I will be silent about stepmothers, nothing is less cruel even amongst the wild beasts! But a woman is the leader of all mischief—this architect of crimes besieges the minds of mankind in consequence of whose adulteries, entire cities have been noted incestuous and have been burnt to the ground. Many nations wage war on this account, and kingdoms

thus cast down from their lowest foundations have ruined so many peoples! Let no mention be made of others Medea to wit the wife of Ægeus is sufficient to make through her acts the whole race of womankind detestable!

NUR Why should the crimes of the few be construed as the sins of the many

HIPP I detest them all I dread them I avoid them I curse their very existence! Whatever the reason may be whether it is my nature to do so or whether it be some inexplicable madness (on my part) it nevertheless pleases me to hate them! Thou mayst attempt to amalgamate fire and water or rather reckon upon a favorable voyage for thy crafts over the treacherous sands of the Syrtes or rather that the Hesperian Iethys should expect the god of light (Phœbus) to reverse his chariot and cause the sun to rise at the western extremity of his journey! And the rapacious wolf will learn to gaze with absolute affection upon the timid deer—when I am so far subdued as to entertain a mild feeling towards womankind

NUR Love often breaks in obstinate rebellious hearts and changes their hatred into the tender passion—Think of thy mother's kingdom the ferocious Amazonian women feel the force of love—Thou (a boy) the only remaining male descendant of that race art a living proof!

HIPP This consolation the only one I retain for my having lost my mother is that I am now able to hate all women!

NUR A ha—good old man—on—d—d—d—
to the way
the waters
no impres
back (reject) my appeal but Phædra impatient of delay
abruptly advances
Hippolytus here?
On a sudden she
and a death like pallor comes over her face! Raise thy
eyes look at me speak quickly behold! my nurse child
thy own Hippolytus! 'Tis Hippolytus himself who holds
thee in his arms! (This is said to rouse Phædra out of
her swoon)

PHÆDRA, HIPPOLYTUS, NUTRIX,
FAMULI

Juvenis pudicitiam omni arte oppugnant nec expugnant
ad fraudem itaque confugiunt & calumnias

- PH **Q**UIS me dolori reddit, atque æstus graves
Reponit animo³ quam bene excideram mihi³ 590
Cur dulce munus redditæ lucis fugis³
Aude, anime tenta perage mandatum tuum
Intrepida constant verba qui timide rogat
Docet negare magna pars sceleris mei
Olim peracta est ferus est nobis pudor 595
Amivimus nefanda si cœpta exsequor,
Forſan jugali cimen abscondam face
Honestæ quædam scelera successus facit
En, incipe, anime commodas paulum, precor,
Secretus aures si quis est, abeat, comes 600
HIPPE En, locus ab omni liber arbitrio vacat
PH Sed ora cœptis transitum verbis negant
Vis magna vocem emittit, at major tenet
Vos testor omnes, cœlites, hoc, quod volo,
Me nolle 605
HIPPE Animusne cupiens aliquid effari nequit³
PH Cuiæ leves loquuntur ingentes stupent
HIPPE Committe curas auribus, mater, meis
PH Matris superbum est nomen, & nimium potens
Nostros humiliter nomen affectus decet 610
Me vel sororem, Hippolyte, vel famulam voca
Famulamque potius omne servitium feriam
Non me, per ultas ire si jubeas nives,
Pigeat gelatis ingredi Pindi jugis

PHÆDRA—HIPPOLYTUS—NURSE—ATTENDANTS.

They all try to overcome the virtue of Hippolytus, but
without success, they have recourse to deceit and
calumny

PHÆDRA

WHO is it that is restoring me to my old anguish
(now that I am coming to) and is bringing back
the dreadful tumultuosities which agitate my soul?
How well it was, when my senses had left me (alluding
to the swoon and the mental respite it had afforded)
Take courage! oh! my soul, let me try my utmost!

Why do I refuse the welcome arrival of light shining as it were on a dark place (alluding to the arrival of Hippolytus who is standing by)? Let me carry out the task already determined upon! (To the Nurse) Courageous words will often succeed! Whilst they who timidly appeal only tacitly ask for a rude repulse!—I am the chief performer in this drama of crime and it has already been half enacted any reluctant feelings on my part are now too late for me to be showing! I have chosen to love in a criminal manner and if I persevere as I commenced perhaps! who knows? I shall be able to neutralize the crime after all with the kindly aid of the marriage knot (that is if Theseus does not return Hippolytus may be induced to marry me) Success we all know some times makes even certain downright crimes wear the appearance of glorious deeds! Now let me begin But oh! for the courage to do so! Give me a hearing Hippolytus I pray for a short time! but alone—if there be any companion or attendant near let him go away!

HIPP Look here is a spot which is free from any intrusive observation

PH But my tongue forbids me to utter what I want to say just as I am about to begin—Great exertion enables me to speak but a stronger power chokes my utterance—I call all the heavenly gods to witness this do not thou be unwilling to grant me what I crave

HIPP Let not the heart desire anything which cannot find language to express what is the thing that is sought for!

PH Trivial matters are easily spoken of but those of overwhelming concern are difficult to approach!

HIPP Trust thy cares to my ears mother!

PH That name of mother Hippolytus is no doubt a proud one but from thy lips it sounds too inapplicable for me a milder name would represent my love towards thee Hippolytus Call me sister I'hedra or slave any name but mother—I prefer the word slave—as I will render to thee all the duties of a slave it would not distress me if thou shouldst command me to walk in the deepest snows—to climb the frozen mountain sides of Pindus nor if thou orderedst me to pass through the raging fires and the hostile battalions in battle array would I hold back from presenting this breast of mine to the pointed sword! Accept the throne which shall be

- Non, si per ignes ire & infesta agmina, 615
 Cuncter paratis ensibus pectus dare
 Mandata recipe sceptrā, me famulam accipe
 Te imperia regere, me decet iussu exsequi
 Muliebre non est regna tutari urbium
 Tu, qui iuventæ flore primævo viges, 620
 Cives paterno fortis imperio rege
 Sinu receptam, supplicem, ac servam tege
 Miserere viduæ HIPP Summus hoc omen Deus
 Avertat aderit sospes actutum parens
 PH Regni tenacis dominus, & tricitæ Stygis, 625
 Nullam relictos fecit ad superos viam
 Thaliam remittet ille raptorem sui²
 Nisi forte amor placidus & Pluton fedel
 HIPP Illum quidem æqui cœlites reducem dabunt
 Sed, dum tenebit vota in incerto Deus, 630
 Pietate caros debita fratres colam,
 Et te merebor, esse ne viduam putes
 Ac tibi parentis ipse supplebo locum
 PH O spes amantum credula! o fallax amor!¹
 Satisne dixit² precibus admotis agam 635
 Miserere tricitæ mentis exaudi preces
 Libet loqui, pigetque HIPP Quodnam istud malum est³
 PH Quod in novercam cadere vix credas malum
 HIPP Ambigua voce verba perplexa jadis,
 Effare aperte PH Pectus insanum vapor 640
 Amorque torret intimas sævus vorat
 Penitus medullas, atque per venas meat
 Visceribus ignis missus & venis latens,
 Ut agilis altas flamma percurrit trabes
 HIPP Amore nempe Thesei casto furis 645
 PH Hippolyte, sic est Thesei vultus amo
 Illos priores, quos tulit quondam puer,

handed over to thee, and accept me as a willing slave!
 It is only right that thou shouldst rule the kingdom, and
 that I should obey thy commands—it is not a woman's
 duty to undertake the sovereign power over the cities.
 Thou who art in the very prime of youthful manhood,
 and vigor, and brave withal, do thyself govern the
 citizens in thy father's Kingdom! Protect me as thy
 humble suppliant servant, whom I pray thee, to receive
 into thy bosom (the bosom of protection not of love),
 pity me a widow!

HIPP May the chief of the Gods avert such a predic-
 tion from being verified (that Phædra should be a widow),
 my parent will soon return in safety

PH The monarch of that Kingdom, which keeps a

tenacious grasp on its subjects and the ruler of the silent Styx—has not ordained for them a way back to the earth above when once they have quitted it and it is not likely that he will release those who meditated the capture of his spouse unless indeed Pluto is indulgent and inclined to connive at the daring amour of the ravisher!

HIPP The Gods of heaven more favorable however will allow him to return but whilst they may be regarding his wishes as uncertain I will take charge of my dear brothers with that affection which I ought to show them and let my reward be that thou wilt no longer consider thyself a widow as I will myself fill up the place of their absent parent

PH Oh! the clinging hope of credulous love! Oh! the love that is playing with my affection! Have I not declared myself sufficiently I will approach thee once more with my entreaties! Pity me listen to the prayers of a heart that dares not to speak out! I would speak more plainly but I cannot! it grieves me to confess what I feel!

HIPP What is the evil which troubles thee in this manner?

PH An evil which thou wouldst scarcely believe could befall any stepmother! love for her stepson!

HIPP Thou throwest out puzzling expressions in such ambiguous language too speak out openly

PH The fire of my passionate love is burning within my maddened breast and with its cruel flames it is consuming the very marrow of my bones and traverses the innermost blood vessels of my body and that latent fire descends to my very entrails and courses through the deeply seated veins just as the active flames capriciously ascend till they reach the lofty ceilings!

HIPP Thou art raving now of course—in consequence of the chaste love thou hast for Theseus

PH The fact of the matter Hippolytus is this (when I gaze on thee) I look back with admiration on the face of Theseus which he had in days gone by that face which he had when a boy when the incipient beard began to show itself on his cheeks in the freshness of his youth

Cum prima puris barba signaret genas, Monstrique caecam Gnosii vidi domum Et longa curva fila collegit via	650
Quis tum ille fulsit! presierant vitæ comam Et ora flavus tenera tingebat rubor Inerant licetis mollibus sortes tori Tureæ Phœbes vultus aut Phœbi mei Tuusque potius talis en talis fuit	655
Cum placuit hosti sic tulit cellum crina In te magis refulget incomtus decor Et genitor in te totus & torvæ tamen Pars aliqua matris miscet ex æquo decus In ore Gryxo Scythicus apparet rigor	660
Si cum parente Creticum intrâles fretum Tibi fila potius nostræ nevisset foror Te te foror, quicunque fiderei poli In parte fulges iuvoco ad causum parem Domus forores una corripuit duras	665
Te genitor at me natus en supplex jace. Allapsa genibus regis proles domus. Respersa labe nulla & intacta, innocens. Tibi mutor uni certa descendî ad preces. Finem hic dolori faciet, aut vitæ dies	670
Miserere amantis HIPPO Magne regnator Deum Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides? Ecquando fera fulmen emittes manu Si nunc ferenum est? omnis impulsus ruit Æther & atris nubibus condit diem.	675
Ac versa retro sidera obliquos agant Retorti cursus tuque sidereum caput Radiate, tantumne nefas stirpis ture Speculere? lucem merge, & in tenebris fuge. Cur dextra Divum rector atque hominum, vocat	680
Tua, nec trifida mundus ardescit face? In me tona, me fige me velox cremet Transactus ignis sum nocens merui mori Placui novercæ dignus en stupris ego Scelereque tanto visus? ego solus tibi	685

and innocence, when he first caught sight of the hidden home of the Gnosian Monster (the Minotaur) and when he gathered up the clue (the threads) which guided his steps along the winding paths of the Labyrinth! How radiant he looked at that time! Delicate wreaths confined his locks and carnation hues pervaded his tender cheeks, but powerful muscles lay beneath the soft skin of his arms! Were his features (let me think) those of thy beloved Phœbe or of my progenitor Phœbus, or rather thy own, yes! just thy own, as they were, when he first found favor with the daughter (Ariadne) of his enemy

Minos—just like thee he posed his lofty head but there is a natural born attractiveness in thee which shows to greater advantage (more than what art can supply) but there is all the father nevertheless about thee yet some portion of the striking dignity thou possessest is obviously traceable equally to thy savage Queen Mother Antiope—thy countenance combines the stern physiognomy of the Scythian with the delicate contour of the Greek! If thou hadst set out for the Cretan Sea with thy parent my sister (Ariadne) could rather have spun those fatal threads (the clue) for thee! Oh! thou sister of mine in whatever part of the starry heavens thou mayst be shining I invoke thee to aid my cause so similar to thine own! One race has wrecked the happiness of two sister thou lovest the father—and I love the son! Behold! the offspring of a royal line of ancestors suppliantsly approaches thee on her bended knees—contaminated by no crime my virtue still intact spotless in purity! I am changed from all this as regards thee alone! Confident of my success I have humiliated my elf by vain entreaties!—This day shall either release me of this consuming passion or there shall be an end of my existence Do pity the loving woman at thy feet!

HIPP Oh! great ruler of the Gods with what slowness do crimes reach thy ears with what tardiness dost thou take cognizance of them! Why wilt thou not send forth thy lightnings with thy terrible hand even if it be quite serenely disposed at this present moment? Let the entire sky fall with the shock of the power and shut out the light with the blackest of clouds and let the stars driven back perform their oblique functions in an opposite direction! And thou (Hæbus) the head and chief of the starry throng—thou grand luminary—wilt thou not take notice of this terrible wickedness in one of thy race and lest thou shouldst see it drown the day itself and retire into thy self created darkness! Why oh! thou ruler of the Gods and men is thy right hand withheld and why is not the world set on fire by thy three forked lightnings! Visit me with thy lightnings let me be singled out for thy violent shocks—let thy swift fires pass through and consume me forthwith! I am a guilty wretch and deserve to die—I have inspired my stepmother with criminal desires! Behold! Shall I live to be regarded as an object for lustful passion and as one capable of countenancing such horrible impiety? Oh! why was it that I should have been selected as a ready target for thy crime? Has my religious austerity as regards women deserved all this? Oh for that entire female portion of

Matera facilis³ hoc meus meruit rigor³
 O scelere vincens omne semineum genus¹
 O major rursus matre monstriferi malum,
 Genitrice pejor¹ illa se tantum stupro
 Contaminavit, & tamen tacitum diu
 Crimen bisolui partus exhibuit notis,
 Scelusque matris arguit vultu truci
 Ambiguus infans ille te venter tulit
 O ter quaterque prospero fato diti,
 Quos hausit, & peremit, & leto dedit
 Odium, dolusque! genitor, invideo tibi
 Colchide noveica major hoc, major malum est
 PH Et ipsa nostræ fata cognosco domus
 Fugienda petimus sed mei non sum potens
 Te vel per ignes, per mare infernum sequar,
 Rupesque, & amnes, unda quos torrens rapit
 Quacunque gressus tuleris, hic imens agrar
 Iterum, superbe, genibus advolvor tuis
 HIPPOCR Procul impudicos corpore & casto amove
 Tactus quid hoc est³ etiam in amplexus ruit³
 Stringitui ensis merita supplicia exigit
 En, impudicum crine contoito cupit
 Læva reflexi justior nunquam fociis
 Datus tuis est sanguis, arcitenens Dea
 PH Hippolyte, nunc me compotem voti facis
 Sanas fuientem majus hoc voto meo est,
 Salvo ut pudore manibus immoriar tuis
 HIPPOCR Abscede vive ne quid exoies & hic
 Contactus ensis deferat castum latus
 Quis eluet me Tanais³ aut quæ barbaris
 Mæotis undis Pontico incumbens mari³
 Non ipse toto magnus Oceano præter
 Tantum exprobit sceleris o silvæ! o feræ!
 NUTR Deprensa culpa est anime, quid segnis stupes³
 Regeramus ipsi crimen, atque ultro impiam
 Venerem arguamus scelere velandum est scelus

the universe that subdue mankind by their insidious conquests! Oh! Crime greater than that committed by Pasiphae, that monster-bearing mother! Worse art thou than that mother! She defiled herself with adultery only! and however the crime was hidden for a long time, the parturition proclaimed the shocking deed, in the two formed being which revealed her infamy! And an ambiguous infant with, the horrible visage of a bull set the matter at rest! She bore thee in the same womb! Oh! thrice and four times blessed are those handed over to a more fortunate fate, whom the hatred and treachery of step-mothers have wounded, ruined and finally put out of the

world! Oh! my father! I envy thee even! This crime is worse than was that of such stepmothers as the Colchian Medea with the poisoned bowl! It is a greater calamity this one (for me) to be ensnared by the mysterious love of a stepmother!

PH And I myself am not unacquainted with the destinies of our race—we always seek to gun what ought to be avoided but although I am not powerful in myself yet I will follow thee through fire across the tempestuous sea over rocks and rivers which are converted into absolute torrents with their impetuosity! Wherever thou wendest thy way I shall be madly led on (by my love for thee) and be constantly at thy side! Oh! proud man thou for the second time I turn towards thee and cling myself around thy knees!

HIPP What is this? (retreating a little) Remove the contact of thy adulterous self from my chaste person! Let go! Why she is actually embracing me! Let my sword quit its scabbard it must exact condign punishment! (seizing Phædra) Look with these curled locks which I am holding in my left hand I have bent back thy adulterous head (Phædra shows an upturned face) and never could blood have been offered at thy altars with greater justification oh! quiver bearing Diana! (This was also an epithet applied to Apollo)

PH Hippolytus thou art now making me a participatrix in thy desires thou art curing me of my madness and thy act exceeds any previous wish of mine it is this, that I should die by thy hands with my chastity unsullied!

HIPP Go away live ask for nothing at my hands and this blade of mine after having been in contact merely with thy adulterous body shall never more hang from my side hithert - What Tanais
(a river in Scy this? or what
marshy Meotis waters into the
Euxine Sea? Nor even the great father himself of the
entire ocean world (Neptune) could cleanse me from this
foul contamination! Oh! for the forests then! Oh! for
the wild beasts to fall back upon (as a means of my
purification)!

NUR This criminal plot of ours is completely seen through by Hippolytus! Why should I hesitate what to do Oh! happy thought of mine! I must fasten the crime on Hippolytus and give out that he on his own accord made

Tutissimum est inscisse, cum timeas, gradum
 Ausc priorcs simus, an passu nefas
 Secreta cum sit culpa, quis testis sciet
 Adeste, Athenæ fidi famulorum manus, 725
 Fer opem nefandi raptor Hippolytus supra
 Infra, premitque mortis intentat metum
 Fero pudicam terret en, præcepit abiit
 Ensemque trepidæ liquit attonitus fuga
 Pignus tenemus sceleris Hinc mactam prius 730
 Recreare criminis tractus & læcere comæ,
 Ut sunt, remanerant facinoris tanti notæ
 Referte in urbem Recipe jam sensus, hauri
 Quid te ipsa læcerans omnium aspectum fugis
 Mens impudicam facere, non casus solet 735

CHORUS

Precatur Chorus, ut bene cedat Hippolyto formæ, quæ plerisque
 fuit exitio Ihesæi reditum prospicit

FUGIT insanæ similis procellæ,
 Ocior nubes glomerante Coio,
 Ocior cussum rapiante flammæ,
 Stellæ cum ventis agitata longos
 Porrigit ignes 740
 Conferat tecum decus omne priscum
 Formæ, matris senioris ævi
 Pulchriori tanto tua formæ lucet,
 Clarioi quanto micat orbe pleno,
 Cum suos ignes coeunte cornu 745
 Junxit, & curru properante pernox
 Exserit vultus iubicunda Phœbe,
 Nec tenent stellæ faciem minores
 Qualis est primas iuferens tenebris
 Nuntius noctis, modo lotus undis 750
 Hesperus, pulsus iterum tenebris
 Lucifer idem

the lustful advances and importuned Phædra with his unlawful love, and our crime must be glossed over by charging him with it—it is the safest plan we can act upon, whilst any apprehension has possession of us, we must take the initiative or we may be the sufferers for this crime ourselves! When the crime is more shrouded in secrecy who can possibly appear as a witness to what he has never seen? (the Nurse then cries out) Athenians, come hither, ye faithful band of servitors, help! help! This ravishe, Hippolytus, is intent on committing a most

revolting act of adultery on the Queen—he is urging his criminal suit and actually threatens her with the fear of death—he is intimidating her to yield up her virtue with this wicked sword! Look there he is running away precipitately and being somewhat taken aback at the Queen's determined resistance has left his sword behind in his hurried escape! We must preserve this sword as a memento of the crime! But first of all let us soothe this sad sufferer! (meaning Phædra) (Then addressing the Queen she says) Let thy locks hang down in a state of disorder let them remain rumpled as they are as positive indications of such a criminal outrage (on the part of the ravisher)—Go into the city Mistress and spread the report far and wide and then thou canst collect thy faculties somewhat! Why shouldst thou be tearing away at thyself and avoid the gaze of every one? It is the consent to do evil that constitutes a woman's criminality but not the mere accident of having been exposed to its danger!

CHORUS

The Chorus prays that Beauty which has been a source of destruction to many should turn out favorably as regards Hippolytus They look forward to the return of Theseus!

HIPPOLYTUS flies into the woods with the velocity of the angry tempest more rapidly than any north west wind gathering together the clouds it meets with and driving them before it—more quickly than the flash pursuing its way when a star disturbed by the storm shoots forth its light along an extended tract! Reputation that ardent admirer of the great and heroic who figured in bygone times will compare their ancient deeds by the side of thine—for example thy face will be lauded to the skies as more beautiful than all others in the same proportion as the moon shines more brightly in the plenitude of her brilliancy than the minor sources of light (the stars) when blushing Phœbe approximates the two extremities of her luminous disc (in other words when her cornua meet and she becomes the full moon) and when reclining in her hastening chariot she shows her bright visage the whole night through! nor can the minor stars at that time maintain their usual brilliancy! Just like thy beauty is the messenger of night (Hesperus) which ushers in the approaching period of darkness (night) quite lately refreshed by its near contact with the sea! (The ancients thought

Et tu thyrsigera Libei ab India,
 Intonsa juvenis perpetuum coma,
 Tigres pampinea cuspidè territans, 755
 Ac mitra cohibens cornigerum caput,
 Non vinces rigidis Hippolyti comas
 Nec vultus nimium suspicis tuos,
 Omnes per populos fabula distulit,
 Phœdiæ quem Bromio pretulerit foror 760
 Anceps formæ bonum mortalibus,
 Exiguū donum breve temporis,
 Ut velox celeri pede laberis!
 Non sic prætati novo vere decenti
 Æstatis calidè despoliat vapor, 765
 Savit solstitio cum mediis dies,
 Et noctem brevibus precipitat rotis,
 Linguescunt folio liliæ pallido
 Et gratiæ capiti deficiunt rosæ
 Ut fulgor, teneris qui radiat gemis, 770
 Momento rripitur! nullaque non dies
 Formosi spoliū corporis abstulit
 Res est forma fugax quis sapiens bono
 Confidat fragili? dum licet, utere
 Tempus te tacitum subruet, horaque 775
 Semper præteritæ deterior subit
 Quid deserti petis? tutior arvis
 Non est forma locis te nemore abdito,
 Cum Titon medium constituit diem,
 Cinget turbæ licens, Naiades improbæ, 780
 Formosos solitæ claudere fontibus
 Et somnis facient insidias tuis
 Lascivæ nemorum Dææ,
 Montivagique Pænes
 Aut te stellifero despicieus polo 785
 Sidus, post veteres Arcadis editum,
 Currus non poterit flectere candidos
 Et nuper rubuit, nullaque lucidis
 Nubes fordidiore vultibus obstitit

that the stars and heavenly bodies derived nourishment from moistening influences) and by and bye, under the name of Lucifer, announces the arrival of bright day (the darkness being then driven away)—and thou, Bacchus, returned from thy Indian travels where thou taughtest the people to carry the thyrsus like thyself, thou, the youth, with his looks perpetually worn long, scaring the very tigers with thy spear bound around with vine leaves, and wearing a turban (the oriental headgear) on thy horn-bearing head, thou wilt never surpass the severe locks of Hippolytus, and for that reason do not think too admiringly of thy own appearance! The story has gone

forth amongst all the peoples how the sister of Phædra took a fancy to Bacchus (Bromius was a surname of Bacchus) Beauty after all is a very questionable gift from the gods to us poor mortals a gift which lasts only a short time! Oh! Beauty, how quickly thou passest away! With what rapid steps! Less rapidly indeed does the heats of a scorching summer burn up the meadows which looked—ah! so inviting at the coming of spring not more easily either when the middle of the day grows oppressive with the sun right over our heads and when night is shortened by the changing of the chariots—not more easily do the lilies fade with their color forsaken leaves nor are the scarce roses (wreaths) more welcome for the adornment of the heads of the wearers! How! beauty which brightens up and vivifies the tender cheek is snatched from its possessor in a second! And there is not a single day of our lives that does not filch away a portion of our ephemeral comeliness of which too the body is so proud! Beauty is a fleeting possession What wise man places any dependence on frail beauty only? while it does last however use it as an advantageous gift! The ravages of silent time will conquer thee and each hour that slips along is followed by another which perpetuates the process of decay! Why dost thou go in quest of deserted places Beauty is not more secure against attack because the places are lonely and inaccessible! If thou hidest thyself in a shady wood of the densest grove for a midday snooze when the sun has arrived at his Meridian (noon) some lascivious troop will spy thee out and surround thee with their emulating allurements—the saucy Naiades who are accustomed to confine in their streams those who possess youth and beauty and the lustful goddesses of the grove (the Dryades) will stealthily approach thee in thy slumbers and the mountain-roaming Faun (Pan) from the God (Pan) or some Luminary gazing at thee with admiration from out of the starry heavens (Phœbe as she admired Endymion) of newer origin than the ancient inhabitants of Arcadia will err in guiding as usual her silver chariot and then blush (in her modesty) at the cause of the interruption! For no dull cloud was it that interfered with her bright visage! But we are concerned at the sight of the dimmed luminary and thinking that was to be traced to the Thessalian incantations and that the magicians had induced her to visit the Earth we listened for the tinklings (the sounds produced by their brass cymbals)—thou wast the object that attracted her and the cause of the chariot's delay Whilst the goddess watches thee at night she slackens her rapid pace! Let the searching

At nos solliciti lumine turbido	700
Inactum Ithacis carminibus rati	
Innitus dedimus tu fueras labor	
Et tu crassa morte te Dei nocturnum	
Dum spectat, celeris sustinuit vis	
Vexent hanc faciem frigora parum	705
Hæc solem facies rarius appetit	
Lucebit Pario marmore clarius	
Quam grata est facies torva viriliter	
Et pondus veteris triste supercilii	
Phæbo colla licet splendida comparet	800
Illum exsaries, nescis colligi	
Perfundens humeros ornat & integrit	
Le frons hirta decet te brevior coma	
Nulla lege precens tu licet asperos	
Pugnacesque Deos viribus arceas,	805
Et vasti spatii vincere corporis,	
I quas Herculeos jam juvenis toros	
Martis belligeri pectoris latior	
Si dorso libeat cornipedis velui,	
Trenis Cristores mobilior manu	810
Spartanum poteris flectere Cyllaron	
Amentum digitis tendere prioribus,	
Et totis jaculum dirige viribus,	
Parum longe, dociles spicula figere,	
Non mittent gracilem Cretes arundinem	815
Aut si tela modo spargere Parthico	
In cælum placeat, nulla sine alite	
Descendent, tepido viscere condita	
Predam de mediis nubibus afferes	
Raris forma viris (secula prospice)	820
Impunita fuit te melior Deus	
Tutum prætereat, formaque nobilis	
Deformis senii monstret imaginem	
Quid sint inausum femine præceps furoi	
Nefanda juveni crimina insonti parat	825
En scelera, querit crine lacerato fidem	
Decus omne turbat capitis humectat genas	
Instituit omnis fraude femina dolus	
Sed iste quisquam est, regium in vultu decus	
Gerens, & alto vertice attollens caput	830
Ut ora juveni parat Pirithoo gerit	
Ni languido candore pallescent genæ,	
Staretque recta squallor incultus coma	
En, ipse Theseus redditus teneis adest	

cold be more merciful to such a face, let that face avoid the sun's scorching rays as much as possible, and it will shine fairer than the whitest Parian marble—How pleasant to behold is thy stern face, with thy manly

bearing and gravity and majesty of thy noble brow! we
 can really compare thy magnificent and stately neck
 with that of Apollo himself. Thy hair which I never
 gathered up but droop down gracefully over thy
 shoulders which whilst it adorn it conceal in its
 measure the hairy vices become thee and thy look
 portend somewhat ban in downy curls by art in-
 terfered with by the hand of Art it will be grateful
 thee to put to rest trouble me and night's sleep. I
 with thy strength and to overcome them with thy wonder-
 ful expanse of body altho' but a youth thou art a
 match for a Hercules as to his muscle and braver
 than the fighter. God Mars alight the chest and if it
 pleased thee to mount the center thou wouldst win the
 Spartan Collar. (a belt given to Cræsus by Jupiter and
 which Neptune had given to Jupiter into better objection
 and held the riddle with a more wonderful hand than
 Castor himself. Stretch the bow string with thy strong
 fingers and hoot forth the dart with all thy might and
 the most skillful archer of Crete could not hurl the
 slender arrow or throw the javelin as far as thou couldst
 or if it pleased thee to aim at any object in the sky
 after the manner of the Isthmian thy arrow would
 impugn its mark and would not descend to the Earth
 minus the bird it had struck the arrow indeed having
 reached out its warm entrails! They will bring thee a
 prize home some day from the midst of the cloud -
 Beauty has been a harmful gift to very few men however
 we shall continue on may a propitious deity pass thee
 over in that respect and may thy noble appearance let
 thee unimpaired up to the threshold of old age! Is what
 (unattempted ever before) dead will not the hardlong
 passion of a frenzied woman lead her? Here a woman
 devises in abominable crime should be committed by an
 innocent youth oh what shocking wickedness! he is
 raving now about his crime (as she call it) and expect
 to be believed with her hair all dishevelled she disturbs
 the arrangement of every ornamental appendage about
 her head and manages to deluge her pale cheeks with
 tears! Every thing calculated to make good her story is
 brought into requisition by this woman cunning! But
 hark! who is that coming with the look of unimpaired
 majesty about him and pouring his head with a lofty
 carriage! How much he bears the appearance of that
 companion of his youth Isthmian! But his cheeks are
 pale with a sickly kind of whiteness (care worn pallor)
 and he stands forth with his bristly hair and his entire
 person dirty and repulsive looking from neglect! Behold!
 Theseus himself is here returned to the Earth at last!

ACTUS TERTIUS

THESEUS, NUTRIX

Reversus ab inferis Theseus domestici luctus causam ⁊ nutrice
obviam sciscitatur illa se hoc tantum scire respondet,
Phædræ necis consilium misse

TANDEM profugi noctis æteine plagam, 835
Vastoque manes carcere umbrantem polum
Ut vix cupitum sufferunt oculi diem!
Jam quanta Eleusini dona Tryptolemi fecit,
Paremiq; toties Libra composuit diem,
Ambiguus ut me sortis ignote labor 840
Detinuit inter mortis & vitæ mæla
Purs una vitæ mansit extincto mihi
Sensus malorum finis Alcides fuit
Qui cum revulsum Tartaro extraheret canem,
Me quoque supernas pariter ad sedes tulit 845
Sed fessa virtus robore antiquo cæret,
Trepidantque gressus heu, labor quantus fuit
Phlegethonte ab imo petere longinquum æthera,
Pariterque mortem fugere, & Alcidem sequi!
Quis fletus vires flebilis pepulit meas? 850
Expomat aliquis luctus, & lacrimæ, & dolor,
In limine ipso mœsta lamentatio,
Hospitia digna prorsus inferno hospite
NUTR Tenet obstinatum Phædra consilium necis,
Fletusque nostros spernit, ac morti imminet 855
THES Quæ causa leti? reduce cui moeritur viro?
NUTR Hæc ipsa letum causæ maturum attulit
THES Perplexæ magnum verba nescio quid tegunt
Effare sperite, quis gravet mentem dolor

ACT III

THESEUS—NURSE

Theseus having returned from the infernal regions, seeks information of the nurse respecting the cause of all this domestic grief she replies it would be best that he should be acquainted, with the fact that Phædra had been threatened with death by Hippolytus

THE DUS

I HAVE escaped at last from the region of eternal night and the omphalos which enhralls the Mines with what difficulty my eye tolerates the glare of that day light which I have so long been wishing to behold already I feel it has yielded the four annual crops to Triptolemus (under the auspices of Ceres) and Libra the (Balance) has often made the day and night equal and the anxious imagination that at my own exertions I have kept me peculating as to the delicate disadvantage of Life or Death that which under my circumstances would have been the more acceptable. One part of my vitality (otherwise practically dead) was joined to me which was the inferior portion of that existence. Alceus became my deliverer from all the earthly which when he had forced the gates of Hell and driven Cerberus away from his post as tutelary genius I rescued him with him to the regions above but my battered strength lacks its ancient vigor and I tremble as I walk alone. Ah! how great was the exertion required to reach this earthly sky, so far off as it is from the lower depths of Hades! Oh! think of it once and the time from the death which had threatened me and to keep pace with Hercules! (alluding to the length of ground covered by the strides of that hero). What laborious journeying is it that assails my ears some one tell me quickly all this bewailing tear and grief—what is it all about? A weeping entertainment at one's very door steps (there holds not altogether a welcome mode of reception to a guest only just arrived fresh from the Infernal regions.

NUR Thedra adheres to her determined notion about dying she spurns all my tearful apprehensions and is bent upon death.

THEB What reason is there for death? Why should she be wishing to die just as her husband has returned too?

NUR This course for her seeking death has made that death ripe for being carried into effect.

THEB I do not know what important thing it is thy puzzling language conceals it from my comprehension—Speak out plainly! What great trouble oppresses the mind of my wife.

NUTR Haud pandit ulli mœstra secretum occultit,
 Statuitque secum ferre, quo moritur malum
 Jam perge, quæso, perge prope rato est opus
 THES Referate clufos iegu postes Iuris 860

THESEUS, PHÆDRA, FAMULI

Primum simulat Phædræ mori se malle, quæ vim sibi illatam revelare
 Theseo cui deinde nutrici ciucritum minitanti ostendit gladium,
 quem Hippolytus abjectum reliquisset

○
 THES SOCIA thalami, ficcine adventum viti,
 Et expetiti conjugis vultum excipis? 865
 Quin ense viduas dexteram? atque animum mihi
 Restituis? & te quidquid e vita fugat
 Expromis? PH Eheu, per tui sceptum imperii,
 Magnanime Theseu, perque natorum indolem,
 Tuosque ieditus, perque jam cineres meos, 870
 Permite mortem THES Cruræ quæ cogit mori?
 PH Si causæ leti dicitur, fructus perit
 THES Nemo istud alius, me quidem excepto, audiet
 PH Aures pudica conjugis solas timet
 THES Effraie fido pectore arcana oculam 875
 PH Alium filere quod voles, primus file
 THES Leti facultas nulla continget tibi
 PH Mori volenti deesse mors nunquam potest
 THES Quod fit luendum morte delictum, indicæ

NUR She tells nobody—sad enough she hides her secret, and has resolved to keep up the grief, from which she is dying already, in her own secret bosom—Come now at once—I pray thee come, there is need for hasty action

THES Unlock the closed portals of the royal chamber

THESEUS—PHÆDRA—SERVANTS

Phædra first pretends that she would rather die than tell Theseus what violence had been offered to her, to whom, when he threatens to punish the nurse, she shows the sword which Hippolytus had left behind him when he fled

THESFUS

Oh! partner of my nuptial couch is this the way thou greetest the arrival of thy husband? and is this the countenance thou assumest on meeting that husband after having been so long waiting for his return? But first of all rid thy right hand of that sword and open thy mind to me freely and tell me whatever it is that causes thee to wish to die

PH Alas! Oh! noble Theseus by the sceptre with which thou rulest by thy natural love towards thy offspring the sons I have borne thee and by my own body consumed after death (ashes) and by thy own joyous return permit me to die!

THES But what cause compels thee to die?

PH If the reason for my desiring death is divulged the advantage gained will be lost to me

THES No one else shall hear anything about it except of course myself

PH A modest wife hesitates to confide some things even to the ears of a husband although such husbands should be the sole recipients of what she would have to say

THES Speak I will keep thy secret in my faithful breast

PH That another should be silent about what one does not wish to make known the safe plan is to commence with silence oneself!

THES No opportunity shall be allowed thee for courting death

PH Death can never be withheld from those desirous of attaining it

THES Tell me what is the crime thou desirest to be expiated by death?

PH The crime is that I should live!

THES Will my tears not have any effect upon thee?

- PH Quod vivo THES Lacrimæ nonne te nostræ movent? 880
 PH Mois optima est perire lacrimandum suis
 THES Silere pergit verberare ac vinculis tuus
 Aliūque prodet, quidquid hæc furi abnuunt
 Vincite ferro verberum vis extrahat
 Secreta mentis PH Ipsa jam fribor, mane 885
 THES Quidnam oī mœsta avertis, & lacrimas genis
 Subito coortas veste prætentū obtegis?
 PH Te, te, creatori cœlitum, testem invoco
 Et te coruscum lucis ætheriæ jubar,
 Ex cujus ortu nostra dependet domus, 890
 Tentatū precibus restitū ferro ac minis
 Non cessit unum vim tamen corpus tulit
 Labem hanc pudoris eluet nostri cruor
 THES Quis, ede, nostri decoris eveisor fuit?
 PH Quem rere minime THES Quis sit, audire expeto 895
 PH Hic dicet ensis, quem tumultu teiritus
 Liquit stuprator, civium accursum timens
 THES Quod facinus, heu me, cerno? quod monstrum intui?
 Regale parvis asperum signis ebur,
 Capulo iefulget gentis Actææ decus 900
 Sed ipse quoniam evasit? PH Hī trepidum fugi
 Videre famuli concitum celeri pede

THESEUS

Agnito ense deceptus patet & iratus filio immenso exitium
 imprecatur

- P rô, sancta pietas! piô, gubernator poli,
 Et qui secundum fluctibus regnum moves,
 Unde ista venit generis infandi lues? 905
 Hunc Graja tellus aluit, an Taurus Scythes,

PH The happiest kind of death is to die deservedly
 lamented by one's own kith and kin

THES If thou persistest in giving me no reply, that old
 woman and nurse of thine shall divulge what she knows
 and refuses to disclose, by the aid of stripes and chains,
 I will conquer her silence, if need be with the sword, but
 the force of stripes will surely draw forth the secrets
 which she is keeping back in her own mind!

PH I myself will speak be thou a little patient

THES Why dost thou turn away thy doleful face, and

hide with thy veil the tears that suddenly rise from those eyelids of thine

PH Oh thou creator of the immortal gods I invoke thee as a witness and thee thou bright luminary (Phœbus) from whose extraction our race has sprung I resisted the urgent attempts of the seducer and withstood his entreaties and my will did not give way to his threats or his sword but my body suffered from his violence and my blood alone can wash out that stain on my chastity

THES What? tell me quickly who was the outrager of our honor?

PH The one thou wouldst suppose to be the least likely to have been so

THES Who may that be? I desire to hear forthwith

PH This sword will tell thee which the would be adulterer left behind him when he was alarmed by the noise and feared the arrival of the crowd of neighbours

THES What wickedness! Alas! I now see it all! What monstrous thing am I now beholding? (And looking at the ivory handle exclaims) This ivory indicates its royal ownership, it is rough to the touch from the ancestral devices carved on it and the emblem (golden grass hopper) of the Royal House of Athens shines brightly on the handle! But to what place has he escaped?

PH These faithful servants saw him as he fled scared running away at a rapid pace

THESEUS

When Theseus recognizes the sword he sees that he has been betrayed and in his anger prays for the destruction of his son

OH! for that venerated piety that inculcates the filial duties of mankind! And Oh! the grand ruler of Heaven (Jupiter)—Oh! thou governor of the watery deep (Neptune) who rulest with thy waves the second kingdom of the universe from what region has that offshoot of a wicked race that personification of moral turpitude sprung? Has the soil of Greece nourished his

Colchusve Phasis² iedit ad auctores genus,
 Stupemque primam degenei sanguis iefert
 Est prorsus iste gentis armiferæ furor,
 Odiffe Veneris scœdera, & cristum diu 910
 Vulgare populis corpus o tetrum genus,
 Nullaque victum lege melioris soli¹
 Feræ quoque ipsæ Veneris evitant nefas,
 Generisque leges infcius servat pudor
 Ubi vultus ille, & ficta majestas viri, 915
 Atque habitus horrens, prisca & antiqua appetens,
 Morumque fenium triste, & aspectu grave²
 O vitæ fallax¹ abditos sensus geris,
 Animisque pulchram turpibus faciem induis
 Pudor impudentem celat, rudacem quies, 920
 Pietas nefandum vera fallaces probant,
 Simulantque molles dura silvarum incola
 Ille effertus, cristus, intractus, rudis,
 Mihi te reservas² a meo primum toio
 Et scelere tanto placuit ordini virum² 925
 Jam jam superno numini grates ago,
 Quod ictri nostra cecidit Antiope manu
 Quod non ad intra Stygia descendens tibi
 Matrem reliqui profugus ignotas procul
 Percurre gentes te licet terra ultimo 930
 Summoti mundo dirimat Oceanus plagis,
 Orbemque nostris pedibus obversum colas,
 Licet in recessu penitus extremo abditus
 Horriferi celsi regna transferis poli,
 Hiemesque supra positus & cratis nives, 935
 Gelidi frementes liqueris Boreæ minas
 Post te furentes, sceleribus pœnas dabis
 Profugum per omnes pertinax lutebris premam
 Longinqua, clausa, abstrusa, diversa, inora
 Emetiemur nullus obstrabit locus 940
 Scis, unde redeam tela quo mitti hinc queunt,
 Huc voti mittam genitor æquoreus dedit,
 Ut voti pronò trina concipiam Deo,
 Et invocata munus hoc fœvit Styge
 En, perage donum triste, regnator freti 945
 Non cernat ultra lucidum Hippolytus diem,
 Adertque Mænes juvenis iratos patri
 Fer abominandam nunc opem nato parens
 Nunquam supremum numinis munus tui

growth, or the Scythian Taurus or the Colchian Phasis²
 He has fully confirmed his origin from his progenitrix
 Antiope, and his ignoble blood clearly throws back to his
 mother's ancestral stock¹ It quite amounts to a madness,
 with that armed race (the Amazons), to hold in absolute
 contempt any religious observance connected with Venus

(marriage) and after preserving their bodies chaste for a long time to prostitute themselves with their subjects in the end? Oh savage race! ruled by no laws known to civilized nations! Why! the wild animals avoid unnatural amours (pur off according to their kind) and their sexual instincts unconsciously conform with the recognized laws appertaining to their species! Where is that man's hypocritical face with his assumed gravity and repelling de-

ness of human nature (life) thou wearest all thy real qualities under a mask and with a handsome face thou colorest over a debased disposition, assumed modesty conceals bare faced impudence and with a quiet manner thou essayest to do the most audacious things downright wickedness poses as devoted piety and so called truths prove themselves naught but the most blatant fallacies! And a hard uncompromising nature assumes the disguise of smirking amiability! And does that wild young man of the woods so chaste so pure so natural keep back his real nature only for the purpose of disgracing me his own father? Is this the way in which thou hast thought proper to induct thyself as a sample of manhood with so great a crime and commencing such practices too with thy father's nuptial bed? Over and over again I return thanks to the deities above that Antiope fell struck down by my right hand and that when I made my descent to the river Styx that I did not leave thy own mother near thee lest thou mightest have violated her! As an exile mayst thou wander amongst unknown people—let some land at the extreme ends of the world serve to remove thee far away to the countries bordering on the most distant ocean where thou wilt inhabit the earth directly under our feet (the Antipodes) but although thou mayst penetrate the dreadful regions of the lofty pole (Arctic) and be hidden in the innermost and most secret part in some far off corner and settled far above where no such winters as ours exist with their hoar frosts when thou mayst have even left behind the howling storms of cold Boreas raging at thy back thou shalt receive punishment for thy crime—I will follow thee in thy flight to whatever hiding place thou mayst be traced with untiring perseverance I will travel to places however far off, places shut out from the approach of man unsuspected spots! Every variety of place! Inaccessible regions! No locality shall stand in my way! Thou art aware from what regions I have just returned an abode where I was utterly unable to launch my missiles! (his vows) I will make use of them

Consumere mus, magna ni premerent mala 950
 Inter profunda Tartara, & Ditem horridum,
 Et imminentes regis inferni minas,
 Voto pepercit reddere nunc precibus fidem,
 Genitor moraris? cur adhuc unde silent?
 Nunc atra ventis nubila impellentibus 955
 Subverte noctem, sidera & caelum eripe
 Effunde pontum vulgus aequoreum cie
 Fluctusque ab ipso tumidus Oceano voca

CHORUS

Queritur Chorus, cum cæli cæterarumque rerum cursus certo
 reguntur consilio, non tamen res humanas iuste ac
 recte cedere, cum bonis male sit, malis bene

O MAGNA priens Natura Desum,
 Tuque igniferi rector Olympi, 960
 Qui sperata cito sidera mundo
 Cursusque vagos ripas astrorum,
 Celerique polos cardine versas,
 Cur tibi tanta est cura perennes
 Agitare vias ætheris alti? 965
 Ut nunc crææ frigora brumæ
 Nudent silvas, nunc arbutis
 Redeant umbræ, nunc æstivi
 Colla Leonis Ceterem magno
 Fervore coquant, viresque suas 970
 Temperet annus? sed cur idem,
 Qui tanta regis, sub quo visi
 Pondera mundi librata suos
 Ducunt orbis, hominum nimium
 Securus iber, non sollicitus 975
 Prodesse bonis, nocuisse malis?
 Res humanas ordine nullo
 Fortuna regit, spergitque manu
 Munera cæci, pejora fovens
 Vincit sanctos diræ libido 980
 Fraus sublimi regnat in aula
 Tradere turpi fasces populus

here my Oceanic sire has furnished me to this effect, that it was to ask for three wishes to be granted me, from that obliging god, and he sanctified those promises by calling the river Styx to witness! Behold! Oh thou ruler of the sea, grant this favor, sad though it is! That Hippolytus shall not see the light of day from henceforth,

and let the youth pass on to the shades below! however angry they may be towards a father that decrees it! As a parent render at this juncture as to a son assistance although it is a hateful thing to think of! I have not exhausted the three wishes! I should never have availed myself of this remaining token of thy divine power unless the direst calamity had constrained me to do so! When I was down in the depths of Tartarus and those dreadful realms of Pluto and with the threats of that infernal king always hanging over me I reserved this wish! Grant me now the performance of thy promise Oh! my father! (Neptune according to Plutarch was the putative father of Theseus) Why should there be any delay? Why should the waves be any longer silent? Overwhelm the night from this moment with hurricanes driving before them the blackest clouds—remove from all human sight the stars and the firmament itself! Lash into foam the

CHORUS

The Chorus complain seeing that the revolutions of the heavenly bodies and other matters in nature are governed by certain fixed laws that human affairs do not conform likewise to justice and order—why a hard fate awaits a good man and a smooth lot is awarded to a bad one

Oh! nature thou powerful mother of the gods and thou ruler of starry Olympus who maintainest within their appointed orbits the heavenly bodies scattered around the quickly moving firmament and controllst the erratic course of the stars and who regulatest (with mathematical certainty) the heavens in their rapid revolutions! Why dost thou take such care that they shall pursue their perennial paths through the lofty sky with such unvarying exactness? How is it that at one time the nipping cold of the snowy winter denudes the forests of their foliaceous beauty at another time that the umbrageous adornments should reappear on these (self same) trees—at one time that the heat of the summer (when the sun is in Leo) should burn up the standing corn with the excessive heat and that the ensuing autumn should moderate the force of its destructive temperature? But why is it that this same power which ordains the government of so many things under whose will the huge

Crudet, eosdem colit atque odit
 Iustus virtus perversi tulit
 Præmia recti castos sequitur 985
 Mala præpertas vitioque potens
 Regnat adulter
 O vane pudor, falsumque decus!
 Sed quid citato nuntius portat gradu
 Rigatque maestas lugubrem vultum genis 990

ACTUS QUARTUS

NUNTIUS, THESPIUS

Narrat Theseo nuntius, ut perierit Hippolytus discerptus ab
 equis suis quos terruerat taurus marinus a Neptune
 ex Thesei voto immissus

NUNTIUS **O** SORS acerba & dura simulatus gravis,
 Cur me ad nefandos nuntium casus vocas
 THESPIUS Ne metue clades fortiter sari asperas,
 Non impiratum pectus triumphis gero
 NUNTIUS Vocem dolori lingua luctificam negat 995
 THESPIUS Proloquerre que fors aggravet quæssam domum
 NUNTIUS Hippolytus (heu me) flebili leto occubat
 THESPIUS Natum parens obuisse jam pridem scio
 Nunc raptor obit mortis effare ordinem
 NUNTIUS Ut profugus urbem liquit infesto gradu, 1000
 Celerem citatis passibus cursum explicans,
 Celsos sonipedes oculus subigit iugo,
 Et ora frenis domita substrictis ligat
 Tum multa secum effatus, & patrium solum

masses of matter are poised around the vast world, and conduct their revolutions through space, should be so absent as regards the security afforded to mankind, and allow them to regulate the movements of their orbits in a very uncertain fashion? Not anxious to favor the good or punish the bad! Fortune rules human affairs by no defined system, and dispenses her blessings with blind carelessness, and appears for the most part to lean towards the wicked! Cruel lust overcomes the virtuous, wickedness reigns triumphant in the lofty palace! The rabble delight in lavishing honors upon the unworthy—they praise and despise the same men at the same time, sorrowful virtue receives only some inadequate reward as its recompense, and wretched poverty falls to the lot of the

chaste and virtuous but the adulterer reigns still powerful
with those very vices (which have placed him on his
throne)! Oh empty mock modesty! Oh! false virtue! But
what is the news which the messenger is bringing hastenin'
hither with such rapid steps and he appears to be copi-
ously bedewing his lugubrious countenance too from his
sorrowful eyes!

ACT IV

THE MESSENGER—THESEUS

The Messenger reports to Theseus that Hippolytus has
perished having been torn to pieces through his
own horses which a Marine Monster sent forth by
Neptune in answer to the wish of Theseus had
frightened!

THE MESSENGER

Oh! the bitter and ungenial lot of domestic servitude
Why shouldst thou select me as the messenger of
such a dreadful catastrophe

THESE Do not hesitate man to speak of this dreadful
catastrophe tell me all about it I possess a heart not
unprepared I assure thee to listen now to my grievous tale

MESS My tongue restrains my speech it is rendered
incapable through grief and the mournful news I bring

THESE Speak what dire disaster now invades our
troubled house?

MESS Hippolytus ah! me! has met with a horrible
death!

THESE I the parent know already by thy manner that
my son has met with some sort of death Now the ravisher
has disappeared Tell me however the way in which
that death was brought about

MESS
strides
retreat
easily
and w
mouth

Abominatus, sepe genitorem ciet	1005
Acerque habenis lora permissis quatit	
Cum subito vastum tumuit ex alto mare,	
Crevitque in astra nullus inspirat falo	
Ventus quieti nulla pars cali strepit	
Phœdumque pelagus propria tempestas agit	1010
Non tantus Ausser Sicula disturbat freta,	
Nec tam furenti pontus exsurgit sinu	
Regnante Coro saxa cum fluctu tremunt	
Et cœna summum spuma Iucatem ferit	
Confurgit ingens pontus in vastum aggerem,	1015
Tumidumque monstro pelagus in terram ruit	
Nec ista ratibus tanta construitur lucis	
Ierris minatur fluctus haud cursu levi	
Provolvitur nescio quid onerato sinu	
Gravis unda portat quæ novum tellus caput	1020
Ostendit astris Cyclas exortui nova	
Latuere rupes numen Epidauri Dei,	
Et scelera petre nobiles Scironides	
Et quæ duobus terra comprimitur fretis	
Hæc dum stupentes quærimur in totum mare	1025
Immugit omnes undique scopuli adstrepunt	
Summum circumen rorat expulso falo	
Spumat, vomitque vicibus alternis iquas	
Quælis per alta velitur Oceani freta	
Fluctus refundens ore phryseter eripit	1030
Inhorruit concussus undarum globus,	
Solvitque sese, & litori invehit malum	
Majus timore pontus in terras ruit,	
Suumque monstrum sequitur os quatrat tremor	
THLS Quis habitus ille corporis visti fuit?	1035
NUNTI Cæruleus traurus colla sublimis gerens,	
Erexit altam fronte vividanti jubam	
Stant hispidæ aures, cornibus varius color	
Et quem seî dominator habuisset gregis,	
Et quem sub undis natus hinc flammam vomit,	1040

many things, and rather wildly, as I thought, he cursed his natal soil I know and often spoke of his father in the course of his ramblings, and eager to pursue his way, he yields the lax reins to the horses (gives them their head) so as not to restrain them, and gently smacks (shakes) his whip, which no sooner done, than quite on a sudden, a terrific wave, a perfect sea in itself, swells from the vast ocean, and rises, as it were, to the very stars, not a breath of wind though was there on the sea beyond, and not any part of the calm sky gave forth the slightest semblance of a sound! but the usual weather (serenity) prevailed, ever the placid sea! Never did a south wind, however fierce, disturb the Sicilian straits like this, and never

during the very height of a North Western did the Ionian sea surge so furiously as this then! How the rocks too did tremble to be sure! and the white foam which it struck the summit of Icarate the Acarnanian promontory the huge sea then swelled it self to the size of an enormous mountain and the mass of water which seemed to be puffed out with something or other marvellous came with a grand rush upon the shore. Now never was a visitation so severe as this lunched upon the crafts even whilst on the sea! Not this was evidently designed to terrify the land only! The waves rolled forward then one succeeding another though not with equal force. I did not know I could not guess what the laboring water was bearing in its lorded bosom! or what new land was about to make its appearance for the stars to look down upon! Surely I thought some fresh Cyclops has arisen to swell the number of the Cyclades—all the rocks lay hidden from sight the temple of the deity of Epidaurus and sacred to Esculapius and the noble rocks the Scironide famous on account of the crimes of Sciron the celebrated thief of Attica and also the straits which are inclosed by the two seas were rendered invisible! And whilst utterly stupefied I became alarmed at these phenomena when behold! the entire sea gave forth a roaring sound all the rocks around made a noise the loftiest peak was moistened with the spray expelled from the sea it formed and vomited forth columns of water first one and then the other just as the huge whale is carried along the deep seas pouring back the waves from its mouth! At length this immense mass of water being shaken from within breaks up disperses itself and casts upon the shore a monster greater than any exaggerated fears of mine could form any conception of the sea then rushes upon the shore and follows its Monster which it had just yielded up the scene it gave me made me tremble from head to foot!

THYS What was the general appearance of this enormous body (monster) thou didst see?

MESS Oh! it was like a tall bull with a bluish neck and it raised its immense mane around its green tinted head its shaggy ears stood out prominently and the color varied on the horns (a sort of mixture) one of which reminded me of what the leader of the fierce herd has on his (the Hind Bull) the other color that which we see on the horns of the animal a native of the sea the sea-calf or marine bull. It then began to vomit flames and its eyes shone like balls of fire and its vast neck remarkable for a certain blue line on it supported its ponderous

swallows up whole entire ships and vomits them up again

The earth trembled—the cattle frightened fled in all directions across the fields nor was there a shepherd amongst them who had the slightest thought of following the scattered herds—every wild animal started from the thickets and groves which bordered on the shore—every hunter grew pale and was paralyzed with fear—was horror stricken! Hippolytus the only one in fact was in no sort of fear and he still kept firm control of the horses with the well handled reins and encouraged the timid animals with his well known voice. There is a steep declivity on the road to Argos amongst the broken hills which leads down to the various spots that are close to the sea which lies at their feet and here the monster seemed to be evincing considerable activity and prepared itself as it were to make up its angry mind. As if it had foreshadowed its plans to its satisfaction it set to work to exert its rage and it dashes forth at a rapid rate scarcely touching the highest ground in its hurried advance and with a savage glare it stands before the trembling horses on the other hand though Hippolytus rising up in a threatening attitude with a ferocious look does not change his countenance into any thing suggestive of timidity and thundered out in loud tones. This empty terror does not daunt my courage for is it not the task taught me by my father that of taming bulls? —Whereupon the horses disregarding the reins showed symptoms of rebellion taking entire charge of the chariot and then wandering madly onwards in their precipitate course wherever their terrified excitement carried them scared as they were! They first go this way then that till at length they begin to scamper wildly amongst the rocks but like the skilful pilot who keeps his craft head to wind in a tempestuous sea and avoids steering it broadside on to the surging advances of that sea and thus with skilful seamanship baffles the force of the waves not otherwise does Hippolytus strive to guide the flying horses at one time he pulls at their mouths with tightened reins and at another time he turns the whips towards their backs to accelerate their speed! His companion the Monster hoves him up one time at an equal time it veers round and face unspeakable terror from ev
sue him (Hippolytus) to proceed too far ahead for this horrible horn bearing monster of the sea comes on with his savage aspect right in front of the horses! But at last the endurance of the horses is completely broken down through their fears they then break through all control

Incurrit oīe corniger ponti horridus
 Tum vero pavida sonipedes mente excitū
 Imperia solvunt, seque luctantur jugo
 Eripere, restitque in pedes jactant onus
 Præcep̄s in ora fufus implicuit cadens 1085
 Laqueo tenaci corpus & quanto magis
 Pugnat, sequaces hoc magis nodos ligat
 Sensere pecudes facinus, & curiu levi,
 Dominante nullo, qua timor jussit, ruunt
 Talis per auris non suum ignoscens onus, 1090
 Solique falso creditum indignans diem,
 Phaethonta currus devio excussit polo
 Late cruentat arva, & illisum caput
 Scopulis refultat aufeunt dumī comas
 Et oīa durus pulchra populatui lapis 1095
 Peritque multo vulnere infelix decor
 Moribunda celes membra piovolvunt iote
 Tandemque raptum truncus ambusta fude
 Medium per inguen stipite erecto tener,
 Præulumque domino currus affixo stetit 1100
 Hæfere biyuges vulnere, & pariter moram
 Dominumque rumpunt inde semianimem secant
 Ungula acutis asperi vepies iubis,
 Omnisque truncus corporis partem tulit
 Eiant per agros funebris, famuli, manus, 1105
 Per illa, qua distiactus Hippolytus, loca
 Longum cruenta tramitem signat nota
 Mæstreque domini membra vestigant canes
 Necdum dolentum fedulus potuit labor
 Expleie corpus hoccine est formæ decus? 1110
 Qui modo præterni clarus imperii comes,
 Et cætus heres, siderum fulsit modo,
 Passim ad supremos ille colligitur rogos,
 Et funeri confertur THES O, nimium potens,
 Quanto parentes sanguinis vinclo tenes 1115
 Naturi! quam te colimus inviti quoque!
 Occidere volui novum, amissum fleo
 NUNT Haud quisquam honeste flere, quod voluit, potest
 THES Equidem malorum maximum hunc cumulum reor,

whatever, and struggle to escape from their yoke, and rearing themselves on their hind-legs, they jolt the chariot, and Hippolytus falling upon his face, becomes entangled by the reins, which, however, he still holds tenaciously, and the more he fights to retain his hold, the more and more does he tighten the reins about himself. The poor horses seem to have recognized the disaster, and with the chariot lightened and no driver left to guide them, in the same way that the horses of the sun, as they sped through space, perceived that they had not their usual load Phœbus,

and angry that the day was given up to a substituted

p
t

the fields far and wide and his head bounds back as it strikes on the rocks and the shrubs through which he is dragged catch up portions of his locks and the cruel rocks rend in pieces his once beautiful countenance and that beauty which was his ruin disappears with many wounds!

wards with

n the trunk

and holds

back the body the stake being upright and piercing him in the groin the horses stand for a second with the driver thus impaled and when they feel themselves kept back on account of the wound that had transfixed Hippolytus they break through all further delay and drag their driver along and the thickets subdivided his body as he is drawn through them the sharp briars and the prickly brambles and every tree and trunk appropriating some portion of his mangled remains! Every one mourning his death—the servants and laborers scrutinize the tedious path along the various spots where Hippolytus was torn to pieces indicated by the marks of his blood and the sad dogs too on the alert with their powers of scent trace the remains of their master nor as yet does the pressing search of the mourners succeed in discovering the body Is there nothing remaining of the beauty that once was He who till lately was the bright sharer of his father's glory and the direct heir to the kingdom quite recently he shone with the refulgence of a star but now from all sides he is gathered up piece by piece for the funeral pile and is now only brought forward to receive the honors shown to the dead!

THES Oh! nature! the powerful instincts thou inculcatest with what firm a hold thou causest a parent to cherish the ties of blood! Alas! how unwillingly we regard thy decrees! For example I willed to kill Hippolytus because his life was hateful to me and now I have lost him I moan for the bereavement

MESS No man can consistently bewail what he has himself desired to bring about

THES Indeed I cannot help thinking that this climax now arrived at is greater than all the evils which have happened before! although some accident does not bring

Si abominanda casus optata efficit 1120
 NUNT Et si odia servas, cur mident fletu genæ
 IHES Quod interemi, non quod amisi, fleo

CHORUS

Sublimis fortunæ instabilitatem & pericula humilis securitatem
 erant, Hippolyti mortem desset

QUANTI casus humana rotant!
 Minor in pravis Fortuna furit,
 Leviusque ferit leviora Deus 1125
 Servat placidos obscura quies,
 Præbetque senes cæci securos
 Admota ætheris culmina sedibus
 Euros excipiunt, excipiunt Notos
 Inferni Boreæ minas 1130
 Imbriferumque Corum
 Humida vallis irros prætur
 Fulminis ictus tremuit telo
 Jovis altisoni Cræsus ingens,
 Phrygiumque nemus matris Cybeles 1135
 Metuens cælo Juppiter alto
 Vicina petit non caput unquam
 Magnos motus humilis tecti
 Plebeja domus
 Circa regna tonat 1140
 Volat ambiguus
 Mobilis alis hora, nec ulli
 Præstat velox Fortuna fidem
 Qui clari videt sidera mundi,
 Nitidumque diem nocte relictæ, 1145
 Luget moestos tristis reditus,
 Ipsoque magis flebile Aveino
 Sedis patuæ videt hospitium
 Pallas Actææ veneranda genti,
 Quod tuus cælum superosque Theseus 1150
 Spectat, & fugit Stygias paludes,
 Casta nil debes patruo iapaci
 Constat inferno numerus tyranno
 Quæ vox ab altis flebilis tectis sonat?
 Stinctoque vecors Phædra quid ferro priat? 1155

about the detestable events one has previously been wishing for (If any accident should make one repent one's simply detestable wishes being fulfilled!)

MESS And if thou still nursest thy hatred, why do thy eyelids moisten with thy weeping?

THES I weep for what I killed not for what I have got rid of!

CHORUS

How worthy of nature are the vicissitudes which befall humanity and which fickle fortune rotates in her capricious wheel how she relaxes the sternness of her decrees towards her humbler recipients and how a propitious Deity deals more lightly with those less capable of putting up with her fickleness! An obscure retreat suits the contented and a humble cottage affords old age ample protection The sharp East wind makes a target of the roofs of structures run up to æthereal altitudes the South Wind visits them with its full force and they are in addition as fully exposed to the angry storms of rude Boreas and the rains likewise which the North West beats against them! The watered valley suffers but little from the lightning flashes with which it is so rarely visited whilst Caucasus trembles again with the thunderbolts of Jupiter sounding from above and the Phrygian summits once the abode of the goddess Cybele—Jupiter is jealous of pretentious buildings mounting up to the skies and he singles them out for the maximum of his severity as they audaciously seek to approach his own kingdom! (The skies) The homestead of the humble citizen on the other hand seldom finds his modest proportions invaded by aerial disturbances! Not the real tangible thunders hover over kingdoms and palaces! The fleeting hour flies onwards with its uncertain wings that is we are uncertain as to the direction those wings are taking nor does Fortune as she is hurrying forwards ensure anyone especial protection! He for example Theseus when he first beheld the bright stars of the upper world and the smiling light of day when he emerged from the realms of darkness in a croaking spirit bewails his unlucky return and the hospitable surroundings of his paternal palace appear less inviting than the kingdom of Pluto itself! Oh! thou chaste Minerva tutelary goddess of the Athenian race when thy protégé Theseus again beheld the heavens and the upper earth from the places which he had just quitted and when he escaped from the Stygian lakes thou oh! goddess! owest nothing to that greedy uncle now for he has faithfully recruited his ranks in the infernal regions! Hippolytus has gone to take the place of Theseus! Hark! What is that plaintive voice resounding from the depths of the Palace and what is Phædra in her madness getting ready to do with that drawn sword

THESEUS

WHAT transport of wild passion excites thee now already smitten as thou art with grief? What is the meaning of that sword? Or what this flow of words? what makes thee so desirous of wailing over a body that was such an object of hatred to thee?

PH Attack me me! Oh! thou cruel ruler of the deep Sea (Neptune) and cast up before me some monster out of the blue ocean or whatever the far extremities of Tethys (the sea) conceals in its lowermost depths—what the Ocean contains in its wandering waters and covers with its distant waves! Oh! Theseus! always cruel! now that thou hast safely returned but not with safety to thy own kindred thou upsettest the tranquillity of Home! Always criminal whether thou art so from the love of thy wives or thy hatred of them! Thy son and a father (Ægeus) have met with death at the price of thy return! Oh Hippolytus! do I behold thy beautiful features brought to this wretched pass? And I have made them what they are now! What savage Sinis (a celebrated robber who used to mangle his victims) or what Procrustes has scattered thy body in this manner? or what Cretan bull-former filled with blood and fierce and fierce

Ah! me! w
my stars?

may thy spirit come nimmer for a time while and hearken to what I have to say! I will speak of naught that will be unworthy for thee to hear—I will suffer the punishment due to me at my own hands! and with this sword will I pierce my criminal breast and I will do away with Phædra as she was with her life as well as her offence! And as a demented spirit will I follow thee over every sea over the lakes of Tartarus and over the fiery waves of Phlegethon! I wish to appease thy Manes let me remove all vain adornments from my head and let me have my locks cut away from where they now are—it was not our lot to be joined in life and surely the fates will not interdict our union (lying at one time) by death! Let me die if I am chaste for a husband! If I am unchaste! in satisfaction for my illicit amour! Shall I seek the nuptial couch polluted with this enormous crime of mine? Thanks to the deity this crime has not been arrived at! Oh! but how as a virtuous wife should I have rejoiced to rejoin that couch when I had only vindicated its honor? Oh! Death! thou art the only sedative for the consequences of this wicked passion! Oh! death thou art the only

O mors amoris una sedime[n]ti mihi,
 O mors pudoris maximum læsi decus,
 Confugimus ad te prinde plerique sinu,
 Audite, Atheni, tuque funesta pater 1190
 Pejor noverca falsa memoravi & nefas
 Quod ipsa demens pectore infans hauseram
 Mentita sinu una punisti pater,
 Iuvenisque castus crimine incestu jaceo, 1195
 Pudicus, infans recipe jam mores tuos,
 Mucrone pectus impium justo pater
 Cruorque sancto solvit inferis viro
 Quid facere rpto debetis nato parens
 Disce ex novicia condere Acherontis praegit 1200

THESEUS, CHORUS

PATHIDI fruces Averni, vosque Tentræ specus
 Unda miseris grati Lethæ, vosque torpentes lacus
 Impium rapite, atque mersum piemite perpetuis malis
 Nunc adeste sæva ponti monstra nunc visum mare 1205
 Ultimo quodcumque Proteus æquorum abscondit sinu
 Neque orientem scelere tanto rapite in altos gurgites
 Tuque semper, genitor, iræ facilis assensor mei,
 Morte facili dignus haud sum, qui nova natum nece
 Segregem sparsi per agros quique, dum falsum nefas
 Exsequor index severus, incidi in verum scelus 1210
 Sidera & mines, & undas scelere compleri meo
 Amplius fors nulla testat, regna me norunt tria

chief tribute to atone for tainted chastity! Let me come to thee, open thy calm bosom to receive me! Listen! oh! Athens! and thou also, the father who hast been more to blame perhaps than the wicked stepmother (for listening so credulously to a stepmother's charges), I have represented things falsely, and I have painted in an untrue light, the crime which, mad as I was, I have hidden in my own demented bosom! Thou, the father, hast punished Hippolytus for that with which I accused him falsely, and the virtuous boy lies there under the charge of in chastity! an attempt of incest with myself! Oh! pure guileless boy, accept this just proclamation of thy innocence! and my impious bosom will now make ready to receive the sword of justice, and my blood shall serve as a death sacrifice to the Infernal Gods! and thou, the father, learn from a stepmother what thou art bound to do for the son that has been snatched away, attend thou to the becoming obsequies, and as for myself let me be hidden away in the streams of Acheron!

THESEUS—CHORUS

THESEUS

Oh! the pallor evoking approaches of Avernus! Oh! the caves of Tænarus! Oh! the oblivion inducing streams of Lethe so soothing to the miserable And oh ye stagnant lakes snatch away an impious wretch like myself and retain me submerged for my ever recurring crimes! Now come forth thou savage monster of the deep!—Now approach me thou vast overwhelming sea!—Now may Proteus who attends the sea cows and other terrible inhabitants of the ocean come to my aid with whatever is dreadful and which thou concealest down in the lowest recesses of the deep waters and hurry me off just now only exulting over the great crime I had committed into the deepest gulf and thou Oh! Father! (Neptune) always the ready instrument for carrying out my angry desires I am not deserving of an easy death who have been the means of scattering my son in divided portions ever the land in fact by quite a novel form of death! And while I as a cruel avenger have been dealing out punishment for a crime which has never been committed I have fallen into the commission of a real crime myself! I have now filled up with my criminal exploits the heavens the infernal regions and the seas! Nothing more is left for me! the three kingdoms of the universe have been visited with my iniquities! I now return to this kingdom And the way back to the sky has been laid open to me for as much as through my own agencies I should witness two deplorable deaths and a double funeral in celibate I and burn who gave restore me which thou rescuedst from his power wicked as I am I pray for that condition of death which I left behind when I quitted Avernus! And having myself as the cruel contriver of death invented unheard of terrible modes of destruction for others (meaning the death of Hippolytus) For that reason let me inflict upon myself some just punishment!—Let the apex of some pine forced downwards towards the ground cleave me in twain as the tree bounds back with me to the skies in resuming its former position! Or shall I be hurled headlong over the Scironian rocks? I have seen terrible things in my time what the cruel Phlegethon provides for those who are imprisoned therein surrounding the criminal Manes with flaming

In hoc redimus³ patuit ad cœlum via,
 Bina ut viderem funera, & geminam necem³
 Cœlebs & orbus, funebres una face 1215
 Ut concremarem piolis ac thalami rogos³
 Donator atræ lucis, Alcide, tuum
 Diti remitte munus ereptos mihi
 Restitue manes, impius frustra invoco
 Mortem relictam crudus, & leti artifex, 1220
 Exitia machinatus insolita, effera,
 Nunc tibi met ipse iusta supplicia irroga
 Pinus coacto vertice attingens humum
 Cœlo remissum findat in geminas trābes,
 Mittarve præceps fura per Scironia 1225
 Graviores vidi, quæ poti clufos iubet
 Phlegethon, nocentes igneo cingens vado
 Quæ pœna maneat memet & fedes, scio
 Umbræ nocentes cedite, & cervicibus
 His, his repositum degravet fessis manus 1230
 Sævum, seni perennis Æolio labor
 Me ludat annis ora vicina alluens
 Vultur relicto transvolet Tityo ferus,
 Meumque pœnæ semper accrescat jecur
 Et tu mei requiesce Pirithoi pater 1235
 Hæc incitatis membra turbinebus ferat
 Nusquam resistens orbe revoluta rota
 Dehisce, tellus, recipe me, dirum chaos,
 Recipe hæc ad umbras justior nobis via est
 Natum sequor, ne metue, qui manes regis, 1240
 Casti venimus, recipe me æterna domo
 Non exiturum non movent Divos preces
 At si rogarem scelera, quam proni forent!
 CHOR Thefeu, querelis tempus æternum manet
 Nunc iusta nato solve, & absconde oculus 1245
 Dispersa fœde membra laniatu effero
 THES Huc, huc reliquias vehite cari corporis,
 Pondusque, & artus temere congestos date
 Hippolytus hic est³ crimen agnosco meum
 Ego te peremi neu nocens tantum femel 1250
 Solusve fierem, facinus ausurus patiens,
 Patrem advocavi munere ex patrio fruor
 O triste fractis orbitas annis malum!
 Complectere artus, quodque de nato est super,
 Miserande mœsto pectore incumbens fove 1255
 Dissecta genitor membra laceri corporis
 In ordinem dispone, & errantes loco

streams I am perfectly aware what punishment awaits me, and still more the punishment which I am, at the present, undergoing¹ Oh! ye criminal Manes, act a friendly part towards me, let the endless labor now being performed by that miserable old man the son of Æolus (Sisyphus)

—let the rock which presses so heavily upon his weary hands be placed on these shoulders of mine or let the river Eridanus bringing its streams close to my mouth disappoint me in my thirsting eagerness to partake of them (as they are now doing with Lantalus) or let the wild vulture which only leaves Ixion alone to fly back again to him and that my liver may be made to grow like his as a punishment and to furnish a perpetual repast to the birds of prey! Or thou Ixion the father of my dear friend Pirithous rest from thy labors in my behalf and let that wheel which never ceases from its eternal revolutions receive these limbs of mine to be whirled round by its rapid movements! Open Oh! Earth receive me Oh! terrible Chaos receive me I pray this is the only sort of justice to a ca-
son and be in no way
infernal kingdom! I shall come this time in a chaster frame of mind and not as before to carry off Ixion's daughter accompanied by Pirithous—when I do come receive me for ever in thy eternal home and never to come out again! I find that prayers do not move the Gods! But if I were to ask them to assist my criminal doings how ready they are then!

CHOR. Oh! Theseus! What an eternity of time is taken up with thy own troubles! Now is the time to do what is right and just towards a son (a proper funeral and to hide away without delay the scattered remains which have been so shamefully mangled!

THES. Here attendants convey me hither the remains of the dear corpse—Here (pointing to the disfigured trunk) is a mass of bodily substance having no defined form, hand me the different portions which are so carelessly gathered together (exclaiming) Here then is Hippolytus! Oh! I acknowledge my odious crime I have killed thee my son nor indeed am I the only criminal agent! It is Neptune that dared to carry out this deed to its bitter end! I appealed to that father I am now in the possession of a father's gift! Oh! cruel fate Oh! my sad childlessness thou snatchest away my son when my life is already borne down by age and troubles! Let me embrace at all events the torn limbs and whatever else there is left of my son—let me press it to my sad bosom and cherish it! Oh! unhappy father that I am! but as a father let me place in order (in a row) the torn particles of my son's mangled body and arrange the disjointed fragments where they should go! Ah! Here! this is the part for the

Œ D I P U S

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ŒDIPUS
JOCASTA
CRION
CHORUS THEBANorum
IRRESIAS

MANTO
SINI
PHŒBUS
NATHUS

ARGUMENTUM

GRASSANTE FIBDIS dira pestilentia mittitur Delphos Creon consultus Apollinem refert, expiandum Ixi necem interfectori, exilio qui cum ignoraretur Irresias, frustra exstimatorum appressus, per necromantiam Ixi umbra evocata intelligit ipsum esse regem Œdipum. Negat primum ille sed postea disquirens invenit si filium esse Ixi, quem interfecerat, & Jocastæ quam uxorem duxerat. Irresias itaque præ pudore atque ira oculis in exilium abiit & Jocastæ se gladio confodit.

ACTUS PRIMUS

ŒDIPUS, JOCASTA

Œdipus de pestilentie scivita conqueritur

JAM nocte Titan dubius expulsa redit.

Et nube mœstum squallida exoritur jubar,
Lumenque stramma triste luctifica gerens
Prospiciet avida peste solatis domos,
Stragemque, quam non fecit, ostendat dies
Quisquamne regno gaudet? o fallax bonum,
Quantum malorum fronte quam blanda tegis!
Ut alii ventos semper excipiunt iuga,
Rupemque fixis vasis dirimentem freta,
Quamvis quieti, verberant fluctus maris
Impetis fixa excelsa Fortunæ obijacent
Quam bene parentis sceptri Polybi fugeram,
Curis solutus, exsul, intrepidus, vagans!
Cælum Deosque testor, in regnum incidi
Infanda timeo, ne mei genitor manu
Perimatur hoc me Delphicæ laurus monent,
Aliudque nobis magis indicunt scelus
Est majus aliquod patre maculato nefas?
Prò, misera pietas! eloqui fatum pudet
Thalamos parentis Phœbus & duos toros
Nato minatur, impiæ incestos face
Hic me paternis expulit regnis timor
Non ego penites profugus excessi meos
Parum ipse fidens mihi met in tuto tua,
Natura, posui jura cum magna horreas,

5

10

15

20

25

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ŒDIPUS
 JOCASTA
 CREON
 CHORUS of THEBANS
 TIRESIAS

MANTO
 OLD MAN
 PHORBAS
 MESSENGER

ARGUMENT

A DREADFUL pestilence attacking Thebes Creon is sent to Delphi to consult Apollo who tells him that the death of Laius must be expiated by the exile of the murderer who was not known at that time Tiresias tried the Soothsayers without success but by the aid of Necromancy the Ghost of Laius being summoned he is informed that it was Œdipus who killed Laius Œdipus denies this at first but making diligent inquiries subsequently discovers that he was the son of Laius whom he had slain and that it was Jocasta whom he had married Thereupon in very shame and remorse having put out his own eyes he goes away into exile and Jocasta stabs herself with a sword

ACT I

Œdipus complains of the cruelty of the Pestilence

ŒDIPUS—JOCASTA

PHŒBUS in a hesitating mood is now returning again the night having been banished and his fretful beams appear through the gloomy clouds and shedding a dull light from his mournful rays he can now look down on the homesteads rendered tenantless by this ravaging pestilence and his dull daylight even will suffice to show the havoc which the preceding night has brought about revealing the mortal remains of those who have perished from the pestilence! Let not any one rejoice in the possession of a Kingdom! Oh! uncertain enjoyment! How many are the drawbacks which thou concealest under so plausible an exterior! As the mountain tops always receive the full force of the winds and the waves of the sea although becalmed still beat languidly against the jutting headland with its low lying rocks which merely serve to divert the vast sea as it approaches the shore! In like manner is exalted power exposed to the shifting changes of Fortune! How well for me was it when I had fled the kingdom of my Parent Polybus (for a time Œdipus regarded Polybus as his father) re

Quæ posse fieri non putes, meturus tamen,
 Cuncta expavescō, meque non ciedo mihi
 Jamjam aliquid in nos facta moliri parant
 Nam quid iear, quod ista Cadmeæ lues
 Infestæ genti, straga late editæ
 Mihi parcat uni³ cui reservamur malo³
 Inter iunioris urbis, & semper novis
 Descendæ lacrimis funera, ac populi struem,
 Incolumis adsto scilicet Phœbi reus
 Sperare poteris sceleribus tantis dari
 Regnum salubre³ fecimus cœlum nocens
 Non rura gelido lenis assatu sovet
 Anhela flammis corda non Zephyri leves
 Spirant, sed ignes auget æstiferi Cœnis
 Titon, Leonis terga Nemeæi premens
 Deferuit omnes humor, atque herbis color
 Aretque Duce tenuis Ismenos fluit,
 Et tingit inopi unda vir unda viri
 Obscure cœlo habitur Phœbi foror,
 Tristisque mundus nubilo pullet novo
 Nullum serenis noctibus sidus micat
 Sed gravis & ater incubat terris vapor
 Obtegit urces cœlitum ac summæ domos
 Infernæ facies denegat fructum Ceres
 Adulta, & altis flava cum spicis tremat,
 Aiente culmo sterilis emoritur seges
 Nec ulla pars immunis exitio vacat
 Sed omnis ætis priter & sexus ruit,
 Juvenēque senibus jungit, & natis patres
 Funesta pestis una fœd thalamos cremat

lieved from anxieties, though an Evil, bold and inclined
 to be a Wanderer! I call Heaven and the Gods to wit-
 ness, that I literally fell into this Kingdom! I did not
 seek it! I have always been in fear of something awful
 (the predictions of the Oracle) lest my father should be
 killed by my hand! (He did not want to kill Polybus)—
 The Delphian Laurels gave me an audible indication,
 when I was warned of this by the oracle, at that time,
 too, it foretold that another greater crime was to be
 committed by me! (when the Laurels cracked when put
 into the flames, the augury was favorable, if they emitted
 no sound, the prognostication was inauspicious) Can
 there be, one would suppose not, a greater crime than
 killing a Father? Oh! what a miserable conception do
 I entertain of what ought to be done! I was ashamed
 ever to breathe a word about my fate Apollo predicts
 a dishonored marriage-bed for the Parent, and a dread-
 ful marriage for the Son—some incestuous union veiled
 by an impious ceremony! This was the fear that drove

me away from my father's kingdom (that of Polybus) but although an exile I have never lost sight of or disregarded my country's household gods but, Oh Nature! whilst never trusting to myself or considering myself in safety I have ever observed the laws but when one is horrified at what one would think impossible to come to pass one does go in some sort of dread notwithstanding I fear every thing and I have no confidence in myself and the Fates are already preparing for something to befall me! For what can I suppose? That this dreadful pestilence which has fallen upon the people of Thebes and spread far and wide with such destructive results is to be sparing to me alone For what terrible calamity am I reserved? Amongst the ruins of the city with deaths at every turn and fresh cause for lamentation perpetually recurring and the wholesale destruction of the people I am still here! Safe! Spared! Surely although condemned by Apollo and being told off for so many crimes one can at least reasonably hope for a healthy kingdom! (one free from pestilence) It is I surely who have made the country pestilential! No soft breeze assuages with its refreshing breath the souls panting with the fires of inward fever! No one inhales the balmy Zephyrs but Phœbus following close on the track of Leo (pressing against the back of the Nemarian Lion) adds considerably to the temperature induced by the Dog star noted for its intense summer heat! (Tropic of Cancer) The river tracks are deserted by their usual waters—and the grass loses its color—and the fountains of Dirce are dried up—the shallow Ismenus still struggles on but scarcely covers its bed with the water so scantily flowing—Phœbe the sister of Phœbus pursues her path but only in the dullest of skies and the sad firmament is pale with clouds such as have never been known before—not a single star is seen to shine even on the serenest of nights
 surrounds the entire
 of the regions below
 and the most elevated
 pus! The corn already grown is not allowed to ripen and to be made use of and the crops in their first stage of ripening (yellowness) actually tremble with the weight of the ears they bear on their slender stalks and then those stems are burnt up by the scorching sun and the corn dies away and rots! Nor is any part or place exempt from the destructiveness of this plague but every age—every sex falls alike! This dreadful pestilence joins indiscriminately the young with the old parents with their children and one common burial does both

Fletuque acerbo funera & quæstæ carent
 Quin ipsa tanti pervicax clades mali
 Siccat oculos quodque in extremis solet
 Periere lacrimæ portat hunc æger parens
 Supremum ad ignem mater hunc amens gerit 60
 Properatque ut alium repe'at in eundem rogam
 Quin luctu in ipso luctus exoritur novus
 Suæque circa funus exsequiæ cadunt
 Tum propria flammis corpora alienis cremant
 Diripitur ignis nullus est miseris pador 65
 Non ossa tumuli sancta discreti tegunt
 Arsisse satis est pars quota in cineres abi-
 Deest terra tumulis jam rogos silvæ negant.
 Non voia non ars ulla correptos leant.
 Cadunt medentes morous auxilium trahit 70
 Affusus aris supplices tendo manus,
 Matura poscens fata. præcurram ut prior
 Patriam ruentem neve post omnes caçam
 Fiamque regni funus extremum me.
 O sæva nimium numina! o fa'um grave' 75
 Negatur uni nempe in hoc populo mihi
 Mors tam parata? sperne leali manu
 Contacta regna linque lacrimas funera
 Tabifica cœli vitia. quæ tecum invelis
 Infaustus hospes profuge jamdudum ocius 80
 Vel ad parentes JOC Quid juvat. conjux ma'la
 Gravare questu? regium hoc ipsum reor
 Adversa capere quoque sit dubius magis
 Status & cadentis imperii moles labat.
 Hoc stare certo pressius fortem gradu 85
 Haud est virile, terga Fortane dare
 Cæd Abest pavoris crimen ac probrum procal
 Virtusque nostra nescit ignavos metus
 Si tela conata stricta si vis horrida
 Mavortis in me rueret adversus feros 90

for husband and wife at the same time, and the bitter moanings and wailings, usual on such occasions, are not observed, for such wholesale destruction (so great an array of misery) has served to dry up the eyes themselves! But all this is only what usually transpires, when affairs are at their worst—tears absolutely refuse to flow—A feeble father carries one child to the funeral pile (its final end,—a mother, mad with grief carries a second one—she then hastens back to fetch another to the same pile, but a fresh source of grief arises in the midst of their present trouble, and often those, who are engaged in conducting the funeral ceremony of their children, are called upon to die themselves, whilst in the act of discharging their sad duties! Death upon Death! Then

they proceed to burn the bodies which are consigned to certain piles on the piles which were destined for others!—Then there is a scramble as to what bodies should be burnt here or burnt there—there is no reverential sentiment—no respect for the dead amongst those unhappy people separate tombs cannot bury their remains according to the sanctified custom—it is necessary only, to have them consumed by fire! How large a portion pass away in this guise of incineration!—But ground is wanting for the tombs already the woods are unable to supply burning materials (wood) for the piles! No vows are of any avail then and no skill can alleviate those that are seized! The medicine men die as well and the spreading disease drags away with itself the solitary aid which once strove to contend against it (the healing art) Prostrating myself before the sacred altars I will stretch forth my supplicating hands and ask for my fate to be at once decided and that I may forestal my ruined country by dying first! Or shall I not be allowed to fall even after all the others have disappeared or shall I be made the last sacrifice of my kingdom! Oh! ye too severe Sisters (the Fates) Oh! relentless fate! I suppose that death which is so ready with its work towards my subjects is not denied to me alone! Let me despise a kingdom which has been in contact with my lethal presence!—let me escape from the lamentations the funerals and the deadly poisons of the sky which I an unfortunate guest have brought with me—let me fly away quickly or let me even return to my parents Polybus and Merope! (He always thought they were his parents)

JOC Why dost thou take such pleasure Oh! my husband! in harassing thyself with such doleful complaints? I am of opinion that the first duty of royalty is to withstand adversity (by bearing up against it) and the more precarious its condition is and the more that the weight and authority of waning power slips away it is for the really brave man in such a position as this to stand his ground with increased firmness! (Like the soldiers who deem it dishonorable to cede the place they occupy during a battle to the enemy) It is not courageous to turn thy back upon Destiny!

ÆD The charge of fear or shame in my case is certainly a stranger to me and my courage ignores all idle alarms If any number of men should be killed by me and even if the
to fall upon me I s

Audax gigantes obvia ferrem manus
 Nec Sphingæ cæcis verba necentem modis
 Fugit cruentos vitæ insigne tuli
 Rictus, & albens ossibus sparsis solum
 Cumque e superna rupe, jam præda imminens, 95
 Aptaret alas verberare, & crudum movens,
 Sævi leonis more, conciperet minus
 Cæcumen poposci sonuit horrendum insuper
 Crepuere malæ, frangæque impræcans moræ
 Revulsit unguis, viscera expectans mea 100
 Nodosæ sortis verbera, & implexos dolos
 Ac triste cæcumen alitis solui ferre
 JOC Quid fera mortis vota nunc demens facis?
 Licuit perire ludis hoc pretium tibi
 Sceptrum & peremere Sphingis hæc merces datur 105
 AD Ille ille durus callidi monstri cinis
 In nos rebellat illa nunc Thebæ lucæ
 Peremta perdit una jam superest salus,
 Si quam salutis Phœbus ostendit viam

CHORUS

Luis gravitatem deplorat Chorus e Thebæis

OCCIDIS Cædmi generosa proles 110
 Urbe cum tota viduus colonis
 Respicias terras, miseranda Thebe
 Carpitur leto tuus ille, Bacche,
 Miles, extremos comes usque ad Indos,
 Ausus Eois equitare campis, 115
 Figere & mundo tur signa primo
 Cinnami filvis Arabes beatos
 Vidit, & versas equitis sagittas,

advance with these hands of mine, against the giants themselves! Nor did I run away from the Sphinx who dealt forth her oracular utterances in such obscure enigmas! I bore, without flinching, the sanguinary grinnings of that wicked old prophetess, and regarded, without dismay, the ground scattered about with the bleached bones of those who had failed to solve her riddles! And when from her proud rock, looking upon me, as her certain prey, she flapped her wings, ready for a swoop, and shaking her tail after the fashion of the savage lion—and, as she was meditating her threats, I coolly asked her for her verses—she sounded them forth with a horrible voice and then her jaws (teeth) gnashed, and impatient of any delay she tore away at the rock with her claws, waiting for my entrails! In the meantime, I solved the wretched verses of this wild, winged creature, the different

expressions in her oracle and with all its crafty entanglements!

JOC Why dost thou in this demented way rake up thus late thy desire for death? It was quite competent for thee to have died long ago (instead of answering the Sphinx correctly) but now the Kingdom is given to thee for the honor thou deservest and as a reward for the victory over the Sphinx that has now perished!

ŒD She or rather the ashes of that cunning monster may turn against us and that plague which has destroyed Thebes may destroy us—only one hope of safety is left and that is if Apollo will point out to us any means of arriving at such security!

CHORUS

The Chorus of Thebans bewails the severity of the plague

Oh! noble descendants of Cadmus ye are falling a prey to the pestilence together with the entire City! Oh! miserable Thebes! Years now looking down on a land despoiled of its inhabitants! Oh! Bacchus! Those companions of thine are snatched away by Death who followed thee to the far off Indies—who ventured to ride on the Eastern plains and to plant thy standards in a world which was quite new to thee! They have seen the Arabs happy and contented with their forests of Cinnamon trees and they have witnessed the arrows of the cunning Parthian horsemen shot forth and anxiously regarded those backs which were always to be dreaded (The Parthians shot their arrows whilst pretending to be making a flying retreat) They it was who approached the shores of the Red Sea there Phœbus is early in his advent and visits the naked Indians with indications of his closer proximity and calorific intensity (making their skins black)—we are burying the descendants of an unconquered race—we are *disappearing* a cruel destiny snatching us away! There is always some fresh funeral pageant being conducted as a Tribute to King Death! A long row of our sad people are hurried off on their way to the shades below and the mournful train is interrupted in its progress and although the Seven Gates lie open (affording free room) there are not sufficient tombs for those requiring sepulture! Far and wide this human havoc prevails and one funeral after another perpetually pressing its way on and the place abounds

Terga fallacis metuenda Parthi
 Litus intravit pelagi rubentis
 Promit hic ortus, aperitque lucem
 Phœbus, & flamma propiore nudos
 Inficit Indos
 Stirpis invictæ genus interimus
 Labimur sævo rapiente fato
 Ducitur semper nova pompa Morti
 Longus ad mænes properatur ordo
 Agminis mæsti, sericisque tristis
 Hæret, & turbæ tumulos patienti
 Non satis septem patuere portæ
 Stat gravis strages, premiturque juncto
 Funere funus
 Prima vis tardas tetigit bidentes
 Laniger pingues male carpssit herbas
 Colla tracturus steterat sacerdos,
 Dum manus certum parat altera vulnus,
 Aureo rursus rutilante cornu
 Libitur segnis præiit sub ictu
 Ponderis vixi resoluta cervix,
 Nec cruor ferrum maculavit atra
 Turpis e plaga sanies profusa est
 Segnior cursu sonipes in ipso
 Concidit gyro, dominumque prono
 Prodidit armo
 Incubant prætis pecudes relicta
 Taurus armento pereunte marcet
 Deficit pastor grege diminuto,
 Tabidos inter moriens juvenco
 Non lupos cervi metuunt rapaces
 Cessat irati fremitus leonis
 Nulla villosis feritas in ursis
 Perdidit pestem latebrosæ serpens,
 Aret, & sicco moritur veneno
 Non silva sua decorata coma
 Fundit opacis montibus umbras
 Non rura virent ubere glebæ
 Non plena suo vitis Iaccho
 Brachia curvat
 Omnia nostrum sensere malum
 Rupère Eiebi claustra profundæ
 Turba soiorum face 7 urriter
 Phlegethonque sua molam ripa
 Miscuit undis Stygæ Sidonius
 Mois alta avidos oris hiatus
 Pandit, & omnes explicat vis
 Quique capaci turbida cymba
 Flumina servat durus senio
 Navita crudo, vix assiduo
 Brachia conto lassata refert,
 Fessus turbam vectare novam

95

100

105

110

with the carcasses which are strewn about The infection first attacking the wool bearing flocks nibbles their own destruction! (Sheep thus inhaled more copious account the poison rising from the Earth) The Priest has paused whilst about to apply his sacrificial knife to the necks of the victims and whilst his hand is poised and he is making what he thinks is a successful aim the bull with its ruddy golden horns falls down helplessly and its neck being only partially detached from its body by the heavy blow of the hatchet gapes open—but no blood has stained the knife—only a black gore and foul humor issue from the gash! (This indicates the poisoned condition of the circulating fluids) The horses too in the middle of the race lose their galloping powers totter and throw their jockeys headlong over their shoulders at the same time that they fall themselves The cattle that are left lie listlessly about the meadow and the Bull pines away as he sees the herd (especially the females) dying at every turn! The shepherd then is missed from amongst the much reduced flocks dying in the very

remains hidden has lost its poisonous powers—it becomes parched up and its virus becomes dry (does not flow) it then dies! The forest is not decorated with its usual foliage and casts no shade over the dusky mountains—the country is no longer verdant with the exuberance of its turf nor does the vine curve downwards with its branches loaded with grapes for its own dearly beloved Bacchus! All things have felt the effects of the terrible plague—the three sisters Tisiphone Alecto and Megæra with their infernal torches have burst forth from the entrances of the depths of Erebus! And the Phlegethon has mingled the streams of the Styx which it has driven from its banks with the waters of Thebes (Sidonian) and Mors freely unfolding its wings flies above our heads and shows us the partings of its rapacious mouth (jaws) and that inflexible boatman (Charon) who guards the turbid river (Styx) in that capacious craft of his although vigorous in his old age with difficulty now raises his weary arms to ply his never resting pole in urging onwards his barque and seems too tired out to convey across his river any fresh importations of departed humanity there having been such increased demands upon his exertions on account of the plague and more than that there is a

to howl throughout the whole of the silent night! Oh! cruel manifesta
destruction so
Oppressive lan
f bodily
Death!
of the
joints and a hectic flush settles on the sick man's down
cast countenance! And small spots scattered here and
there appear about the upper parts (pustules, petechiæ
livid spots like flea bites indicative of the poisoned
condition of the blood) then the fiery heats (fever tem
perature) burn up the crowning part of the body (the
head the seat of the brain and mind and the organs of
the senses) and then the heat (fever at its height) dis
tends the eyes and eyelids with blood (suffusion) and the
eyes have a vacant stare and are rolled with difficulty
and then this heat like some internal fire seizes as its
prey on the limbs and joints then ringing noises in the
ears come on and a black sanious secretion flows from
the nostrils put literally out of all shape from being so
swollen, then it forces its way through the distended veins
which becoming ruptured give way! (causing extravasa
tion) The frequent and acute groaning endanger the
internal viscera (giving rise to hiccough eructations and
violent fits of coughing) then the cold marble is deprived
of its refrigerating effects from being so constantly made
use of and instead of imparting an impression of cold it
gives out only the warmth which it has acquired from
the perpetual bodily contact of the fevered mortals that
fly to it and when having no one to look after them the
sick are permitted more licence—the master of the house
himself having been only recently buried—they rush to
the fountains to allay their feverish thirst and that thirst
is only aggravated by the water which they imbibe!

A large array of victims to this pestilence prostrate
themselves before the altars and pray for death! this is
a blessing which the kind Gods never refuse humanity!
but in this case they betake themselves to the temples
not that the Gods might vouchsafe to respond to their
prayers but more as a feeling of satisfaction that they
may tire out the Gods by letting them see the misfortunes
that have been permitted to befall mankind continually
brought to their notice! But who is this who hastens
with such rapid steps towards the palace? Is it not Creon
of noble race and the man chosen for a lucky destiny?
Or is one in an enfeebled condition of mind and body
merely mistaking the shadow for the substance (do we
see false or true)? Yes! it is Creon the one we have been
impatiently waiting with one accord to see

ACTUS SECUNDUS

ŒDIPUS, CREON

Reverſus Delphi Creon nuntiat, jubere Deum ut mors Lai expurgetur, nec prius ceſſaturam peſtem, quam in exilium mittatur interfeſtor ejus, de quo, quia non nominatur, ambigitur

HORROR quætor, fata quo vergant timens,
 Trepidumque gemino pectus eventu labat
 Ubi læta duris mixta in ambiguo jacent,
 Incertus animus ſcire cum cupit, timet
 Gemine noſtre conjugis, ſeſſis opem
 Si quam reportas, voce properata edoce
 CR Reſponſa dubia ſorte perplexa latent
 ŒD Dubiam ſalutem qui dat aſſiſctis negat
 CR Ambige neſſa Delphico moſ eſt Deo
 Arcana tegere ŒD Fare, ſit dubium licet
 Ambigua ſoli noſcere Œdipode datur
 CR Cædem expiari regium exilio Deus,
 Et interemtum Laium ulciſci jubet
 Non ante cælo lucidus curret dies,
 Hæuſtuſque tutos æthereis puri dabit
 ŒD Equiſ peremtor incliti regis ſuit
 Quem memoret, ede, Phœbus, ut pœnas luri
 CR Sit, precor, diſſiſſe tutum viſu & auditu horrida
 Torpor inſedit per artus, frigidus ſanguis coit
 Ut ſacrati templi Phœbi ſupplici intravi pede,
 Et prius, numen precatus, rite ſummiſi manus

185

193

195

2200

ACT II

ŒDIPUS—CREON

Creon, having returned from Delphi, reports that the God (Apollo) decreed that the death of Laius ſhould be expiated, and that the peſtilence would not ceaſe till this was done—that his murderer ſhould be ſent into exile, but it is doubted as to who it can be, as he was not pointed out by name

ŒDIPUS

IAM ſhaking with dread, fearing what the Fates (this reſponſe of Apollo) are preparing for me, and my miſgiving mind is hesitating between the two reſults (propitious and unpropitious) When good tidings, associated

with unfavorable news are brought to our notice they present an ambiguous front and the wavering mind actually dreads to be enlightened about that at which it is most anxious to arrive! Oh! Thou brother of my wife if thou hast brought any consoling relief to my oppressed worn out spirit tell me out quickly!

CR The obscure responses of Apollo are hidden from my comprehension in a puzzling fashion (Probabilities and possibilities)

ŒD He who proffers an uncertain protection to any one in trouble practically refuses to offer any

CR It is the custom you know for the Delphian God to mystify his utterances in a network of obscurities

ŒD Speak I am willing even that it should be doubtful, it is quite in keeping with Œdipus alone to deal with ambiguities which quite lately I did myself with the enigma of the Sphinx

CR The God orders that the murder of the king shall be expiated by the exile of the perpetrator and that the murdered Laius shall be avenged and not before that will bright Day afford us a serene sky or give us the blessing of being able to inhale the pure air of Heaven!

ŒD But who was the murderer of that illustrious King? Tell me whom did Apollo name as the culprit in order that he may suffer the punishment that is due to him?

CR So be it! But I do hope that I shall preserve my mental balance (contain myself) whilst I speak of things to be seen or spoken of. A numbness passes over my entire body and my blood seems to curdle at the thought. When I first entered the sacred portals of Apollo's temple with a suppliant step and following the custom raised my hands in the attitude of prayer and straightway invoked the God and in the same second of time both the tops of snow clad Parnassus, Tithoreus and Hyampeus, gave forth a diabolical sound and the sacred Laurels overhanging the entrance trembled again and shook the temple itself, and on a sudden the water of the Castalian fountain ceased to flow and the Lethæan priestess Pythia (because the responses were forgotten as soon as delivered) began briskly to shake out her terrifying locks and in a state of excitement (usual on such occasions) When preparing to receive the inspiration of the God Apollo had

Gemina Parnassi nivalis ara truce[m] sonitum dedit,
 Imminens Phœber laurus tremuit & movit domum,
 Ac repente fracta fontis lymphæ Castali stetit
 Incipit Lethææ vates spargere horrentes conat[us] 230
 Et pat[ri] commotæ Phœbum contigit nondum s[ecum]
 Emicat vasto fragore major humano sonus
 "Mitia Cadmeis iemerbunt sidera Thebis
 Si profugus Dirce[n] Ismenida liqueris hospes,
 Regis crede nocens, Phœbo jam notus & infans, 235
 Nec tibi longa manent sceleratæ gaudia cedis
 Tecum bellæ geres, natis quoque bellæ relinques,
 Turpis maternos iterum revolutus in ortus,
 Sed Quod facere monitu calitum jussus patro
 Functi cineribus regis hoc decuit dari 240
 Ne fracta quisquam sceptra violaret dolo
 Regi tuendæ maxime regum est silus
 Queritur peremptum nemo quem incolumem timet
 CR Curam purenti major excussit timor
 Sed Pium prohibuit ullus officium metus 245
 CR Sphinx & nefandi carminis tristes muni
 Sed Nunc capietur numinum imperio scelus
 Quisquis Deorum regna phœtus viles
 Tu, tu, penes quem iura præcipitis poli,
 Tuque, o sereni maxumum mundi decus, 250
 Bis sena cursu signa qui vario regis
 Qui tridua celeri secula evolvis rota,
 Sororque fratri semper occurrens tuo,
 Noctivaga Phœbe, quique ventorum potens
 Æquor per altum ætheros curius agis, 255
 Et qui carentes luce disponis domos,
 Adeste cujus Laus dextra occidit
 Hunc non quietæ tectæ, non fidi lares,
 Non hospitalis exulem tellus sciat
 Phalaris pudendis dolet & prole impiæ 260
 Hic & parentem dextera perimat sua,

not as yet reached the inner part of the cave, when presently, a sound issued forth louder than any human voice, and with a sonorous preliminary crash, delivered the Oracle (The Oracles were always delivered in Hexameters) "A pure atmosphere (free from pestiferous influences) will come again to Cadmean Thebes if the stranger, now there, and the murderer of the King Laus quits, as an exile, the places round about Dirce, whose streams flow into the Ismenus he is already known to Apollo, and was known, when an infant,—nor will there be, even, any lengthened enjoyment of life, or any benefit arising out of that wicked murder! Thou, the murderer, shalt be at war perpetually with thyself, and thou shalt leave naught but internecine war for thy sons, that man

is base who returns to his mother with incestuous intent! (literally to approach sexually the very parts whence he emerged when coming into existence)

ŒD I am ready to do everything that I am commanded to do by the Gods it is only right that such a tribute should be offered to the ashes of the defunct king but lest any one should try to violate the sanctity of the sceptre by treachery the best interests of kings are best looked after by kings No subject really laments the loss of a king of whom he might have been in dread whilst that king was in existence!

CR A greater fear might usurp the place which anxiety about the dead might otherwise call forth

ŒD Has any fear ever prohibited the performance of a religious duty?

CR Yes! The Sphinx and the ominous threats in those horrible verses of hers (The Enigma)

ŒD At the command of the Deities therefore the crime shall be expiated Whosoever of the Gods is now looking down with favor upon this kingdom and thou! Jupiter oh! thou ruler of Olympus by whose power the swiftly moving heavenly bodies pursue their course and thou Oh! Phœbus the chief ornament of thy own serene kingdom who directest the twelve signs of the Zodiac in their various (respective) revolutions who markest out with thy rapid chariot the slowly passing ages and thou oh! Phœbe who with thy chariot wanderest through out the night thou sister who art always meeting thy Brother! And oh! thou Neptune who art all powerful in thy dominions over the winds and drivest thy sea blue chariot over the vasty deep! (Æolus is not included here although God of the Winds) and thou! Pluto! who rulest over the dark abodes in the regions below! Come! Tell me! by whose right hand did I aius fall? Whoever he may be let him enjoy no untroubled homestead let no faithful household Gods show him any respect and let no country extend to him its hospitable shelter! Let him suffer all the penalties arising out of an incestuous marriage and a tainted offspring! And he that would kill a parent with his own hand and do Well! What could there be imagined worse? The very things that I have avoided—Parricide and Incest! let there be no hope of pardon for such a man! I swear by my sceptre and by the kingdom where I now am as stranger and by that

ÆDIPUS, TIRESIAS, MANTO

which I have recently left, and by my household gods, and by thee, Father Neptune, who with thy twofold presence sportest with thy gentle waves upon my native shores—my native isthmus! and come! Apollo thyself and bear testimony to my words, who inspirest the prophetic lips of the Cirrhean priestess, that my Parent, Polybus, may pass his life to a tranquil old age, and grant him security on his elevated throne, and may Merope never know any other husband but Polybus—listen whilst I

now that mercy shall never be shown by me towards the murderer of Laius! But tell me how and in what circumstances was this horrible crime committed—was it the result of an open honorable combat or was the murderer (assassin like) lying in wait for Laius in order to perpetrate this premeditated act of High Treason?

CR Laius was wending his journey towards the shady groves near the Castalian fountains (to consult the Oracle) and traversed a road thickly interspersed with brambles and there is a spot which opens out in three directions leading towards the fields—one of these roads divides off the country about Phocis so dear to Bacchus whence as you pass the hill with an easy ascent you come to the two topped Parnassus seeking as it does its way to the clouds and this Parnassus looks down on the valleys below but another road the second leads on to Sisypheus Olenus the third road which winds round a hollow valley comes quite close to the meandering streams and divides off the cool waters of the Ilissus Here Laius quite relying upon being free from any sort of danger was attacked by a band of robbers who took his life without any witnesses to prove the murder of the king (at this moment having been instructed and commanded by Apollo Tiresias slow with advancing age attempts to accelerate his pace with trembling knees and his daughter Manto leading the blind old man as his faithful guide)

CEDIPUS—TIRESIAS—MANTO

Tiresias tries to discover the murderer of Laius through the soothsayers but the matter not being cleared up on account of the failure of the divinations by means of the entrail—inspections now betakes himself to necromancy

CEDIPUS

O H¹ Tiresias! so revered by the Gods and the nearest friend of Phœbus explain the responses of the oracle! Speak! Who is the culprit deserving of punishment?

TIR It is scarcely reasonable that thou shouldst be surprised why my tongue is so slow to speak or why it requires time to enable me to do so thou must remember that a great part of what might reveal the truth is hidden

Haud te quidem, magnanime, mirari addebat	
Visu carenti magna pars veri latet	295
Sed quo vocat me patria quo Phœbus sequar	
Fata eruantur si foret viridis mihi	
Calidusque sanguis pectore exciperem Deum	
Appellite ris candidum tergo bovem,	
Curvoque nunquam colla depressum iugo	300
Tu, lucis inopem mater, genitorem regens	
Manifesta fieri signa fatidici refer	
MAN Opima sanctas victimas ante aras stetit,	
TIR In vota superos vota solemniter voca,	
Arasque dono thuris Eoi exstrue	305
MAN Jam thura sacris calitum ingessi focis	
TIR Quid flamma, largas jamne comprehendit dapes?	
MAN Subito refulsit lumine, & subito occidit	
TIR Utrumne clarus ignis & nitidus stetit,	
Rectusque purum verticem caelo tulit,	310
Et summam in auras fusus explicuit comam?	
An latera circa serpit incertus vis,	
Et fluctuante turbidus fumo labat?	
MAN Non una facies mobilis flammæ fuit	
Imbriferæ qualis implicat varios sibi	315
Iris colores, parte quæ magna poli	
Curvata picto nuntiat nimbos sinu	
Quis desit illi, quisve sit, dubites, color	
Cerulea fulvis mixta oberravit notis,	
Sanguinea rursus, ultima in tenebras abiit	320
Sed ecce pugna ignis in partes duas	
Difcedit, & se scindit unius sacri	
Discors favilla genitor, horresco intuens,	
Libat Bracchi dona permutat cruor,	
Ambitque densus regium fumus caput	325
Ipsosque circa spissior vultus sedet,	
Et nube densa sordidam lucem abdedit	
Quid sit, prens, effare TIR Quid fieri queam	
Inter tumultus mentis attonitæ vagos?	
Quidnam loquuntur sunt dira, sed in alto, mala	330

from me owing to my blindness. But when my country demands my presence, and where Apollo goes, I must follow, the Fates at all events must be thoroughly threshed out—if my former hale youth were in my favor, and my warm blood coursed through my veins as of yore, Apollo would be within me in his entirety, pervading me, through and through, with his inspiring power. Now bring to the altars a perfectly white bull, one whose neck has never been bowed down to the curved yoke—Thou, my daughter, guide of thy blind father, inform me as to the various appearances, presenting themselves at this prophetic sacrifice.

MAN A tractable victim is now standing in front of the sacred altar

TIR Invoke the Gods with prayers in a solemn voice and strew the altars well with offerings of Sabæan frankincense

MAN I have already supplied the frankincense for the sacred altar of the Gods

TIR What about the fire? Does it burn up yet any considerable portion of the offering?

MAN It varies sometimes it brightens up quite suddenly and then again it flags as suddenly

TIR Which of the two? Does the fire remain clear and bright and go straight up into the sky preserving that clearness and brightness right away to the very top and distribute the brightest flames when they reach the air in equal radiations? Or uncertain in its direction does it hover and spread round the sides of the altar and becoming turbid resolve itself into smoke travelling all sorts of ways?

MAN The ascent of the flames presents by no means any uniformity very much indeed as the rainbow the herald of approaching showers clothes itself in varying colors and over a large portion of the sky announces to us the threatening clouds in its painted arc—One is constantly in doubt what color is wanting in one place and what is present in another—(the colors present no successive order) The flames at first blue are now dotted about with brownish patches then again these change into blood red and finally they pass off in a dark smoke (without thoroughly consuming the carbonaceous matter) What can all that be? Oh! my parent tell me what it portends!

TIR How can I speak when such a tumult of vague surmises takes possession of my astounded mind? How shall I speak? Why! they are indications of some dreadful crime or other but they are hidden away so high you say not to be easily discerned on account of the blackness of the smoke, the anger of the gods is generally indicated by signs such as these! What is this they wish to disclose one minute and the next decline to do so (The blackness following obscures that which has gone before and they thus partially conceal the severe anger

- Solet ira certis numinum ostendi notis
 Quid istud est, quod esse prolatum volunt
 Iterumque nolunt, & truces iras tegunt?
 Pudet Deos nescio quid huc propere admovere,
 Et sparge falsa colla taurorum mola 335
 Placidone vultu sacra & admotis manus
 Præiunguntur? MAN Altum taurus attollens caput,
 Primos ad ortus positus exprimit diem,
 Trepidusque vultum solis & radios fugit
 TIR Unone teriam vulnere afflicti pctunt? 340
 MAN Iuvenca ferro semet imposito induit,
 Et vulnere uno cecidit at taurus, duos
 Perpeffus ictus huc & huc dubius ruit,
 Animamque fessus viæ reluctanciam exprimit
 TIR Utrum citatus vulnere angusto micat,
 An lentus altas irrigat plagas cruor? 345
 MAN Huius per ipsam, quæ pectet pectus, ram
 Effusus ramnis huius exiguos graves
 Maculantur ictus imbre sed versus retro
 Per ora multus fringens atque oculos redit 350
 TIR Infracta magnos sacra terrores ciunt
 Sed ede certas viscerum nobis notis
 MAN Genitor, quid hoc est? non levi motu ut sole it
 Agitata trepidant cæli, sed totis manus
 Quæruunt novusque profilit venis cruor 355
 Cor marcet ægrum penitus, ac mersum latet,
 Liventque venæ, magna pars fibris abest,
 Et felle nigro tæbidum spumant jecur
 Ac, semper omen unico imperio grave,
 En capiti paribus binæ confurgunt toris, 360
 Sed utrumque cæsum tenuis abscondit caput
 Membrantæ lutebram rebus occultis negans
 Hostile valido robore insurgit litus,
 Septemque venas tendit has omnes retro
 Prohibens reverti limes obliquus secit 365
 Mutatus ordo est Sede nil propria jacet,
 Sed acta retro cuncta non animæ capta

which is being entertained) The gods are disgusted at something, but I know not what come, move hither quickly, and besprinkle afresh the necks of the sacrifices (the bulls) with salted meal! Do the sacrifices bear the pressure of the hand, when they are touched, with an untroubled look?

MAN The Bull raises his head high, when he is placed towards the East, he seems to avoid the light of day, and tremblingly averts his gaze from the rays of the sun

TIR Did the sacrifices fall, after receiving the first blow?

MAN The Heifer seemed as it were to throw herself in the way to meet the knife with which it was threatened and fell after receiving the first blow but the bull after receiving two blows (Œdipus with the blows on his Eyes) staggered here and staggered there and although tired out with his resistance gave up his life very reluctantly

TIR Which of the two was the more lively after the smaller wound or did the blood flow more freely after the deeper gashes?

MAN A perfect river flowed from the opening where the chest was laid bare—the heavy blows only resulted in a small escapement but a great quantity of blood seemed to make a retroflex course, and showed itself about the eyes and mouth

TIR These inauspicious sacrifices inspire me with grave apprehensions but tell me what indications thou didst notice as regards the entrails?

MAN Oh! Father what is this? The entrails are trembling in a very excited manner and not to the small extent which is usual—they actually shake my hands when I touch them and fresh blood leaps forth from the veins the heart is shrivelled up entirely and has sunk down deep in the thorax the veins are becoming livid and a great portion of the intestines is missing and the shrunk liver foams out black bile (hatred of the brothers Polynices and Eteocles) and behold this is always an omen of special import (to monarchies) two heads rise up of equal size [the word *torus* alludes to the muscular structure (ergo size)] but a delicate film conceals both the heads suggestive of a refusal to offer any veil to conceal certain secrets hereafter to be revealed! one hostile side rises against the other with great force and presents seven veins (Polynices and his six generals) an oblique line divides them and prevents them from returning No organ is in its proper anatomical situation—the whole order of nature is inverted—the lungs are not inflated with air and respiration is impeded but they are filled with blood (hepatization) and are all on the right side (of the
 be on the left
 does not furnish t
 which surrounds t
 of nature are reversed even the womb is not subject to its former fixed laws! (alluding to the incestuous womb of Jocasta)—we must endeavour to find out how this

In parte dextra pulmo sanguineus jacet
 Non leva cordis regio non molli ambitu
 Omenta pingues viscerum obtundunt sinus 370
 Natura versæ est nulla lex utero manet
 Scrutemur, unde tantus hic exitus rigor
 Quod hoc nefas? conceptus inuupte bovis,
 Nec more solito positus, alieno in loco
 Implet parentem membra cum gemitu movet 375
 Tremulo rigore debiles artus micant
 Infecit atris lividus fibras cruor,
 Tentantque turpes mobilem trunci gradum
 Et inane surgit corpus ac sacro pectus
 Cornu ministros viscera effugiunt manum 380
 Neque ipsa, quæ te pepulit, armenti gravitas
 Vox est, nec usquam territi resonant greges
 Immugit aris ignis & trepidant foci
 Quid istæ sacri signa terrifici serant,
 Exprope voces rure non timida haruorum 385
 Solent suprema facere securos aris
 TIR His inuidebis, quibus opem queris malis,
 Quid Memora, quod unum scire cælicolæ volunt
 Contaminavit rege quis cæso manus
 TIR Nec alia cæli quæ levi penna secant, 390
 Nec fibra vivis raptæ pectoribus potest
 Ciere nomen alia tendenda est via
 Ipse evocandus noctis æternæ plagi,
 Emissus Liebo ut credis auctorem indicet
 Referandæ tellus Diris implicabile 395
 Numen precandum populus infernæ Stygis
 Huc extrahendus ede, cui mandes sacrum
 Nam te, penes quem summa regnorum est, nefas
 Invisere umbras Quid Te, Creon, hic poscit labor,
 Ad quem secundum regna respiciunt mea 400
 TIR Dum nos profundæ claustra latamus Stygis,
 Populare Bacchi laudibus carmen sonet

CHORUS

Crinit Chorus dithyrambum qui Bacchi gesta
 & inventa continet

EREUSAM redimite comam nutante colymbos,
 Lucidum cæli decus, huc ades votis,

remarkable rigidity of the intestines has been brought about! Ah! what crime now? A heifer that has never been mounted by the bull to be with calf and the foetus is not in its proper place, but occupies another spot in its mother's inside—it moves its limbs with a groan, and they twitch convulsively, with tremblings and rigors, and

livid blood has stained the flesh black and the miserable half-dead victims try to rise and get away in vain and the body with the entrails gone seeks to make for those who are conducting the sacrifices the entrails seem to avoid the touch nor is the voice which it has given forth that of the gruff bull nor like that of one of the terrified flock The flames at the altars emit a lowing sound at the same time that those altars are themselves trembling at the phenomenon!

ÆD Tell me again how these indications in this terrifying sacrifice are produced I will listen with an undaunted ear to thy words Great evils are apt to make one more composed at times

TIR I am afraid thou wouldst regret to know them the ones at least thou requir'st to aid thee in thy inquiries

ÆD Tell me what the Gods are willing for me to know! Who polluted his hands with the murder of the King?

TIR Not any feathered creature that cuts its path through the lofty regions of the sky with its delicate wings nor the entrails taken from the living animal whilst retaining its vitality can disclose the name of the murderer—another way must be tried! And some one must be summoned from the regions of eternal night some emissary from Erebus itself that he may point out the perpetrator of the murder! The earth must be opened and the relentless Pluto must be appealed to—the denizens of the internal regions and Laius himself must be dragged forth to give evidence tell me whom thou wilt intrust with this solemn mission for it will be contrary to the law for thee with all the highest functions of a kingdom in thy keeping to visit the shades below

ÆD This task will devolve on Creon whom my kingdom regards as the second in power

TIR Whilst we are effecting an entrance at the gates of the Stygian world below let the air resound with some melody which will find favor with the Theban subjects a song in praise of our God Bacchus!

CHORUS

The Chorus sings a dithyramb which sets forth the exploits and discoveries of Bacchus

O! thou Deity crowned with the clusters of grapes waving to and fro which surmount thy flowing locks and poising in thy gentle hands rejoicing in their perpetual juvenility the Nisæan Thyrsus (Nisæus

- Mollia Nyctus amata brachia thivis
 Quid tibi nobiles Thebæ, Bacche, tur
 Palmis supplicibus sciunt
 Huc adverte faciens virginum caput,
 Vultu sidereo discute nubile,
 Et tristes Erebi muros,
 Avidumque fatum,
 Te decet vernis comam floribus cingi,
 Te caput Lyona cohibere mitra
 Ederave mollem braccifera
 Religare frontem
 Sprigere effusos sine lege crine
 Rursus adducto revocare nodo
 Quilibet iram metuens nocentem
 Creveris falsos imitatus ritus
 Cime strventi simulata virgo,
 Luteam vestem retinente zona
 Inde tam molles placuisse cultus
 Et sinus huius fluidumque sinum
 Vidit iurato residere curru
 Veste cum longa tegeres liones
 Omnis Eos plagæ iussa terra
 Qui bibit Gangem, niveumque quisquis
 Frangit Araven
 Te senior turpi sequitur Silenus asello
 Turgida pampineis redimitus tempora scitis
 Conditæ lascivi deducunt origi myste
 Te Bissaudum comitatu cohort
 Nunc Edoni pede pulsavit
 Sola Pangæi, nunc Ithreicio
 Vertice Pindi, nunc Cadmeis
 Inter matres impiorum Mænas
 Comes Ogygio venit Iaccho,
 Nebude sacra placincta latus
 Tibi commote pectori maties
 Fudere comam thyrsumque levem
 Vibrante manu, nam post Iacchos
 Pentheos ritus Thyades æstro
 Membra remissæ, velut ignotum
 Videre nefas
 Ponti regna tenet nitidi matertera Bacchi,
 Neireidumque choris Cadmeis cingitur Ino
 Ius habet in fluctus magni puer advenit ponti
 Cognatus Bacchi, numen non vile, Palæmon,
 Te Tyrrhena, pueri, rapuit, manus,
 Et unidum Nereus posuit mure,

was a surname of Bacchus), thou bright ornament to the celestial group, come, we pray, and hearken to the supplications which thy own Noble Thebes now offers up to thee, with our hands showing tokens of reverence—Turn

hither thy head with its virginlike aspect! dispel the clouds which oppress us with thy handsome presence as well as the grievous menaces of I rebus—wert thou the depopulating Iates! It becomes thee to deck thy locks with vernal flowers and wear on thy head the Tyrron Mitre and to bind the ivy berries around thy fair countenance! To scatter thy locks carelessly at one time and at another to gather them up again with the accustomed knot and then thrown back — And just as thou wast too when dreading the jealousy of thy step mother (Juno) as a pretended virgin with golden locks thou disguisedst thyself further still by imitating the carriage and figure of a female a girdle keeping together the yellow vestments till at last an effeminate style of dress and manner loose body-dress and a flowing train have come to be thy especial delight! All that vast country in the Eastern parts of the earth owning thee as a conqueror and those people who drink from the waters of the Canges and those who are required to break the ice of the frozen Alaxis before they can quench their thirst—all these have seen thee proudly reclining in thy gilded chariot drawn by Lions and with that train of thine thrown over the backs of such lions whilst that old Satyr Silenus (foster father of Bacchus) follow with his temples e of vine leaves The in secrecy—a troop of at one time tread their measures on the soil of Langrus after the style of the Idonic at another time on the summit of Thracian Pindus—whilst at still another from among the Theban Matrons a cruel Menad comes as a companion to Ogygian (Theban) Bacchus adorning her sides with the sacred skin of a young kid (that is held in sacred estimation) the matrons with their heaving bosoms excited by their passions (inspiration) let down their locks in honor of thee and with their hands gently flourishing the graceful thyrsus the Ihyades (Ihyis was the chief priestess of Bacchus) after the limbs of Ientheus had been torn to pieces relaxed their hands when the paroxysm of frenzy had worn itself out and looked as if they were entirely ignorant of what they had done! The Aunt of Bacchus (Ino) holds sway over the glittering sea and Cadmeian Ino is surrounded by a bevy of Nereids (sea nymphs)—The Boy Palamon, no inconsiderable god the latest accession to the marine deities has full command over the waves of the mighty sea and when the Pirates of Tyrrhenus took thee prisoner and placed thee on board of their vessel Neptune converted the rough sea into a calm lake—The blue waters he

Cærula cum pratis mutat freta Hinc verno platanus folio viret Et Phœbo laurus etrum nemus Garrula per ramos avis obstrepat Vivaces ederas ramus tenet	455
Summa ligat vitis carchesium Idæus prora fremunt leo Tigris puppe sedet Gangesque Cum pirata freta pavidos natat Et nova demersos fœces habet	460
Brachia prima cadunt prædonibus, Illisumque utero pectus eoit Parvula dependet lateri manus Et dorso fluctum curvo subit Lunata scindit cruda mare,	465
Et sequitur curvus fugientia carbasa delphin Divite Pædolus venit te Ladius undæ, Aurea torrenti deducens flumina ripa Lævit victos arcus Geticisque sagittas Læter Massagetes qui pocula sanguine miscet	470
Regna securigeri Bacchum sensere Lycurgi Sensere terre te Diæum feroces Et quos vicinus Boreas ferit Arva mutantur quæque Meotis Alluit gentes frigida fluitu	475
Quæque despectat vertice summo Sidus Arcadium, geminumque pluvium Ille dispersos domuit Gelonos Arma detrahit truncibus puellis Ore dejecto petiere terram	480
Thermodontique graves catervæ, Positis tandem levibus sagittis, Mænades fœdere fœcer & Cithæron Sanguine inundavit, Ophionique cæde	485
Proetides silvas petiere & Argos Præfente Bacchum coluit noveia Navos Ægeo redimita ponto Tradidit thalamis virginem relictam, Meliore pensans damna marito	490
Pumice sicco Fluxit Nyctelius luteæ Garruli gramen secure rivi, Combibit dulces humus altæ succos, Niveique lactis candida fontes	495

transformed into smiling meads, and from that time the plane tree grows green with the leaves of spring and the Laurel grove is dear to Apollo, the noisy birds chattered incessantly, perched amongst the branches, the oars of the piratical sailors were entwined with the ever-

green ivy and the vine curled itself around the tallest masts! A fierce Idæan Lion roared at the prow and an Asiatic Tiger (from the Ganges) sits composedly at the stern. Then the pirates thoroughly scared, take to the water and when they are beginning to sink in the watery depths they assume a new shape—The robbers forearms disappear and chests and abdomens are forced into each other becoming blended—a small fin hangs from their sides and they thus enter into their marine home and with a curved body and with their moon shaped tails they divide the waves and the Dolphin with its curved form from that time forth follows the ships cleaving the sea under their scudding sails! The Pactolus a river of Lydia which conducts its golden streams towards the torrid banks has borne thee along over its rich waters—Bacchus has caused the conquered Getæ to lay aside their bows and arrows and the Scythian Massagetes [who mix the milk they consume with the blood of horses and the kingdom of the axe wearing Lycurgus (armed with the axe)] have felt the power of Bacchus and the savage lands of the Daci have likewise acknowledged his power, and the wandering tribes who change their pastures and who so near to blustering Boreas are visited with his severity and the people of that region which the cold Mæotis washes

directly under which lie
Bear and the Northern
also subdued —he has
bodies to make themselves more to be dreaded when
they went into battle—he took away the arms from the
truculent Amazons and the battalions of Thermodon cast
their eyes upon the ground
and at length having laid
became Mænads adopting
the worship of Bacchus—

—at a certain season over
flowed with blood and the slaughter of the Ophionian
(Theban) children (Ophior
who sprang from the serj
and who as soon as born
The daughters of Pretus fl
worshipped Bacchus even
mother Naxos surrounded
thee with a candidate for

of a jilted virgin who compensated her loss by obtaining
a better husband in Bacchus (Arriadne deserted by
Theseus) From the dry stony ground flowed the Nyc
telian spring (Wine) murmuring streams flowed over the
grass around and the depths of the soil absorbed the
welcome moisture and the earth rendered white as it

Et mixta odoro Lesbica cum thymo
 Ducitur magno nova nupta cœlo
 Solemne Phœbus carmen
 Edidit infusus humero capillis
 Concutebat tædæ geminus Cupido, 500
 Telum deposuit Juppiter igneum,
 Oditque Baccho veniente fulmen
 Lucida dum current annosi sidera mundi,
 Oceanus clausum dum fluctibus ambiat orbem,
 Lunaque dimissos dum plena recolliget ignes, 505
 Dum matutinos prædicet Lucifer ortus,
 Altaque cæruleum dum Nereæ nesciet Arctos,
 Candida formosi venerabimur ora Lyæi

ACTUS TERTIUS

ŒDIPUS, CREON

Indicat regi Creon ex necromantiâ, seu magis sciomantiâ,
 intellexisse se interfectorem Lyæi Œdipum fuisse, ille
 fretus opinione sur de Polybo patre negat, &
 post jurat Creontem in carcerem conjici jubet

ŒD **E**TSI ipse vultus flebiles præfert notas,
 Expone, cujus capite placemus Deos 510
 CR Fari jubes, trice quæ surdet metus
 ŒD Si te ruentes non satis Thebæ movent,
 At sceptrâ moveant lapsa cognatæ domus
 CR Nescisse cupies, nosse quæ nimium expetis
 ŒD Iners malorum remedium ignorantia est 515
 Itæne & salutis publicæ indicium obrues?
 CR Ubi turpis est medicina, sanum piget
 ŒD Audita fare, vel malo domitus gravi,
 Quid una possint regis irati, scies

were, gave forth fountains of snow-white milk, and the Lesbian wine became fragrant with the sweet-smelling thyme! A new bride ascends to the loftiest heavens, and Apollo, the deity with his locks flowing over his shoulders, chants an epithalamium (marriage song), and Cupid, in his twin capacity carries triumphantly the marriage torch—Jupiter puts aside his thunderbolts, and actually for the time regards his own lightning with horror, as Bacchus approaches, (reminding him of Semele, the mother of Bacchus, whom he struck with lightning) Whilst the bright stars of the universe shall run their courses, and whilst the mighty Ocean continues to surround our orb, and

the full moon shall collect together her stars temporarily dismissed and whilst proud Lucifer shall herald the approach of morn and whi
 never be seen to dip her
 here taken for the sea) let
 (Bacchus) ever be held in veneration!

ACT III

ŒDIPUS—CREON

Creon points out to the king that from necromancy or rather sciromancy (calling up the Manes) he concludes that Œdipus was the murderer of Laius Œdipus relying on his own conviction that Polybus was his father repudiates the charge and after much contention he orders Creon to be cast into prison

ŒDIPUS

A LTOGETHER your manner is suggestive of mournful indications tell me by whose sacrifice we shall have to appease the Gods?

CR You command me to tell what my fears incline me to be silent about

ŒD If the ruin of Thebes were not sufficient reason for you to do so at least the sceptre of an allied dynasty being endangered might induce you

CR You will wish that you had remained in ignorance of what you are now striving to learn too much about

ŒD Ignorance is a very feeble remedy for evils and will you conceal a clue which might be the means of unravelling a mystery when such a thing is for the public safety

CR When a remedy is disagreeable one is loth to apply it as a means of cure

ŒD Speak I say what you know or you will very soon find out if you are visited with some severe punishment which the power of an outraged king can easily bring about

CR	Odere reges dicta, quæ dici iubent	520
ÆD	Mitteris Erebo vile pro cunctis caput, Alicui sacri voce ni retegis tur	
CR	Tacere liceat nulla libertas minor A rege petitur	
ÆD	Sæpe vel lingua magis Regi atque regno muti libertas obest	525
CR	Ubi non licet tacere, quid cuiquam licet?	
ÆD	Imperia solvit, qui tacet, iussus loqui	
CR	Coacta verba placidus accipias, precor	
ÆD	Ulline poena vocis expressæ fuit?	
CR	Est procul ab urbe lucus ilicibus niger Diræa circa vallis irriguæ loca Cupressus alius exferens silvis caput Viente semper alligat trunco nemus, Curvosque tendit quercus & putres situ Annosa ramos hujus abruptit latus Edax vetustas illa jam fessa cadens Radice, fulva pendet aliena trabe Amara baccas laurus, & tilia leves, Et Paphia myrtus, & per immensum mare Motura remos alaus, & Phœbo obvia	530
	Enode Zephyris pinus opponens litus Medio stat ingens arbor atque umbra grati Silvas minores urget, & magno ambitu Diffusa ramos, una defendit nemus Tristis sub illa lucis & Phœbi infcius	535
	Restagnat humor frigore æterno rigens Limosa pigum circuit fontem palus Huc ut sacerdos intulit senior gradum, Haud est moratus præstitit noctem locus Tunc fossa tellus, & super rapti iogis	540
	Incidunt ignes ipse funesto integit	550

CR Kings might sometimes dislike the truths, which they insist on being told them

ÆD You shall be consigned to Erebus, as a sacrifice to the Gods of the Manes for the public benefit, unless you unfold to me the secrets connected with the recent sacred ceremonies, and with, too, your own very lips

CR One is privileged to be silent, no less concession can be sought for at the hands of a king

ÆD The liberty of silence is oftentimes more against the interests of a king and the welfare of a kingdom, than the unrestricted use of the tongue

CR When one is denied the privilege of silence, what privilege is there left for any one?

ŒD He that is commanded to speak and will persist in silence sets the imperial authority at defiance

CR I pray you hear with an unruffled temper the words which you are now dragging out of me

ŒD Has any one ever been punished for speaking when he has been compelled to do so?

CR There is at some distance from the city an antique grove black with the abundance of its oak trees round about the localities where the valley is irrigated by the fountains of Dirce There a cypress raises its towering head above all the other lofty forest trees and over shadows this grove at all times (being an ever green) with its flourishing trunk and an aged oak stretches forth its curved branches decayed and covered with moss—the destructive hand of time (*tempus edax rerum*) has disabled its trunk and it is already in a falling condition its roots having given way (unable to keep it upright) and hangs as it were supported by another tree close to it—there is the bitter laurel with its berries and with it (are seen) the slender tei trees and the Paphian myrtle (sacred to Venus) and the alder of which the oars are made which enable the mariner to work his way over the immense sea and the Pine which grows straight upwards without any flexions or prominences (branches thrown out) and which with its spreading top affords protection against the Zephyrs and tends as well to keep off the solar heat—A huge tree giant of the forest (presumably an oak) stands in the midst and overawes (in its majesty) all the smaller trees and sends out its branches with an extended circuit in fact of itself it seems to cover all the others Beneath it is a dismal fountain in a stagnant state and entirely deprived both of light and warmth and it remains frozen from the constant cold—a muddy marsh surrounds this dried up fountain and hither the aged Priest (Tiresias) wends his steps—he is never delayed from the performance of his duties the place itself on account of its utter absence of light does all the duties of Night! Then the ground is dug and torches are seized up and placed upon a funeral pile in order to ignite it—the prophet (Tiresias) arrays himself in sombrest attire and shakes his head ominously his dismal looking cloak hangs down to his feet and the sad old man steps forward in his slovenly dress—Sheep with black fleeces and black bulls are being conducted from the rear (Black animals were always selected for sacrifices to the infernal deities and white ones for

Vates amictō corpus, & frontem quatit
 Lugubris imos palla perfundit pedes
 Squallente cultu mœstus ingreditur senex
 Mortifera canam taxus adstringit comam 555
 Nigro bidentes velleie atque atræ boves
 Retro trahuntur flamma prædatum dapes,
 Vivumque trepidat igne ferali pecus
 Vocat inde Manes, teque, qui Manes regis,
 Et obsidentem claustra letalis lacus 560
 Carmenque magicum volvit, & rabido minax
 Decantat ore, quidquid aut placat leves
 Aut cogit umbras sanguinem libat focus,
 Solidasque pecudes urit, & multo specum
 Saturat cruore libat & niveum insupet 565
 Lactis liquorem, fundit & Bacchum manu
 Lavat, canitque rursus, & terram intuens,
 Graviore Manes voce & attonita ciet
 Latravit Hecates turba ter valles cavae
 Sonuere mœstum tota succusso solo 570
 Pulfata tellus audior, vates ait,
 Rata verba fudi rumpitur cæcum Chæros,
 Iterque populo Ditis ad superos datum
 Subfedit omnis silva, & erexit comam
 Duxere rimas robore, & totum nemus 575
 Concussit horror terra se retro dedit,
 Gemuitque penitus sine tentari abditum
 Acheron profundum mente non æqua tulit
 Sive ipsa tellus, ut daret functis viam,
 Compagē rupta sonuit aut ira furens 580
 Triceps catenis Cerberus movit graves
 Subito dehiscit terra, & immenso sinu
 Lavata paruit ipse pallentes Deos
 Vidi inter umbras ipse torpentes lacus
 Noctemque veram gelidus in venis stetit 585
 Hæsitque sanguis sæva profudit cohois,
 Et stetit in armis omne vipereum genus
 Fratrum, cæteræ dente Dirceæ fatæ,
 Avandumque populi Pestis Ogygi malum
 Tum torva Erinnyes sonuit, & cæcus Furor, 590
 Horrorque, & una quidquid æternæ creant
 Celantque tenebræ Luctus evellens comam,

the gods above) And the cattle, for the few seconds that their lives lasted, trembled violently in the sacrificial fire, but the victims were soon consumed by the fiery element—Then Tiresias invokes the Manes, he exclaims, Oh! thou who rulest the Manes (Pluto), and thou, Cerberus, the guardian of the portals of the Stygian lakes! greeting, he then murmurs out some sort of magic verses, and with a fierce voice and angry look he proceeds to chant

whatever he thinks will appease or prevail over the Manes—he then sacrifices blood upon the altar and burns cattle whole and fairly saturated the cave with a deluge of blood—then he offers in libation quantities of milk of snowy whiteness and afterwards pours out wine with his left hand and chants again and looking down upon the ground he summons the Manes in a harsh and astounding tone of voice—the troop of Hecate are the first to be heard howling savagely and the hollow valleys send forth the most dismal sound three times in succession and the entire earth is loosened (loses its solidity) by the shocks and upheavals occurring subterraneously! I am heard at last! exclaims Tiresias, I have uttered with success what I thought would be to the purpose—invisible chaos is broken through and the right of way to the regions above is afforded to the subjects of Pluto! Every tree sinks its head downwards, and afterwards the leaves themselves stand out erect with very fright—the sturdy oaks are cleft in two and an overwhelming terror shakes the forest and the upper earth itself appears to be startled and seems inclined to retreat from what is being threatened around and groans from out of its very lowest strata! Whether all this was that Acheron was entertaining a feeling of resentment that the kingdoms hidden down in the lowest depths were being practised upon or whether Earth itself gave forth the sound with horror that its cohesive compactness had been disturbed in order to afford a way for those intruders arriving from the regions below or was it that the three headed Cerberus had violently shaken his heavy chains! Suddenly however the earth gapes open and being thus exposed displays itself with its immense bosom laid bare! I saw the Pallid Deities Pluto and Proserpine amongst the other Manes—I saw the stagnant lakes and real absolute Night (that is as it exists in the regions below) my blood curdled in my veins and my heart felt as if it would beat no more! And the savage Trio the Furies (Tisiphone Alecto and Megera) leaped forth and the entire race of brothers descended from the Dragon stood up armed! the troop sprung from the Dircean teeth and all the victims of the rapacious plague that had visited Thebes! Then the savage Erinnys sent forth the sounds from her whips and blind Madness and pictured Horror and altogether whatever eternal darkness is capable of producing—Grief tearing away at the hair Disease holding up its weary head with difficulty Excessive Old Age a burden to its very self and Fear with its look of doubt and suspense! My senses left me, and Manto herself was stupefied and struck aghast and she too! who was no raw recruit in

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Agreque lissum sustinens Morbus eripit,
 Gravis Senectus sibi met, & pendens Metus,
 Nos liquit animus, ipsi, quæ ritus senis
 Artesque norat, stupuit intrepidus patrens,
 Audaxque diuino, convocat Divis feri
 Exsanguis vulgus, illico ut nebulæ levæ
 Volitant, & iuras libero calo trahunt
 Non tot caducas educat frondes Eryx,
 Nec vere flores Hybla tot medio creat,
 Cum examen alto nectitur densum globo,
 Fluctusque non tot frangit Ionium mare,
 Nec tanta gelidi Strymonis fugiens minas
 Permutat hiemes ales, & cælum secerns
 Tepente Nilo pensat Arctoris nives
 Quot ille populos, vatis educit sonus
 Pavidæ latebris nemoris umbrosi pctunt
 Animæ trementes primus emergit solo
 Dextra ferocem cornibus turum premens
 Zethus, manuque sustinens Ixion chelym,
 Qui saxa dulci trahit, Amphion, sono
 Interque natos Tantalis tandem suos
 Iusto superbi fert eripit fastu gravi,
 Et numerat umbris pejor hac genitrix ideo
 Furibunda Agave, tota quam sequitur manu,
 Partita regem sequitur & Biccheris lacer
 Pentheus, tenetque seivus etiam nunc minas
 Tandem, vocatus sepe, pudibundum extulit
 Caput, atque ab omni diffidet turba procul,
 Celatque semet instrit & Stygiæ preces
 Geminat sacerdos, donec in apertum efferat
 Vultus opeitos Læus, furi horreo
 Stetit per ritus sanguine effuso horridus,
 Pædore foedo squalidum obtentus comam,
 Et ore rabido sator O Cadmi efferat,
 Cruore semper læta cognato domus,
 Vibrare thyrsos ætheri cognato manu
 Lacerate potius maximum Thebis scelus
 Maternus amor est patria, non ira Desum
 Sed scelere raperis non gravi statu tibi
 Lucifuscus Auster, nec parum pluvio æthere

the arts and mysteries of that old man, Tiresias! and the
 intrepid Parent bold on account of his loss (the loss of
 his eyesight, but who would not have been so if he could
 have seen what Manto saw, calls together those lifeless
 subjects of the unrelenting Pluto How the substanceless
 shades did flit about! here and there! and appeared
 pleased at being able to enjoy the air in the free sky of
 the upper world! In point of number, not so many leaves
 have ever fallen in the woods of Eryx—Never did Hybla

grow so many flowers in the middle of spring when the dense hives gather round the trees like grapes clustered together hanging down from the branches! Not so many waves has the Ionian sea ever broken against the shore! Not so many birds (cranes and other migratory birds) flying away from the frigid Strymon to escape the winter and cutting their way through the air exchange the Arctic snows for the balmy sky of the mild Nile! How great must have been the sound which dragged forth such multitudes of the Manes! The timid trembling spirits seek refuge in the nooks and corners of the shady grove Zethus the first to emerge from the earth below restraining a ferocious bull with his right hand upon its horns and Amphion who raised the stones whithersoever he willed by his melodious strains appears holding his lute in his left hand and then one of the Fantalides (proud Niobe) in perfect security! now! poises her head with intolerable pride and counts over the numerous Manes represented by her own family! then worse than Niobe the frenzied Agave is present, and the band which tore in pieces one of our kings and Pentheus follows in her wake and even now looks rustrely as if he is still retaining his anger. At length having invoked several times one of the Manes raises his head as if a feeling of shame and degradation had come over him and keeps at a distance from the rest of the Manes who are crowded together—tries to elude observation but the priest is equal to the occasion and with redoubled energy addresses in prayer, the Stygian Deities until at last Iaius shows his hitherto hidden face and brings it into full view—I shake with very alarm when I am speaking of it even—there he stood frightful to be looked upon with the blood pouring down his body and his slovenly locks besmeared with filth and nastiness and at last he spoke in an angry void—Oh! cruel progeny of Cadmus always happy in shedding the blood of one sprung from your own dynasty flourish your Thyrsus ye Bacchanals and with your own hands inspired by the Bacchic fury tear to pieces your children but I can tell you that the crime of Thebes is this—impious amour between a mother and son and oh! my country may you be relieved from the odium of this crime and not from the anger of the Gods only! It is not the sad South Wind (sad from its continuous heat) which is blowing so oppressively upon you nor is it through an atmosphere which yields not a sufficiency of rain that the earth is saturated with the exhalations arising from drought! but a blood thirsty King who holds his sceptre as the price of my cruel murder and who is now occupying the impious marriage bed of his own

Satura tellus halitu sicco nocet
 Sed rex cruentus, pretia qui frangit necis
 Sceptra, & nefandos occupat thalamos patris,
 Invisi proles (sed tamen peior perens,
 Quam natus utero rursus infans) gravis
 Egit qui in ortus semet, & matri impio,
 Fatus regressit, quique via mos est sceleris,
 Iratres sibi ipse genuit, implicitum malum,
 Magisque monstrum sphinge perplexum suri
 Te, te, cruenta sceptri qui dextra geris
 Te prater multas urbes cum tota petam
 Et mecum Erinnys pronubas thalami traham
 Traham fontantes verbera incestum domum
 Vertam, & Penates impio Marte obturam
 Proinde pulsum sinibus regem occlus
 Agite exulem quodcumque funesto oculis
 Solum relinquet, vire florifero virens
 Reparabit herbis spiritus puros dabit
 Vitalis aura veniet & filius decor
 Letum, Luesque, Mors, Labor, Tribes, Dolor,
 Comitatus illo dignus excedunt simul
 Et ipse rapidis gressibus sedes volet
 Effugere nostras sed graves pedibus moras
 Addam, & tenebo repet incertus viae
 Baculo senili triste preteritans iter
 Præripite terras auferam cælum præter
 Et ossa & virtus gelidus inuasis tremor
 Quidquid timebam facere, secisse arguor
 Tori jugalis abnuuit Merope nefas,
 Sociata Polybo sospes absoluit matrem
 Polybus meus uterque defendit patrem
 Cædem, stuprumque quis locus culpe est super-
 Multo ante Thebæ Luum amissum gemunt,
 Bæotæ gressu quam meo tetigi loca
 Infusne senior, an Deus Ithebis gravis-
 Jam jam tenemus callidi socios doli
 Mentitui ista præferens fraudi Deos

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father! Oh! hateful offspring! but, however, the Parent
 Jocasta is a worse plight than the Son (Œdipus) again
 to be doomed to the frightful results of an unlucky womb
 (a gravid uterus), and to have a son, who approaches
 sexually the very parts whence he dates his own birth, and
 who has thrown back impious offspring out of his own
 mother's womb! and this mode of procedure is scarcely the
 one which prevails even amongst the wild beasts, a man
 who begets children that are brothers to himself! Oh! what a
 complication of calamities—a more puzzling enigma than that
 propounded by the Sphinx herself and which he (Œdipus)
 so successfully unravelled! Oh! thou, who holdest the

sceptre in thy blood stained hand! As the unavenged Father I will ever pursue thee and with the entire Theban city at my back and Oh! ye Furies (Erinnys) I will engage you in my cause as the bridesmaids to his marriage bed! I will enlist you to sound your dangerous whips—I will upset thy incestuous home and tire out thy household gods with the impious wars I will bring about (Eteocles and Polynices) Thenceforth drive away oh! ye Thebans without delay your King as an exile from your soil for whatever country he leaves behind which has been trodden by his impious feet shall as soon as he quits become prosperous with the flower producing spring and the grass will grow again in abundance—the vivifying sky shall give a pure atmosphere for you to breathe and luxuriant foliage shall adorn the groves—untimely Death Pestilence—Premature Decay—Lingering Disease—galloping consumption—inconsolable anguish—and every thing that is capable of being associated with them shall vanish at once! And he himself (Œdipus) will only be too willing to fly away with a hurried retreat from your own dear Thebes! But I will encumber his path with great difficulties feeble old age lassitude blindness and the necessity for a daughter to lead him along and one who will not allow him to destroy himself and I will keep him in that condition—He shall creep along not knowing where he is going he shall grope his unpleasant way about relying solely on that indispensable adjunct to feeble old age the staff! Oh! ye Thebans cast him forth out of your country! I his parent will do my utmost to keep him out of Heaven!

ŒD A cold shiver runs through my entire frame down to my very bones here am I accused of the very crimes which I have ever been in fear of committing! Merope who is married to Polybus indignantly repudiates such a crime as having been visited upon her marriage bed and Polybus feels secure on the point and absolves my hand of any such guilt ignores he charge of Beyond that what fou brought against me? of Laius for a long t Boeotian soil! Is that old Tiresias acting treacherously or is the God Apollo especially hard upon Thebes? But now I have it plain before my mind who the confederates in this scheme are Creon and Tiresias! Tiresias preferring a line of deceit is lying to the Gods about this matter in order that my sceptre should fall into your hands (addressed to Creon)

- Vates, tibi que sceptrum despondet mea 670
 CR Egon' ut sororem regis expelli velim -
 Si me fides sacra cognati iuris
 Non contineret in meo certum statu
 Tamen ipsa me Fortuna terreret nimis
 Sollicita semper licet hoc tuto tibi 675
 Evadere pondus ne recedentem opprimat
 Jam te minore tutior pones loco
 CÆD Hortaris etiam, sponte deponam ut mea
 Tam gravia regna? CR Surrexam hoc illis ego
 In utrumque quis est liber utrum nunc status 680
 Tibi jam necesse est ferre fortunam tuam
 CÆD Certissima est regnum cupienti res,
 Luctare modica, & otium ac somnum loqui
 Ab inquieto saepe simulatur quies
 CR Parumne me tam longa defendit fides? 685
 CÆD Aditum nocendi perfido præstat fides
 CR Solutus onere regio regni bonis
 Frior domusque civium cætu viget,
 Nec ulli vicibus surgit alternis dies,
 Qua non propinqui munera ad nostros lares 690
 Sceptri redundant, cultus, opulente dapes
 Donata multis gratia nostra filus
 Quid tam beate deesse fortune rear?
 CÆD Quod deest secunda non habent unquam modum
 CR Incognita igitur ut nocens causa eridam?
 CÆD Num ratio vobis reddita est vite mere?
 Num audita causa est nostra Tiresia? tamen
 Sontes videmur facitis exemplum? sequor
 CR Quid si innocens sum? CÆD Dubia pro certis solent
 Timere reges CR Qui pavet varios metus, 700
 Veros meretur CÆD Quisquis in culpa fuit,
 Dimissus odit omne, quod dubium putat

CR Do you mean that I should be willing for my sister to be expelled from her regal surroundings? As if that fidelity which is ever a sacred bond between those of the same blood would not be a sufficient guarantee that I might be depended on, to be satisfied with, my own station! However, the anxieties and vicissitudes of Fortune which attend a kingdom, and which are oftentimes too vexing, would effectually deter me from that. But it is quite possible for you if it pleases you, to throw off such a burden with safety, lest it might prove harmful to you, when you had receded from it. Now, you can place yourself, in security, in a less aspiring position.

CÆD Do you advise me then that I should shake off the burdens of royalty, of my own free will?

CR I give such advice to those with whom it is optional which of the two conditions should be decided upon—It is already a matter of necessity for you to bear what Fortune has marked out for you

ÆD The most certain policy for any one desirous of reigning is to laud to the skies the blessings arising out of mediocrity and to dwell (in his mind) on the tranquil ease and undisturbed repose enjoyed by those who are unburdened with the cares of a kingdom—assumed sincerity is often used as a mask for considerable disquiet

CR And does my long and well tested fidelity count for so little in rebutting such an accusation?

ÆD Fidelity often affords the perfidious knave a more easy way of making himself obnoxious

CR Here I relieved from regal fardels enjoy all the advantages of royalty and my house is honored as an agreeable rendezvous for the citizens who flock thither nor does a day pass which differs from another—no alternation prevails—gifts presents as acknowledgments of my nearness of rank as regards the sceptre abound in my household—elegant furniture sumptuous apparel and a luxurious cuisine! And my heartiest welcome is accorded to many with the fullest appreciations too on their part! What can I imagine to be wanting to such a happy lot (as that)?

ÆD What is wanting? Why! prosperity never has any bounds to the ambition which arises out of it

CR Shall I be condemned to fall as a criminal for some undiscovered crime?

ÆD Have not the details of my career through life already been made known to you? And has my cause been fully examined into by Iresias? Yet I am conclusively made out to be a criminal mind! you have furnished me with an example in yourself and I am merely following your lead?

CR But if I am innocent!

ÆD Kings are apt to fear that doubtful things contain within them the elements of certainty

CR Sic odia fiunt æd Odia qui nimium timet,
 Regnare nescit regna custodit metus
 CR Qui sceptrâ duro sævus imperio regit,
 Timet timentes, metus in auctorem redit
 æd Servite fontem saxeo inclusum specu
 Ipse ad penates regiones referam gradum

705

CIIORUS

Excusat Œdipum Chorus, transferendo culpam in mala
 Thebærum fati, quæ ab ipsi inauspicata bove
 Thebanos usque vexarint

NON tu tantis causa periclis,
 Non hæc Læbdacidas premunt
 Fata sed veteres Deum
 Iræ sequuntur Cæstium nemus
 Umbram Sidonio præbuit hospiti,
 Lavitque Dirce Tyrios colonos
 Ut primum magni natus Agenoris,
 Fessus per orbem furta sequi Jovis,
 Sub nostra pavidus constitit arbore,
 Prædonem venerans suum,
 Monituque Phœbi, jussus erranti
 Comes ire vaccæ, quam non flexerat
 Vover, aut tardi juga curvæ plaustris,
 Deferuit fugas, nomenque genti
 Inauspicata de bove tradidit
 Tempore ex illo nova monstra semper
 Protulit tellus, aut anguis imis
 Vallibus editus, annosa supra
 Robora sibilat, supraque pinus,
 Supra Chaonias celsior abores
 Cæruleum erexit caput,
 Cum majore sui parte recumberet,
 Aut foeta tellus impio paitu
 Effudit arma

710

715

720

725

730

CR He who is alarmed at empty fears, deserves to suffer from real ones

æd Whatever man is guilty of a crime and obtains a recognition of innocence suspects (hates) every thing, because he thinks every thing doubtful that applies to others—in other words, judges every one by himself

CR And thus it is then, that doubts become so odious

ŒD He who fears the hatred of others too sensitively knows not the true secret of governing—Fear restricts the operations of royalty

CR He who relentlessly wields the sceptre with a harsh use of his power has reason to fear those that fear him—fear recoils upon its author

ŒD Confine Creon a prisoner in a stone dungeon! I will betake myself after this to my regal abode

CHORUS

The Chorus finds excuse for Œdipus by laying the blame on the evil destinies of Thebes which from the time of that unlucky heifer Europa up to the present time have harassed them

IT is not thou Œdipus who art the cause of so many calamities these misfortunes are not singling out the descendants of Labdacus only but it is that everlasting anger of the Gods which is the evil genius that persecutes us! The Castalian forest first afforded a shelter to the Sidonian stranger and the streams of Dirce watered the soil for the Phryian Colonists so when first the son (Cadmus) of the mighty Agenor was utterly wearied of wandering over the earth in search of his sister Europa who had been seized and run off with by Jupiter and settled down under our hospitable roof trees broken in courage and ignorantly venerating the God that was the abductor of his sister and by the command of Apollo was ordered to become the attendant upon a wandering heifer which had never had her neck broken to the plough or lashed to the curved yoke of the tardy paced waggon—he then gave up his flying mission and awarded the country the name of Bœotia arising out of the circumstance of this inauspicious heifer! The oppressed land has always been bringing forward fresh monsters ever since that time either in the low valley which the aged oaks and stre over the lofty pines and whilst a great portion of its body rested on the ground, or the earth pregnant with an impious foetus has brought forth armed men and the war trumpet sounded forth from its reflexed windings and the clarion gave out its

Sonuit reflexo clausum cornu, Istiusque adunco stridulos erant Illi ore ante non lingua	735
Agiles & ora vocis ignota Clamore primum hostico experti Agmina campos cognata tenent Digna quoque jure summe proles Inno vitem permensa die	740
Post Luciferi nata meritis Ante Hesperios occidit ortus Horret tantis adventu monstris, Populique timet bella recentis Donec occidit sua juvenis, Genitrixque suo reddi gremio Modo productos vidit alumno- Hæc transierit civile nefas Illi Herculeæ norint Ihebæ Pia hæc fratrum	745
Quid Cadmei sibi nepotis, Cum viridis cornu erant Fontem ramis texere novis, Dominumque carnes egere suum	750
Præcepit filias montesque fugit Citius Actæon, agilique magis Pede per saltus & sua vagus Metuit motas Zephyris plumas, Et, quæ posuit, retrahit Donec placidi fontis in unda Cornu vidit vultusque feros Ubi virgineos foverat artus Nimium sibi Diva pudoris	755
	760

ACTUS QUARTUS

ŒDIPUS, IOCASTA

Suspiciari jam incipit Œdipus, ne ille sorte, quem olim Delphos petens occidisset, Lajus fuerit quærit itaque ab Jocasta de Lajæ ætate, necis tempore, & aliis circumstantiis

ŒDIPUS	URAS revolvit animus, & repetit metus Obuisse nostre Lajum scelere autumant Superi inferique sed animus contra innocens,	765
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shrill blasts from out of its crooked brazen throat, and before they had even used their unpractised tongues, or exercised their lips with words, which were unknown by them, they came forward at once, with a hostile war-

cry and the troops of men born at the same moment of time take possession of the plains—a progeny fully worthy of the seed whence they sprang (the serpent's teeth) passing away their brief life time in one day born at the coming of Lucifer and disappearing on the advent of Hesperus! The stranger Cadmus is horrified at so many monsters and is scared by the warfare conducted by that newly imported population! until the furious young warriors fell arising out of their internecine slaughter and that mother the Earth saw the nurslings which she had only just brought forth received again into her bosom! (Buried) And oh! that civil strife would have ended here! Thebes the birth place of Hercules has witnessed the battles of the brothers Eteocles and Polynices! What shall we say (Actæon) when the horns of head and his own dogs hunt master! And the fleet Actæon and mountains and wandering with its agile strides through forests and across rocks went in dread of the purple feathers waving gently as the Zephyrs dictated (these feathers were used as snares) and avoided the nets of the hunters which he had himself placed there and at last he beheld his horns and wild appearance reflected by the waters of a placid fountain where the Goddess Diana with too severe modesty (for being so revengeful at being seen) had been bathing her Virgin Body!

ACT IV

ŒDIPUS—JOCASTA

Œdipus at length begins to suspect lest by chance it might have been Laius whom he slew as he was going to Delphi on one occasion—he inquires of Jocasta concerning the life of Laius the date of his death and other circumstances

ŒDIPUS

MY mind is now revolving the responsibilities of my situation and I hark back to my old fears and misgivings! The Gods above and the Gods below are fully satisfied that Laius met his death at my criminal hands but my mind on the contrary being innocent of the charge repudiates the accusation and what is known

Sibique melius quam Deis notus, negat
 Redit memoria tenue per vestigium,
 Cecidisse nostri stipitis pulsu obvium
 Datumque Diti, cum prior juvenem senex 770
 Curru superbus pelleret, Thebis procul,
 Phocæa trifidas regio qua scindit vias
 Unanima conjux, explicita errorem, precor,
 Quæ spatia moriens Laus vitæ tulit
 Primone in ævo viridis, an fracto occidit? 775
 JOC Inter senem juvenemque, sed propior seni
 CÆD Frequensne turba regium cinxit latus?
 JOC Plures fefellit error ancipitis viæ,
 Paucos fidelis curribus junxit labor
 CÆD Aliquisne cecidit regio fato comes? 780
 JOC Unum fides virtusque consortem addidit
 CÆD Teneo nocentem convenit numerus, locus
 Sed tempus adde JOC Decima jam metitur seges

SENEX, CÆDIPUS

E fene a Merope & Corinthius missio, qui Cædipum de Polybi
 morte edoceat, regetque, ad gubernacula regni fuscipienda
 venit, discit Cædipus, se non vere esse Polybi filium
 nimia itaque curiositate sua veros invenit parentes

C
 SEN CORINTHIUS te populis in regnum vocat
 Patrium quietem Polybus æternam obtinet 785
 CÆD Ut undique in me sæva Fortuna irruit!
 Ediffere agedum, quo cadat fato parens
 SEN Animam senilem mollis exsolvit sopor
 CÆD Genitor sine ulla cæde defunctus jacet

to myself is certainly of more moment than what the Gods seem disposed to imagine! But my recollection returns to me, through some dim impression, that some one who once opposed my path, was felled to the earth by a blow from my club, and died (was handed over to Pluto) from its effects, and this was when a proud old man who was driving in his chariot in front of me, when I was quite a young man, and it was he that blocked my way—it was some distance from Thebes, just where the Phocæan territory is divided off into three roads Oh! my loving wife, I entreat you, correct me if I am wrong! How old was Laus, when he suffered this death? Was he a hale man, in the prime of life, and did he droop at all, or appear to be broken down as to his bodily vigor?

JOC Somewhere between old age and youth I should say but nearer old age than youth

ŒD Did a large retinue of attendants surround his royal presence?

JOC Not the winding paths of the roads so apt to mislead caused them to stray—the careful personal attendance only required the few whose duties appertained to the chariot's supervision!

ŒD Did any of the attendants meet with the same fate as the king

JOC Fidelity and affection were his only companions myself!

ŒD I now know the culprit the number of persons seen by me and the locality indicated exactly tally! But tell me how long ago this was?

JOC About ten years—ten harvests have since yielded their annual crops

OLD MAN—ŒDIPUS

From an old man who had been despatched by Merope and the Corinthians who tells him of the death of Polybus and inquires of him whether he will come and undertake the duties of the government—Œdipus learns that he is not the son of Polybus at all therefore with his too eager curiosity he finds out who were his real parents

OLD MAN

THE people of Corinth invite you to your father's kingdom—Polybus has gone to his eternal rest

ŒD How on all sides cruel fortune is rushingly falling upon me! Come tell me quickly man to what sort of death did my parent succumb?

O M A placid sleep spirited away the old man's existence

Testor, licet jam tollere ad cœlum pie	790
Puras, nec ulla scelera metuentes manus	
Sed pars magis metuenda fatiūm minet	
SEN Omnem paternā regna discutient metum	
ÆD Repetam paternā regna, sed matrem horreo	
SEN Metuis parentem, quæ tuum reditum expetens	795
Sollicita pendet? ÆD Ipse me pietas fugat	
SEN Viduam relinques? ÆD Tangis, en, ipsos metus	
SEN Affare, merfus quis premat mentem timor	
Præstare tacitam regibus soleo fidem	
ÆD Connubia matris Delphico admonitu tiemo	800
SEN Timere vana define, & tuipes metus	
Depone Merope vera non fuerat parens	
ÆD Quod subditiui præmium nati petiit?	
SEN Regnum superbam liberi adstringunt fidem	
ÆD Secreta thalami, fure, quo excipias modō	805
SEN Hæ te parenti parvulum tradunt manus	
ÆD Tu me parenti tradis? at quis me tibi?	
SEN Pastor nivofo sub Cithæronis iugo	
ÆD In illa temet nemora quis casus tulit?	
SEN Illo sequebar monte cornigeros greges	810
ÆD Nunc adice certis corporis nostri notas	
SEN Forata ferro gesseras vestigia,	
Tumore nactus nomen ac vitio pedum	
ÆD Quis fuit ille, qui meum dono dedit	

ÆD My father, then, is lying dead, without any foul murder, as the cause, now I possess evidence! I can devoutly raise my unsullied hands (unsuspected) towards Heaven and not go in fear of the imputation of crime and its consequences—but a portion of my destiny still remains to me, as the source of alarm!

O M Inheriting a father's kingdom will banish every cause for fear

ÆD I would go to my father's kingdom, but I fear for the mother (alluding to the remaining portion of the destiny)

O M Do you fear a parent, who waiting in anxiety, depends on your return

ÆD My great affection for her drives away the very thought of returning

O M Would you leave a widow in such an extremity as this?

ÆD Why, you are now trenching upon my excessive susceptibilities (my one sore point)

O M Explain what is this fear sunk down in your soul? I am accustomed to perform my duties with kings with unalloyed confidence no fear of betrayal on my part!

ŒD By the decree of the Delphian Oracle I tremble at this prophesied marriage with a mother

O M Cease to be alarmed at such silly notions and banish all such unworthy fears

ŒD What dignity can a supposed or adopted son seek to arrive at

O M A kingdom Children serve to ensure more devoted loyalty from the subjects

ŒD Tell me the mysteries connected with the marriage in what way you rely upon my being merely an adopted son

O M These very hands of mine delivered you as a little fellow to your supposed parents

ŒD You delivered me to my supposed parents! But who delivered me into your hands?

O M A shepherd on the snowy summits of Cithæron

ŒD What accident led you into those forests where I was found?

O M I was the keeper of the horned flocks on that mountain

ŒD Now tell me of any certain marks that you remember on my body

O M You wore the marks where your feet had been pierced with an iron skewer the very name you bear Œdipus was given to you from the swelling and injury done to your feet

ŒD I require to know who he was that subjected my body to such treatment?

O M He fed the royal flocks the chief herdsman—a small number of shepherds served under him

ŒD Mention the names of them

Corpus, requiro SEN Regios parit greges	815
Minor sub illo turba pastorum fuit	
ÆD Eloquere nomen SEN Prima languescit fenum	
Memoria, longo lassâ sublabens situ	
ÆD Potestne facie noscere ac vultu virum?	
SEN Fortasse noscam sæpe jam spatio obrutam	820
Levis exoletam memoriam revocat nota	
ÆD Ad sacra & aras omne compulsus pecus	
Duces sequantur ite propere, accessite,	
Famuli, penes quos summa consistit gregum	
SEN Sive ista ratio, sive fortuna occulit,	825
Latere semper patere, quod latuit diu	
Sæpe eruentis veritas patuit malo	
ÆD Malum timeri majus his aliquid potest?	
SEN Magnum esse, magna mole quod petitur, scias	
Concurrit illinc publica, hinc regis salus,	830
Utrinque paria, contine medias manus,	
Ut nil laceffas, ipsa se fata explicant	
Non expedit concutere felicem statum	
ÆD Tuto movetur, quidquid extremo in loco est	
SEN Nobilius aliquid genere regali appetis?	835
Ne te parentis pigeat inventi, vide	
ÆD Vel poenitendi sanguinis quæram fidem,	
Si nosse libeat ecce, grandævus senex,	
Arbitria sub quo regni fuerant gregis,	
Phorbas resecerne nonen aut vultum senis?	840
SEN Aridet animo forma nec notus satis,	
Nec rursus iste vultus ignotus mihi	
Regnum obtinente Laio famulus greges	
Agitasti opimos sub Cithæronis plaga?	

PHORBAS, SENEX, ŒDIPUS

PHOR L ÆTUS Cithæron pabulo semper novo	845
Æstiva nostro prata summittit gregi	

O M The memory belonging to youth fails in old age, as one becomes wearied in other respects, through length of time

ÆD Do you think that you would know the man by his face and general appearance?

O M Perhaps I should know him—oftentimes some trivial mark recalls one's dull memory to what one might think would be effaced by the hand of time

ÆD Come, servants! go at once and seek out those to whose charge the chief management of the flocks was entrusted, and let the head shepherd conduct the whole

of the herds driven together to the altar under the pretence of an intended sacrifice

O
for s
such
laid
truth to light

ÆD Cannot some greater calamity be feared than those you have been thinking about.

O M You must be aware that a thing is of great moment which is only arrived at with considerable difficulty. The welfare of the public interests here—the security of the throne there—meet together as things in common in fact identical! Not preserve thou the middle course let nothing harass you—the Fates will unweave soon enough what is to be—at all events it is not advisable to shake the stability of a fortunate position.

ÆD When misfortunes are at their very worst some times they are dealt with more safely in other words I think my position is most unfortunate therefore I shall endeavour to make it more certain.

O M Do you desire anything more elevated than a Royal descent? Listen to me you are not about to worry because you have found a father!

ÆD But I must and will find out the truth about my miserable origin—Look! behold that extremely old man with whom the tending of the royal flocks once rested I wonder whether he is able to remember what he once knew? It is this Phorbias standing before us—Do you remember the name and general appearance of this old man?

O M His appearance recurs readily to my memory but he was never sufficiently known to me to say more but his face now that I take another look is not unknown to me (Addressing Phorbias) Were you not the shepherd that drove the fat flocks on the plains of Cithæron when Laius held the kingdom?

PHORBAS—OLD MAN—CEDIPUS

PHORBAS

CITHÆRON always exuberant with its fresh herbage a series of crops supplies succeeding flocks from the summer produce of its meadows

SEN Noscisne memet? PHOR Dubitat inceptis memoria
 CÆD Huic aliquis a te traditur quondam puer? 850
 Effare dubitas? cur genas mutuit color?
 Quid verba queris? veritas odit moras
 PHOR Obducta longo temporum tractu moves
 CÆD Fateere, ne te cogat ad verum dolor
 PHOR Inutile isti munus infantem dedi
 Non potuit ille luce, non cœlo frui
 SEN Procul sit omen vivit, & vivat precor 855
 CÆD Supereffe quare traditum infantem negas?
 PHOR Ferrum per ambos tenue transactum pedes
 Ligabat artus vulnere innatus tumor
 Puerile fœda corpus urebat lue
 SEN Quid quæris ultra? fatis jam accedunt prope 860
 CÆD Quis fuerit infans, edoce PHOR Prohibet fides
 CÆD Huc aliquis ignem flamma jam excutiet fidem
 Per tam cruentas vera quærenti vias
 Ignosce, quæso, si ferus videor tibi,
 Et impotens, parata vindicta in manu est 865
 Dic vera quisnam, quove generatus patre,
 Qua matre genitus? PHOR Coniuge est genitus tua
 CÆD Dehiscet, tellus tuque tenebrarum potens,
 In Tartara imo, rector umbrarumripe
 Retra reversas generis ac stirpis vices 870
 Congerite, cives, fava in infandum caput
 Maciata telis me petat ferro parens,
 Me natus in me conjuges arment manus,
 Fratesque, & ægei populus ereptus iogis
 Jaculetur ignes seculi crimen vagor, 875
 Odium Deorum, juris exitium facio,
 Qua luce primum spiritus hausi rudes,

O M Do you remember me, Phorbas?

PH My treacherous memory keeps me in a state of uncertainty

CÆD Was there not once a little boy handed over to you by some person? Speak, Sir! Why do you hesitate? Why do your cheeks change color? (blush) Why do you seem at such a loss for words? Truth, you know, shuns such quibbling evasions

PH You are testing my memory, as to matters that have been long hidden in the bosom of Time (a long space of years)

CÆD. Tell me, Sir, less some punishment be employed to force you to tell the truth

PH I once gave that old man the care of a feeble infant that did not seem likely to enjoy the air and light of heaven for any length of time (that is half dead)

O M Let that impression of yours pass for naught! He does live! and will continue to live I humble pray!

ŒD Why did you imply that the infant which you had delivered up had not survived?

PH A thin iron skewer transfix'd both his feet and bound them together and a swelling grew over the seat of the wound and the little boy's body burned with fever from the foul poison engendered by the wound [constitutional disturbance arising from the wound itself (pain) and the poisonous secretions arising from it]

O M What more do you require beyond this? (addressing Œdipus) we are very near the fatal news now!

ŒD Tell me who was the infant?

PH The pledge of secrecy forbids this

ŒD Bring hither (to attendants) some means of torture in the shape of fire! Now I will shake all this nonsense about pledges out of you by applying this fire (whatever that was)

PH Will the truth be sought for by means so cruel? Be thou still in ignorance I beseech thee!

ŒD If I seem cruel and unreasonable with you that vengeance is in your own keeping (that is it depends on yourself answering my question) Tell the truth! Who am I? By what father was I begotten? Of what mother was I born?

PH That son was born from your wife!

ŒD Oh! Earth open wide and thou Pluto the ruler of the dark kingdom snatch me away to the depths of Tartarus! Oh! Ruler of the Manes me who have returned to the genitals of my own mother against the very laws of nature! Heap heavy stones upon my impious head! Oh! ye citizens—sacrifice me with your darts—let every parent—every child—seek me out with the drawn sword as the cause of this pestilence—wives and brothers direct your armed hands against me and let the languishing

Jam morte dignus redde nunc animos, parens
 Nunc aliquid aude sceleribus dignum tuis
 I, perge, propero regiam gressu pete 880
 Gratulare matri liberis auctam domum

CHORUS

Varietati obnoxium arguit Chorus excelsum statum, medium itaque
 fortunam optat cujus laudes canit, a similitudine navis
 modico vento actæ, & exemplo Icarî

FATA si licet mihi
 Fingere arbitrio meo
 Temperem Zephyro levi
 Vela, ne pressæ gravi 885
 Spiritu antennæ tremant
 Lenis & modice fluens
 Aurî, nec vergens latus,
 Ducat intrepidam ratem
 Tutî me medra vehat 890
 Vitî decurrens via
 Cnossium regem timens,
 Astra dum demens petit,
 Artibus fîsus novis,
 Certat & veras res 895
 Vincere, ac falsis nimis
 Imperat pennis puer
 Nomen eripuit freto
 Callidus medium fenev
 Dædalus librans iter 900
 Nube sub medîa stetit,
 Alitem expectans suam
 Qualis accipitris minas
 Fugit, & speratos metu
 Colligit fœtus vis 905
 Donec in ponto manus
 Movit implicitis puer,
 Comes audacis viæ
 Quidquid excessit modum,
 Pendet instabili loco 910
 Sed quid hoc postes sonant
 Mæstus & simulul marum
 Regius quatit caput
 Ede quid portas novi

people, suffering from the pestilence, hurl their blazing
 torches upon my funeral pile¹ Henceforth, I shall wander
 abroad, as the criminal of the age, the odium of the

Gods and the violator of the sacred laws both of the Gods and mankind! I was worthy of Death only from the moment I first drew my unfortunate breath—accord me now oh! my parent thy fullest hatred—now let me have the courage to do something which is owing for this my crime! Let me go let me persevere—let me seek out my palace with hurried steps and congratulate my parent upon the increase of a family in the shape of children begotten by me out of her my own mother!

CHORUS

The Chorus finds fault with exalted greatness as exposed to greater variations of fortune therefore it inculcates the desire for a moderate position—the praises of which it chants from the comparison (set up) between a ship wafted along by a moderate breeze and the example afforded by the fate of Icarus

LET it be our lot to shape our career according to our own judgment that we may trim our sails to the gentle Zephyrus lest the yards may carry away under a too stiff breeze let the wind gentle and blowing with moderation speed onwards our craft with no disasters to be dreaded and let not her broadside heel over to leeward under the strong pressure of canvas! Let our career in life lead us in the middle course! He that feared the anger of the Gnossian King (Minos) whilst he madly sought his way to the stars relying upon a novel invention (wings) endeavouring to outdo the real feathered fraternity and the Boy Icarus relied too much on his power of managing those pretended wings and gave his name to a sea in consequence (the Icarian Sea) whilst the more skilful Dædalus balancing himself at a moderate height in the middle regions of the air and eagerly expected his brood (one bird only!) to seek his protecting wing (Dædalus feared that Icarus was in danger and anxiously waited for him to descend just as the mother bird fears the swoop of the hawk and calls together with fluttering wings her scattered brood! At last Icarus the companion of Dædalus in this daring aerial journey duly exerts his entangled hands in the sea! Whatever deviates from the path of moderation rests only on an insecure foundation! But what is this? The portals are sounding! (are being opened) one of the royal servants enters shaking his head and looking as if his task were a sad one! Tell us what news have you brought?

ACTUS QUINTUS

NUNTIUS

Nuntius Œdipi excæcationis consilium & modum narrat

PRÆDICTA postquam fata, & infandum genus 915
 Deprendit, ac se scelere convictum Œdipus
 Damnabit ipse, regiam infestus petens
 Invisa propero tecta penetravit gradu,
 Qualis per arva Libycus insanit leo,
 Fulvam minaci fronte concutiens jubam 920
 Vultus furore torvus, atque oculi truces,
 Gemitus, & ultum murmur, & gelidus fluit
 Sudor per artus spumat, & volvit minas,
 Ac merfus alte magnus exundat dolor
 Secum ipse sævus grande nescio quid parat, 925
 Suique fati simile Quid pœnas moror?
 (Ait) hoc scelestum pectus aut ferro petat,
 Aut fervido aliquis igne vel faxo domet
 Quæ tigris, aut quæ sæva visceribus meis
 Incurret ales? ipse tu scelerum capax, 930
 Sacer Cithæron, vel feras in me tuis
 Emitte filvis, mitte vel rabidos canes
 Nunc redde Agaven anime, quid mortem times?
 Mors innocentem sola fortunæ eripit
 Hæc fatus, aptat impiam capulo manum, 935
 Ensemque ducit Itane tam magnis breves
 Pœnas sceleribus solvis? atque uno omnia
 Pensabis ictu? moreris? hoc patri sat est
 Quid deinde matri? quid male in lucem editis
 Natis? quid ipsi, quæ tuum magna luit 940
 Scelus ruina, flebili patriæ dabis?
 Solvendo non es Illa quæ leges ratas
 Natura in uno vertit Œdipoda, novos
 Commenti partus, supplicis eadem meis
 Novetur iterum vivere, atque iterum mori 945
 Liceat, renasci semper ut toties nova

ACT V

MESSENGER

The Messenger relates the design of Œdipus and the mode, in which he effected his blindness

ŒDIPUS at last fully realises in his own mind, the destiny, which had been predicted, and his own terrible condition, and is sure that he is guilty of the crime with which he had been charged, and tortured

in his mind he seeks the palace with hurried steps and enters that abode which has become hateful to him. Just as the Libyan lion rages along the plains shaking the tawny mane which surrounds his menacing head—so was Œdipus—his countenance fierce with pent up rage—his eyes having a malignant glare—he gives forth a desperate groaning and makes loud noises whilst the cold sweat breaks out over his whole body—he foams at the mouth and indulges in a round of curses—and grief sunk down deep in his inner soul is overflowing to a degree and he is then very savage and is evidently concocting something terrible within his own mind but I know not what but about something on a par with his own terrible destinies! Why should I delay my punishment he exclaimed let me seek out this impious breast of mine with the sword or may some one utterly crush me with fiercest fire or hurl me down on the dangerous rock! What tiger will spring upon me or what ravenous bird of prey will peck away at my entrails? And thou oh! accursed Cithæron so capable of affording a place for crimes (alluding to the exploits of the Bacchanals) send forth your wild beasts from your forests or let loose upon me your rabid dogs—Oh! my soul! Now let Agave appear why should I dread death? Death only relieves innocent men of their misfortunes! Having spoken these words towards himself the Messenger relates how he places his merciless hand upon the hilt of his sword and draws it from its scabbard—Shall I atone he says my great crime by so short a punishment (meaning that the mere killing himself out right was not a sufficient penalty) and with one blow render compensation for every thing? Shall I die thus? Is this enough for the father? (his murder) But after that what about the mother? What about the sons born to see the light of day under such evil auspices? (Incest) What shall I award myself for the weeping country which is suffering through my crimes from overwhelming ruin? I alone am not equal to the task of expiation. That nature which reverses her established laws in the person of an Œdipus only she having permitted to be brought about unspious conceptions hitherto unknown that same nature must be visited by something novel as regards its punishment! It is to be born again and to die again and to be born again and again so that I might suffer as often so many fresh punishments—let me as a miserable wretch employ my ingenuity! (I did so successfully with the Sphinx) What cannot be effected at separate times must be done at once completely—in order to constitute a lasting infliction a long protracted form of chronic death must be chosen one that will

cheek with his weeping! (He says) Is it sufficient for me to weep merely? Thus far let these eyes pour forth their watery tears—let them torn from their resting places (sockets) follow the tears! He then said—I let these eyes which have played their part in my impious marriage be dug out forthwith! His threatening voice is burning with savage wrath and his eyes are nearly starting out of his head—he becomes violent—his look is most determined. He is at the very height of pent up rage and his ferocity is only on a par with some bloodthirsty executioner! but one bent on plucking out his own eyes! He groaned Ah! and a dreadful groan it was! He turned his hands towards his face and his eyes as your gaze met them were fixed and cruelty was marked upon them—and being stretched outwards a little they easily followed the hand which he had introduced and they then appear at the wound which he had made in order to get at them—he then anxiously and critically explores his eyes with bent fingers and at the same moment almost he rolls out the two eyes thoroughly torn away from their deepest attachments—he then plants his fingers in the hollow recesses before occupied by the eyes themselves (the vacated orbits). He then rages in a most impotent manner and shows more anger perhaps than there was any occasion for. So great is his fear of any thing like light that he then raises his head and with his hollow sockets appeared as if he were gazing up into the regions of the sky to make sure that there was no light remaining! He then tears away any loose membrane or attachments hanging down from the parts whence he had dug out the eyes and as a boastful conqueror he addresses all the Gods Alas! my country I pray I have now fulfilled the decrees—I have undergone the punishment which was my due—Eternal night has at length been arrived at!—Messenger says a soul discharge ran down over his face and from his disfigured orbits issued a copious flow of blood arising from the ruptured veins!

CHORUS

THE Chorus is rather inclined to be lenient with Œdipus but they argue according to the tenets of the Stoic Philosophers who subject every thing even the Gods themselves to the overruling will of the inevitable Fates

WE are ruled by the Fates yield therefore in good part to your destinies—not the most watchful care can disarrange the threads of the spindle when once the distaff is in play! Whatever our mortal

Mutare ratī flāmīna fusi
 Quidquid patimur mortale genus,
 Quidquid facimus, venit ex alto
 Servatque suæ decreta colū
 Lachesis, dūa revoluta manu 985
 Omni certo tramite vadunt
 Primusque dies dedit extremum
 Non illa Deo vestisse licet,
 Quæ nexa suis curunt cursis 990
 It cuique ratus, piece non ulla
 Mobilis, ordo multis ipsum
 Metuisse nocet multi ad fatum
 Venēre suum dum fata timent
 Sonuere fores, atque ipse suum, 995
 Duce non ullo, molitur iter
 Luminis orbus

ŒDIPUS, CHORUS, JOCASTA

Jocasta se interficit Œdipus excæcatus in exilium abijt

BENE habet, peractum est iusta perfolvi patii
 Juvant tenebræ quis Deus tandem mihi
 Placatus atra nube perfundit caput² 1000
 Quis scelera donat² conscium evasi diem
 Nil, parricida, dexteræ debes tueri
 Lux te refugit vultus Œdipodem hic decet
 CHOR En, ecce, rapido sæva profiliit gradu
 Jocasta vecors qualis attonita & furens 1005
 Cidmea² mater abstulit nato caput,
 Sensitve raptum Dubitat, afflictum alloqui
 Cupit, pavetque jam malis cessit pudor,
 Et hæret ore primo vox JOC Quid te vocem²
 Natumne² dubitis² natus es natum pudet 1010
 Invite loquere nate, quo avertis caput,
 Vnicuique vultus² ŒD Quis frui & tenebris vetat²
 Quis reddit oculos² matris, heu, matris fonus
 Perdidimus operam congrædi fas amplius

race goes through—whatever we do or undertake to do,
 comes as a decree from on high, and Lachesis, whose
 department it is, rigidly upholds the decrees as revealed
 by the distaff, wound by unrelenting fingers. All things
 go on in a pre-ordained path, and the first day will guide
 us, as to the last (the horoscope, the casting of nativities)
 It is not in the power of Jupiter himself to reverse the
 decrees, which, once wound round, run on uninterruptedly

to their appointed end and this established course goes on with every one and is not to be set aside by prayers of any sort—with many too it is not desirable that they should fear too much for some arrive at their destiny whilst they are still going in fear of their ultimate fate The doors are sounding (are opened) and Œdipus gropes his way along deprived of sight—without any guide

ŒDIPUS—CHORUS—JOCASTA

JOCASTA kills herself Œdipus made blind by his own hands goes away into exile

ŒDIPUS

IT is well! the thing has been thoroughly done I have rendered just atonement as far as the father is concerned Darkness is now a source of consolation What God at last has been so beneficent as to obscure my vision by shedding this impenetrable cloud around my head? What God is it that rewards crime in this manner? Here! I have been enabled to escape from the noxious light of day and I a parricide owe nothing now to my right hand! light has fled from me for ever and methinks that this condition of the countenance is just fit for an Œdipus!

CH Look! Look! Jocasta presenting a frightful visage is bursting in at a rapid pace quite demented exactly like the Cadmean mother (Agave) thunderstruck and raging when she had taken off the head of her son Pentheus (in the midst of the revels) and with the same expression of countenance too which Agave presented when she recognized what she had captured (out of the scramble amongst the Bacchanals) so Jocasta is bewildered! She wishes to say something to afflicted Œdipus! She dares not! But at length her diffidence gives in confronting her misfortunes and she tries to speak but the words cling to her mouth as she makes a supreme effort

JOC What shall I call thee? Son? thou thou hesitatest! Thou art my son although it may shock thee to be that Son! Speak! Unwilling Son! Why dost thou avert thy head and thy disfigured face?

ŒD Who is now forbidding me to enjoy my darkness? Who at this moment is (practically) restoring my sight? (Mentally he means Ah! the sound of a mother's voice

CFD Now mother spare thy speech and at the same time have mercy on my ears! I implore thee by what remains of my mutilated body—by the innumerable evidence of my own blood (his own children by Jocasta) by the every right and wrong of our names on sanguineously and matrimonially Mother and Son or Husband and Wife!

JOC Oh! my soul! Why am I so obtuse? Why is thy companion in crime do I deny myself condign punishment—every economy of nature is subverted and destroyed—and the honor of all human laws has been outraged by me—in incest! Let me die and take away with the sword my own wicked life or will not the father of the Gods who disturbs the heavens with his thunder bolts hurl down upon me the glittering fillet with his avenging hand! Shall I as an impious mother ever offer adequate atonement for my crime—death pleases my inclination and the mode of that death must be sought for! Come Odisseus lend assistance to thy mother—if thou art already a parricide let this last operation devolve on me! Let a sword be brought! Why my husband died by this very sword

CFD Why dost thou call him though by that wrong name? Thou shouldst say Father in law!

JOC Which shall I do Insert the weapon into my breast or shall I press it down into my open throat

CFD Thou knowest not how to choose a spot! Take this sword and seek out with it thy capricious womb which has given birth to such an offspring as Husband and Son!

CR She is lying expiring from a wound inflicted by her own hand and the blood flowed so copiously that it forced the sword out with its violence

CFD Oh! thou who art the presiding deity over the truthfulness of the Gods I invoke thee—I owed retribution to the Fates for a father—I am twice a parricide! I am a greater criminal than I feared I was, I have killed a mother—she is certainly killed through my crimes! Oh! mendacious Apollo! I have exceeded thy cruel decrees—let me follow my treacherous rough precipitous path with st
uncertain tre
regulate my
right hand
nion! Let
progress—let

with my
I let me
trembling
ness compa
is slippery
let me pause

I, profuge, vade siste, ne in matrem incidās
 Quicunque scissi corpore & morbo graves
 Semivivam trahitis pectora, (en fugio exeo)
 Relevate colla mitior calu status
 Post terga sequitur quisquis exilem precens 1055
 Animum retentat, vividos haustus levis
 Concipiat ite, ferte depositis opem
 Mortifera mecum vitia terrarum extraho
 Violenta sat, & horridus morbi tremor,
 Marcesque, & atra pestis & rabidus dolor 1060
 Mecum ite, mecum ducibus his uti libet

though, lest I should fall upon my mother! (her dead body) Whoever ye are, oh! ye plague ridden Thebans, weary in body or broken down by disease, drawing your breath with difficulty (chest not fully expanded from sheer debility and languid circulation), behold! I am going! I am fleeing! Raise your drooping necks! a bettered state of the atmosphere (pestilence-freed) will follow, when my back is turned upon you and whoever is lying stricken down and is only just holding on to life by a slender thread will then inhale the pure air again and become refreshed with a new lease of life (may have a prolonged existence), and all of you, render assistance to any whose cases are despaired of! I shall drag the death-producing evils of this world about with me—violent strokes of fate—the dreadful, trembling weakness brought on by disease, emaciation! And let for ever the cruel pestilence and maddening grief go with me, and let it be my lot, having them with me, to use them as my guides!

TROADES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HECUBA	ANDROMACHA
CHORIS TROADUM	SENEA
TALTHYBIUS	ULYSSES
AGAMEMNON	ASTYANAX
CALCHAS	NUNTIUS
HELENA	POLYXENA, muta persona
PYRRHUS	

ARGUMENTUM

Græci, exciso jam Illo, reditum in patriam cogitantes contrario vento detinebantur Apparens noctu Achillis umbra solveie eos posse negat, nisi sibi debitis inferiis mactata Polyxena, cujus nuptiarum prætextu interfectus est Non fert Agamemnon sibi amatam Polyxenam mactari Qua de re orto cum Pyrrho jurgio, intervenit consultus Calchas, qui omnino immolandam pronuntiat, unaque necandum Astyanactem, quem a matre absconditum abducit Ulysses, & de Scæa porta dejicit Polyxenam ab Helenæ iussu, ritu cultuque sponse deductam ad patris tumulum, Pyrrhus mactat

ACTUS PRIMUS

HECUBA

Luget Hecuba patriæ, domus, suam ipsius calamitatem

QUICUNQUE regno fidit, & magna potens

Dominatur aula, nec leves metuit Deos,
 Animumque rebus credulum lætis dedit,
 Me vident, & te, Troja non unquam tulit
 Documenta Fois majora, quam fragili loco
 Starent superbi columen eversum occidit
 Pollentis Asiæ, cœlitum egregius labor
 Ad cujus arma venit, & qui frigidum
 Septena Tanain ora prædentem bibit,
 Et qui renatum primus excipiens diem.
 Tepidum rubenti Tigrin immiscet freto
 Et quæ iugos vicina prospiciens Scythas
 Ripam catevis Ponticam viduis ferit
 Excisa ferro est Pergamum incubuit sibi

5

10

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HECUBA
CHORUS OF TROJANS
TAITHYBILIS
AGAMEMNON
CALCHAS
HELENA
PYRRHUS

ANDROMACHE
OLD MAN
ULYSSES
ASTYANAX
MIS ENCLER
POLYXENA mute personage

ARGUMENT

THE Greeks Troy having been destroyed thinking of returning to their native country were detained by adverse winds. The Shade of Achilles appearing in the night refuses to allow them to set sail unless Polyxena is sacrificed to his Mines having been slain under the pretext of Nuptials being performed between him and Polyxena. Agamemnon who was in love with her himself would not allow her to be sacrificed whereupon a quarrel took place between him and Pyrrhus. Calchas who was consulted became umpire and he pronounced in favor of her being sacrificed without reserve and that Astyanax should be killed at the same time whom Ulysses found hidden away by his mother and who taking possession of him threw him from the Scæian gate (one of the gates of Troy). Pyrrhus then sacrificed Polyxena who was conducted to the tomb of Achilles his father having had her escorted thither by Helena and dressed in bridal attire and with all the rites and ceremonies appertaining to marriage being duly carried out.

ACT I

HECUBA

WHOEVER reposes confidence in the security of his Kingdom and rules all powerful in his magnificent palace and has never gone in dread of the frivolous deities but has given up his trusting mind without reserve to the happy circumstances around him visible evidence is given let him look on thee and me Oh! Troy! never has fickle fortune furnished so many striking proofs as to the flimsy foundation on which the high and mighty on this earth do rest—the very prop torn from its basis of mighty Asia has fallen raised to what it originally was by the assiduous labor of the gods themselves. To whose aid Rhesus the king of Thracia came and those who satisfy their drinking wants from

En alta muu decora congesti jacent	15
Tectis adustis regiam flammæ ambiunt,	
Omnisque late fumat Assaraci domus	
Non prohibet avidas flamma victoris manus,	
Diripitur urdens Troja, nec cœlum patet	
Undante fumo nube ceu densa obfusus,	20
Ater favilla squallet Illici dies	
Stat avidus ire victor, & lentum Ilium	
Metitur oculis, ac decem tandem ferus	
Ignoscit annis homiet afflictam quoque,	
Victimamque quamvis videret, haud credit sibi	25
Potuisse vinci spolia populatoei rapit	
Dardania prædam mille non capiunt irates	
Testoi Deorum numen adversum mihi,	
Patriæque cineres, teque rectorem Phrygum,	
Quem Troja toto conditum regno tegit,	30
Tuosque munes, quo stetit stante Ilion,	
Est vos meorum liberum magni greges,	
Umbrae minores quidquid adversi accidit,	
Quæcunque Phœbas ore lymphato furens,	
Credi Deo vetante, prædixit mala,	35
Prior Hecuba vidi gravida, nec tacui metus,	
Et vana vates ante Cassandram fui	
Non cautus ignes Ithacus, aut Ithaci comes	
Nocturnus in vos sparsit, aut fallax Sinon	
Meus ignis iste est facibus ardetis meis	40
Sed quid ruinas urbis everse gemis	
Vivax senectus? respice infelix ad hos	
Lucus recentes Troja jam vetus est malum	
Vidi execrandum regis cædis nefas,	
Ipsisque ad aras majus admissum scelus	45
Ajaxis armis cum ferox sæva manu	
Coma reflectens regium tota caput	
Alto nefandum vulnere ferrum abdedit,	
Quod penitus actum cum recepisset libens,	
Ensis senili fexus e jugulo rediit	50

the frozen Tanais (The Don) which opens into the sea with its seven mouths, and those who are the first to enjoy the luminous arrival of coming day in the far East! (because Phœbus rises there) and where the warm Tigris mixes with the red-tinted sea (on account of Aurora or the rising sun casting a reddish hue), and Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, who in her character as neighbour, looks down upon the wandering Scythians and makes her power felt on the banks of the Euxine with her battalions of armed virgins Pergamos has fallen by the ruthless sword of the enemy—it has tumbled to pieces Behold! the lofty decorations of the palace,—walls lie heaped together in a common ruin, with the

buildings burnt from basement to roof—every house far and wide in the city of Assaracus (Ilium) is sending up clouds of smoke the flames however do not arrest the pillaging hands of the conqueror burning Troy falls a prey also to the looters the serene sky is invisible from the volumes of smoke and the sombre daylight, beset as it were with one dense cloud grows murky with the ashes of Troy The conqueror in his raging anger stands gazing and scans with measuring eyes Ilium falling slowly but surely and in his ignorant cruelty forgets that this has been going on for ten years even he seems shocked at what his anger has wrought upon afflicted Troy—and although he sees that it is conquered—he can scarcely think it possible to have been conquered the Dardanian ravager seizes upon the spoils and a thousand ships do not suffice to contain them I call to witness the deity amongst the gods that is my enemy and oh! my country's ashes! I call upon thee the Phrygian ruler whom Troy covers up hidden from the entire kingdom and thy Manes who when thou didst stand Troy stood and ye the numberless members of my family and ye the Manes of less degree Whatever adversity has befallen and whatever misfortunes Cassandra (Phœbris) in her rage has predicted with her angry lips the God Apollo meanwhile having forbidden that she should be believed in I Hecuba when I first became pregnant foresaw what was to come nor have I at any time pretended to conceal my fears and thus I was the idle foolish prophet before Cassandra! No! it is not the cautious Ulysses nor the nocturnal companion of Ulysses (Diomedes) who has scattered those flames broadcast upon thee nor the treacherous Sinon (the Greek who introduced the wooden Horse) No! this is my especial fire! Thou art burning now from my torches (When Hecuba was passing through utero gestation she dreamt she would bring forth a burning torch so she did in the shape of Paris) But thou of old age why groanest thou over the ruins of the overthrown city? Ye that are sufferers look upon all these recent sources of lamentation Troy is now an ancient grievance a thing of the past I have witnessed that execrable crime the slaughter of the king (Priam) and a greater crime committed even than when Ajax approached to the very altars armed as he was and defiled Cassandra in the temple before the shrine of Minerva and that was when Pyrrhus savagely bent back the king's head with the old man's locks twisted up in his cruel hand and buried the sword deep down in the wound which the old man received without a murmur and when the savage

Placare quem non potuit et crede esse
 Mortalis evi cardinem extremum premens
 Superique testes sceleris et quondam sacrum
 Regni jacentis Ille tot regum parens
 Cuiet sepulcro Priamus, & flammæ indiget 55
 Ardente Troja non tamen superis sit est
 Dominum, ecce, Priami nurbus & natis legens
 Sortitur urna præda quem vilis sequar
 Hic Hectoris conjugia despondet sibi,
 Hic optat Heleni conjugem, hic Antenor's, 60
 Nec deest tuos, Cassandra, qui thalamos petat
 Mei fors timetur sola sum Dantis metus
 Lamenta cessant turbæ, captivæ, mea,
 Ferite palmis pectora, & plangit date,
 Et iusta Trojæ facite iudicium sonet 65
 Fatalis Ide iudicis diri domus

CHORUS TROADUM, HECUBA

Chorus Iliadum cum Hecubæ excidium patriæ, Hectoris & Priami
 mortem lugentium

CHOR **N**ON rude vulgus, lacrimisque novum
 Lugeie jubes hoc continuus
 Egimus annis, ex quo tetigit
 Phrygius Grajas hospes Amyclis, 70
 Secutique fretum pinus matri
 Sacra Cybellæ
 Decies nivibus cernit Ide,
 Ide nostris nudata rogis,
 Et Sigeis trepidus campis 75
 Decurris secuit messor aristas,
 Ut nulla dies mœrore caret,
 Sed nova fletus causa ministrat
 Ito ad plangit,
 Miseramque leva, regina, manum 80
 Vulgus dominam vile sequemur
 Non indociles lugere fumus

deed was completely effected, the sword returned from
 the wound scarcely tinged with blood! What savage is
 there but Pyrrhus, who would not restrain himself, engaged
 in such a cruel act of slaughter, from pressing down his
 sword as far as it would go into the body of a man of
 extreme old age and yet the Gods above were witnesses
 of that abominable wickedness! Priam, himself the sire
 of so many kings, is actually without a tomb, and whilst
 Troy itself is burning at every turn, he is denied the

flames himself! (the funeral pile and sepulture) Not how ever is this enough for the revengeful gods! Behold! the future lord and master whilst the urn is casting the lots each man is selecting his prize from amongst the daughters of Priam and the other women belonging to the royal family! Whose booty shall I be? a sorry one! This one promises himself the wife of Hector that one the wife of Helenus the other one is to be Antenor's nor will there be long wanting a wooer for thee! Cassandra! for thy hand in marriage my destiny is held in dread! I am only an object of fear with the Greeks! Will lamentations ever cease? Oh my followers—oh! my captive companions beat thy breasts with thy palms and give way to thy bewailings and at least do that last act of justice to thy —condolence! Let Ida the home of that cruel judge (Paris) and long ago an instrument in the hands of Fate now resound in response to thy cries!

CHORUS OF THE TROJANS—HECUBA

The Chorus of Trojans bewail with Hecuba the destruction of their country and the death of Hector and Priam

CHORUS

THOU invitest to tears no raw recruits in the art of weeping none to whom that is a new sort of thing! Why we have been engaged in weeping during many continuous years of misery from the time when first the Phrygian stranger visited the Grecian Amyclae and the craft built of the pine cut from Mount Ida sacred to Cybele our Magna Mater cut its way through the sea Ida has been covered with its white mantle of snow ten times and the forests of Ida have been cut down till they are quite bare of trees to supply fuel for our funeral piles and the timid husbandman fearing the enemy might come down upon him whilst at work at his harvest operations has reaped his tenth years corn from the Sigæan plains! So that no time has ever been free from our troubles but a fresh cause now exists. Give yourselves up to your wailings and raise Oh! Queen! thy miserable hand (after the fashion of the Præficæ who were hired to assist at the funerals of the ancients putting on a professional style of mourning raising the hand in a peculiar manner) and we the wretched herd of mourners will imitate thee we are not altogether dull students in the art of mourning

HEC Fidæ casus nostrî comites, Solvite crinem per colla fluant Mœsta capilli tepido Trojæ Pulvere tui pes paret exteros Turba lacertos veste remissâ Substringe sinus, uteroque tenus Pateant artus cui conjugio Pectora velas, captive pudor! Cingat tunicas palla solutas Vacet ad crebri verbera planctus Furibunda manus placet hic habitus, Placet agnosco Troada turbam Iterum luctus redeunt veteres Solutum flendi vincite morem Hectora flemus	85
CHOR Solvimus omnes Lacerum multo funere crinem Coma demissa est libera nodo, Sparsitque cinis fervidus oia HEC Complete manus hoc ex Trojâ Sumpsisse licet cadat ex humeris Vestis apertis imumque tegit Suffulta latus jam nuda vocant Pectora dextias nunc nunc vires Exprobre, dolor, tuas Rhoetea sonent litora planctu Habitansque cavis montibus Echo Non, ut solita est, extrema brevis Verba remittat totos reddat Trojæ gemitus audiat omnis Pontus, & æther sævite, manus, Pulsu vasto tundite pectus Non sum solito contenta sono Hectora flemus	90 100
CHOR Tibi nostra ferit dextra laceitos, Humerosque ferit tibi sanguineos Tibi nostra caput dextera pulsat Tibi maternis ubera palmis Laniata jacent fluit, & multo Sanguine manat, quicumque tuo Funere feci, rupta cicatrix, Columnen patriæ, moira factorum, Tu presidium Phrygibus fessis, Tu murus eras, humerisque tuis	105 110 115
HEC Oh! faithful fellow-sufferers in our affliction, let down your hair, let your locks fall upon your shoulders, let them even be soiled with the dust of Troy! Let the throng of women appear with their arms bared (token of tribulation), bind up thy dress, which is now hanging down with a belt fastened to it Let your lower limbs	120 125

HEC Oh! faithful fellow-sufferers in our affliction, let down your hair, let your locks fall upon your shoulders, let them even be soiled with the dust of Troy! Let the throng of women appear with their arms bared (token of tribulation), bind up thy dress, which is now hanging down with a belt fastened to it Let your lower limbs

be uncovered as far as the lower part of the abdomen (the pubic region in which the uterus lies) For what husbands are ye now concealing your bosoms! Oh! the modesty of a captive even! Let the long robe encircle your loose undergarments your unrestrainable hands will then be at liberty for the frequent manual indications of your grief (beating the breasts and other movements) Ah! this dress will do (seeing one of them carrying out instructions) this pleases me exactly! I shall recognize now the Trojan women (by these symbols of grief) Then the old style of crying is renewed put aside the accustomed fashion of weeping we must adopt a fresh kind of lamentations We are now weeping for Hector

CHOR We all let down our dishevelled locks with so much death around us—the hair is now lowered freed from the knot which gathered it up before and the ashes of burning Troy still hot are even sprinkled over our faces (The hair as they went along flinging it up on account of its length)

HEC Fill your hands with the ashes for the conquerors will think they have a right to take *them* even! Let thy garments fall from thy bared shoulders and cover the lower part of thy side supported in their position by a belt and now the naked breasts invite visitations (beatings) from thy right hands! Now! Now! let thy grief manifest itself by exerting thy energies—let the Rhœtean shores resound with thy cries not even does that nymph Echo send back the voice as she used to do they seem to fall off short with the last words when the voice drops! But she nevertheless will now send back (in full power) the universal groanings of oppressed Troy!—Every sea—every sky—(country) will hear us Impart vigorous energy to thy hand and beat thy breasts with firm blows—I am not content with ordinary sounds sound more loudly! we are weeping for Hector!

CHOR Our right hands are now beating our arms (the open palm of each hand striking with some force the supinator or external side of the fore arm opposite to it) we are beating our shoulders till they bleed, our right hands strike blows too on our heads and faces our full breasts are torn by the wounds inflicted by our maternal palms (suckling mothers) they flow and run with much blood we have done everything out of condolence for thy death—old cicatrices have even been opened up and bleed afresh! Oh! thou (quondam) prop of our country Oh! thou stronghold of the Phrygians wearied out with the

Stedit illa decem fultæ per annos	
Tecum cecidit summusque dies	
Hectoris idem patriæque fuit	
HEC Vertite planctus Priamo vestros	130
Fundite fletus satis Hector habet	
CHOR Accipe, Hector Phrygiæ, planctus	
Accipe fletus, bis capte senex	
Nil Troja semel te rege tulit	
Bis pulsata Dardana Gryjo	135
Mænia ferro, bisque phætiæ	
Paffa Herculeas post elatos	
Hecubæ partus, regumque gregem,	
Postrema præter funera cludis,	
Magnoque Jovi victima cæsus	140
Sigea premis litore truncus	
HEC Alio lacrimas flectite vestras	
Non est Priami miserranda mei	
Moræ, Iliades Felix Priamus,	
Dicite cunctæ liberi Mænes	145
Vadit ad imos nec feret unquam	
Victa Grajum cervice jugum	
Non ille duos vidit Atidas,	
Nec fallacem cernit Ulyssæ	
Non Argolici præda triumphæ,	150
Subiecta feret colla tropeis	
Non assuetas ad sceptræ manus	
Post terga dabit, curiusque sequens	
Agamemnonios, aurea dextra	
Vincula gestans, lætis fiet	155
Pompa Mycenis CHOR Felix Priamus,	
Dicimus omnes secum excedens	
Sua regna tulit nunc Elysi	
Nemoris tutis errat in umbris,	
Interque pias felix animas	160
Hectora querit Felix Priamus!	
Felix, quisquis bello moriens	
Omnia secum consumpta videt!	

procrastinations of Fate—thou wast our wall of defence, and Troy has stood propped up by thy shoulders for ten long years, and it has fallen with thee! and thus the last day of Hector was the same last day for his country!

HEC Change thy form of bewailings—Pour forth thy tears for Priam—Hector has received a sufficient share

CHOR Hear, oh! quondam ruler of Phrygia, our cries, receive our lamentations, thou, old man, hast been a double captive (from thy country's service, secondly by death) Troy never suffered once, when thou! wast king—the

Dardanian walls have twice been carried by the Grecian sword—twice have they had to sustain the brunt of the Herculean arrows and after the sons of the king and the offspring of Hecuba had been carried out for sepulture thou oh! father closest in as the last of the royal deaths and as a sacrifice to Jupiter Herceus thou wast killed in front of the altar thy miserable body is now only pressed down by the Sigeian soil (Priam was simply put under the ground) and not consumed by any fire *according to custom!*

HEC Now direct thy lamentations towards another theme it must not be now oh Priam we are miserable on account of thy loss—thou must all ye assembled Trojans now say—Happy Priam! he is now free and joins the Manes (formerly a prisoner now free) nor will Troy! now see the Grecian Yoke as the badge of subjugation around his conquered neck! He does not now behold the two Atridæ nor does he see the treacherous Ulysses nor will he suffer the indignity of having his neck labelled as a trophy of victory and carried along with the other spoils to add to the Grecian triumph! and he will not have to put his hands behind him in token of submission those hands that have wielded the Trojan sceptre—he will not have to follow the chariot of Agamemnon wearing the golden manacles on his right hand that he may be exhibited with all the elation of pompous display to gratify the people of Mycenæ (the city of Agamemnon)!

CHOR Happy Priam! let us all sing!—He has left his misfortunes behind and taken away his kingdom along with him—he is now wandering in safety amongst the Manes in the groves of Elysium! and happy whilst he is seeking for Hector amongst the pious spirits he finds there! Happy Priam! Happy is every warrior dying on the battle field who sees everything around him carried away with himself (taking his kingdom with him)!

ACTUS SECUNDUS

TALTHYBIUS, CHORUS TROADUM

Narrat Talthybius, apparuisse Achillis umbra[m], exprobratque Græcis ingratitude, postulasse, ut Polyxena, cuius nuptiæ prætextu ipse interfectus est ad tumulum suum pro inferis mactaretur, alios Græcos non habituros ventum ad reditum

TAL **Q**UAM longa Danus semper in portu moræ,
 Seu petere bellum, petere seu patriam volunt 165
 CHOR Que causa ratibus faciat & Danus moram,
 Effare, reduces quis Deus cludit vias
 TAL Pavet animus artus horridus quæssit tremor
 Mājora veris monstra via capiunt fidem
 Vidi ipse, vidi summa iam litæ jugæ 170
 Stringebat ortus vicerat noctem dies
 Cum subito exco terra mugitu fremens
 Concussa, totos traxit ex imo sinus
 Movere silvæ caput, & excelsum nemus
 Fragore vasto tonuit, & lucus sacer 175
 Idæa ruptis saxa ceciderunt jugis
 Nec sola tellus tremuit & pontus suum
 Adeste Achillen sensit, ac stravit vadæ
 Tum scissa vallis aperit immensos specus,
 Et hiatus Erebi pervium ad superos iter 180
 Tellure fracta præbet ac tumulum levat
 Emicuit ingens umbra Theffalici ducis,
 Threicia qualis uma proludens iuis
 Jam, Troja, satis stravit aut Neptunium
 Cana nitentem perculit juvenem comæ 185
 Aut cum inter acies Marte violento furens,
 Corporibus omnes clusit, & quærens iter
 Tardus cruento Xanthius erravit vado
 Aut cum superbe victor in curru stetit,
 Egique habenas, Hectorem & Trojam trahens, 190

ACT II

TALTHYBIUS—CHORUS OF THE TROJANS

Talthybius relates that the Ghost of Achilles has appeared, and reproves the Greeks for their ingratitude, and demanded that Polyxena, under the pretext of marriage with whom, he was slain, should be sacrificed at his tomb, as a propitiation to the infernal gods, otherwise the Greeks would not have the wind rendered favorable for their return

TALTHYBIUS

How long is this delay? does the Greek mean to remain for ever in harbor? What does he want to do?—to seek for another war or return to his country?

CHOR What is the reason which occasions this delay in the departure of the ships and the detention of the Greeks tell us what deity stops the way of their return?

TAL My mind is growing fearful—a dreadful trembling seizes my entire frame—wonderful things so much more wonderful than what are known to be true the sun was just showing himself above the mountain tops and the dawn of day had chased away the night—when suddenly the earth was shaken by some internal shock rumbling with obscure roaring sounds which evidently derived all their powers from beneath the earth—the forest trees shook their lofty branches and the stately woods thundered forth with a tremendous crash as well as did the grove sacred to Cybele—the rocks of Ida fell down from the mountain side nor did the earth alone tremble but the sea perceived that its own Achilles was approaching and pacified its waves in recognition Then the valley rent in twain opened out to the view an immense cavern and the earth's surface being thus broken through this opening out of Erebus afforded an easy approach towards those living on the earth above and the stone which covered over the remains of Achilles became lifted up (the tomb) The huge ghost of Achilles the Thessalian general then stood forward and as a prelude to the recital of his victories said how he had subdued the Threician auxiliaries, such a thou art Oh! Troy handed over to thy destinies or he remarked how he had struck down the handsome son of Neptune Cycnus with his white locks (afterwards turned into a swan) or when raging amongst the hostile battalions in violent combat he actually choked up the rivers with the bodies he had slain and the gently flowing Xanthus seeking its level wandered out of its usual channels with its streams reddened with the blood of his enemies or when as a proud conqueror he stood up in his war chariot handling his proud reins and dragging in his train Hector and with him Troy itself Angry sounds fill the shore at every turn Go! go forth he says desist from any further honors to my Manes that are my due and get ready for starting over our country's seas weigh the anchors of thy ungrateful crafts—Greece shall not suffer from the anger of Achilles for a slight

Implevit omne litus irati fonus
 Ite, ite inertes debitos manibus meis
 Auferte honores solvite ingratas rates
 Per nostrā ituri maria non parvo luit
 Iris Achilles Græcia at magno luct
 Desponsa nostris cineribus Polyxena
 Pyrrhi manu mactetur, & tumulum riget
 Hæc fatus alta voce, dimisit diem,
 Repetensque Ditem, merfus ingentem specum
 Coeunte terra junxit immoti jacent
 Tranquilla pelagi ventus abjecit muros,
 Placidumque fluctu murmurat leni mare
 Tritonum ab alto cecinit hymenæum chorus

PYRRHUS, AGAMEMNON, CALCHAS

Agamemnonis cum Pyrrho jurgia super Polyxena compefcit Calchas

CUM læta pelago vela rediturus dares,
 Excidit Achilles cujus unius manu
 Impulsa Troja, [corruit tandem solo,
 Brevis repensans] quidquid adjecit more
 [Scyros, fretumque Lesbos Ægæum secans]
 Illo remoto, dubia quo caderet, stetit
 Velis licet, quod petitur, ac properes dare,
 Seio es daturus jam suum cuncti duces
 Tulere pretium quæ minor merces potest
 Tantæ dari virtuti in is meruit parum,
 Qui, fugere bellum jussus, & longa sedens
 Ævum senecta degere, ac Pylæi fenis
 Transcendere annos, evuens matris dolos,
 Falsasque vestes, fassus est armis virum
 Inhospitalem Telephus regno impotens
 Dum Mysiæ ferocis introitus negat,
 Rudem cruore regio dextram imbuat,
 Fortemque eandem sensit & mitem manum
 Cecidere Thebæ vidit Eetion capi
 Sua regna victus clade subversa est pari
 Imposita celso parva Lyrnessos jugo,
 Captaque tellus nobilis Briseide,
 Et, causa litis regibus, Chryse jacet,

matter, but it shall suffer grievously for a grave one! Let Polyxena be sacrificed to my ashes by Pyrrhus, and let her lie rigid in the arms of death, at my tomb (cadaveric rigidity) Having spoken thus in a thundering voice, he left the light of day, down he entered the immense cavern, and the earth closed up, and the untroubled sea lay as in a perfect calm—the winds left off their boister-

ous howlings and the placid ocean only whispered with the gentlest of ripples and the chorus of Sea Gods (Tritons) sang from out of the depths of the blue blue sea a joyous marriage anthem (*epithalamium*)

PYRRHUS—AGAMEMNON—CALCHAS

Calchas settles the strife between Agamemnon and Pyrrhus respecting Polyxena.

PYRRHUS

WHILST just about to return thou art setting thy rejoicing sails to ply the ocean waves—Achilles is no more he by whose hand alone Troy has been overthrown What adds to our delay? (at last Troy was beginning to crumble rized to the ground but Achilles consoling himself for a short time had tarried at Scyros and Lesbos which divides the *Ægean* sea) he being at a distance Troy remained doubtful when she would ultimately fall It is now in thy power and hasten to set sail the thing which thou hast been seeking for It is quite right that thou shouldst wish and even hasten to give what is sought for in honor of Achilles but thou art now too late to give any of the spoils every general amongst us has already borne away his prize indeed what less recognition could there be for such valor (as ye have displayed) But! alas! does not Achilles deserve a little he who was distinctly ordered to avoid war and by keeping quiet
old age and ever
to the old King (mother's artful contrivances (woman's clothes) and false attire and did he not proclaim himself to be the man for arms and warfare? And when that insolent Telephus king of an inhospitable kingdom denied him a passage through that wild country Mysia Achilles imbued his inexperienced hand with the blood of that royal obstacle (at that time Achilles was a mere tyro in the art of war) and that gave him an insight into the strength of his arm as well as the mildness and gentleness with which he could use it when required of him! He showed his mildness of heart afterwards by curing the wound of Telephus (he had learned medicine and surgery from Chiron the Centaur)—Thebes fell by his hands—Eetion (father of Andromache having been vanquished saw that his Kingdom had fallen from him—the little city of Lyrnessus met with a similar overthrow and was subjected

Et nota fama Tenedos, & quæ pascuo
 Fœcunda pingui Thracios nutrit greges,
 Syros, fretumque Lesbos Ægeum secans,
 Et sacra Phœbo Cilla quid³ quis illuit 230
 Vernis Crycus gurgitem attolens aquis³
 Hæc tanta clades gentium ac tantus pavor,
 Sparset tot urbes, turbinis vasti modo,
 Alterius esset gloriæ ac summum decus
 Iter est Achillis sic meus venit pater, 235
 Et tanta gessit bella, dum bellum parat
 Ut alia fileam merita, non unus satis
 Hector fuisset³ Ilium vicit pater,
 Vos diruistis inclitis ludes iuvat,
 Et clari magni facta genitoris sequi 240
 Jacuit peremptus Hector ante oculos patris,
 Patruique Memnon, cujus ob luctum parens
 Pallente mœstum protulit vultu diem,
 Suique victor operis exemplum horruit,
 Didicitque Achilles, & Dei natos mori 245
 Tum sæva Amazon ultimus cecidit timor
 Debes Achilli, merita si digne æstimas,
 Et si Mycenis virginem atque Argis petat
 Dubitatur etiam³ placita nunc subito improbas³
 Priamique natam Pelei nato ferum 250
 Mastare credis³ at tuam natam parens
 Helenæ immolasti solita jam & facta expeto
 AGAM Juvenile vitium est, regere non posse impetum
 Ætatis alios fervor hic primæ rapit,
 Pyrrhum paternus spiritus quondam truces, 255
 Minasque tumidi lentus Æacidæ tuli
 Quo plura possis, plura patienter feras
 Quid cæde dira nobilem clari ducis
 Aspergis umbiam³ noscere hoc primum decet,
 Quid facere victori debeat, victus pati 260

to his exalted power, and that noble country with the captured daughter of Brises, Briseis or Hippodamia, and Chryse, daughter of Chryses, who was the cause of the dispute between the Kings, Agamemnon and Achilles, lay at his feet, and Tenedos of well-known reputation (it was here the Greeks concealed themselves to induce the Trojans to think they had departed before they had finished the siege, and the fertile Syros, which fattened the Thracian herds with its luxuriant pastures, and Lesbos which divides the Ægean Sea (here Achilles fell in love with Apriates, and this love-making episode retarded his arrival at the seat of war—See Line—"repensans") And Cilla (Troados) sacred to Apollo, and what shall I add to these conquests, Oh the regions which the Caycus (a river of Mysia with its rising waters) bathes with—its

spring tide streams—Such wholesale slaughter of hostile peoples and such terror as they all felt—So many cities scattered as it were as if by means of some enormous whirlwind! Should all this glory and extraordinary renown be placed to the credit of another? This then is the Itinerary of Achilles thus did my father come upon the scene and wage so many small wars whilst he was preparing for the great war *the War!* (Trojan) and if I were inclined to be silent as to his other claims was not the overthrow of Hector enough to confirm my statements? My father conquered Troy—ye others have broken it up—it is gratifying to chant his glorious praises and to blazon forth the illustrious deeds of so noble a father Hector lay slain before the very eyes of his father (Priam) as also did Memnon before his uncle (Uncle on the father's side) whose parent presented a pallid visage on account of his intense grief for many a sorrowful day and the Conqueror himself was horrified at the spectacle which he had been the means of bringing about and Achilles learned then that the sons of Goddesses even could die! (Memnon was the son of Aurora) —Then the savage Amazon Queen Penthesilea the last object of danger fell by the sword of Achilles! Ye are all indebted to Achilles if ye take his deeds and services at a proper valuation although he did single out the virgins at Mycenæ and Argos! Why then is there any hesitation? Why do ye condemn suddenly without thinking of the decrees which have gone forth? (The sacrifice of Polyxena) Is it because ye think it so cruel to sacrifice a daughter of Priam for the sake of the son of Peleus? but thou as a parent hast sacrificed thy own daughter for Helen's benefit before! (that is, in order to obtain favorable winds to rescue Helen thou sacrificedst Iphigenia in order to obtain the same for the Greeks I propose to sacrifice Polyxena (to the Manes of Achilles!))

AGAM It is one of the great faults of youth not to be able to curb its impetuosity but this hot headedness of impatient manhood has characterized others besides thyself—the old paternal spirit and fierce haughtiness seem revived in thee Pyrrhus! for I have quite submissively put up
 es (the *Acidæ*
 vas) The more
 more thou wilt
 be able to bear with patience—why dost thou desire to tarnish the fair fame of so illustrious a general as Priam with the cruel slaughter of his daughter? It is right to admit at once how far a conqueror ought to go and how

Violenti nemo imperia continuit diu
 Moderata durant quoque Fortuna altius
 Evexit ac levavit humanas opes,
 Hoc se magis supprime felicem decet,
 Variosque casus tremere, metuentem Deos 265
 Ninium faventes magni momento obrui
 Vincendo didici Troja nos tumidos facit
 Nimum ac feroces stamus hoc Dani loco,
 Unde illa cecidit fateor, aliquando impotens
 Regno ac superbus, altius memet tuli 270
 Sed fregit illos spiritus hæc, quæ dare
 Potuisset alii, causa, Fortunæ favori
 Tu me superbum, Priame, tu timidum facis
 Ego esse quidquam sceptræ, nisi vano putem
 Fulgore tectum nomen, & falso comam 275
 Vinclo decentem casus hæc rapiet brevis,
 Nec mille forsan ratibus, aut annis decem
 Non omnibus Fortuna tam lenta imminet
 Equidem fatebor (pace dixisse hoc tua,
 Argiva tellus, liceat) affligi Phrygas 280
 Vincique volui ruere, & æquari solo,
 Etiam arcuisssem sed regi frenis nequit
 Et ira & ardens hostis, & victoria
 Commissa nocti quidquid indignum aut ferum
 Cuiquam videri potuit, hoc fecit dolor, 285
 Tenebræque, per quas ipse se irritat fuor,
 Gladiusque felix, cujus infecti semel
 Vecors libido est quidquid everse potest
 Superesse Trojæ, maneat, exactum sitis
 Pœnarum, & ultra est regia ut virgo occidat, 290
 Tumuloque donum detur, & cineres riget,
 Et facinus atro credis ut thalamos vocem,
 Non patitur in me culpa cunctiorum redit
 Qui non vetat peccare, cum possit, jubet
 PYRRH Nullumne Achillis præmium mnes ferent? 295
 AGAM Ferent, & illum laudibus cuncti canent,
 Magnumque terræ nomen ignotæ audient

far, at the same time, the conquered party, ought to be made to suffer. No one goes on for long with violent measures, whilst the moderate exercise of power lasts—sometimes, mere chance has called forth and magnified human endeavours, far higher than there was any right to expect! It is more becoming in a successful man, to impose some restraint upon himself, and to go in fear of the fluctuations of fortune, rather dreading the deities than otherwise, when they might appear too kind!—I have learned in my experience, as a conqueror, that great events can be brought about most unexpectedly, in a moment, in fact! Does our Trojan success render us

puffed up and too severely inclined? As Greeks we are remaining in this place where Troy has fallen. I confess freely I am sometimes austere in my rule and inspired with proud ideas! But the accidental circumstance of power the gift of fortune has curbed that spirit for that fortune might have given the same thing to another! Thou oh! Priam! When I think of thy fate it makes me proud one minute and distrustful of what may happen the next. Can I suppose any thing but that a sceptre is only an empty name a thing varnished over with unmeaning splendor and the setting off a head with a pretentious diadem (crown) which outside is all joy and happiness whilst it contains inside all the elements of bitterness and misery—A small accident will snatch it away—it would not require perhaps a thousand war ships and a ten years campaign to effect this for Fortune does not hover over the heads of mankind at all times at such a slow pace although I am bound to acknowledge I may be permitted to observe oh! my Grecian father land for thy peace of mind it was I who wished that the Phrygians should be conquered utterly fall and be levelled to the ground and I ever contended against them most determinedly and one's anger is unwilling to be under qualifying restraint then there was the raging enemy to reckon with and one culminating achievement was the memorable night attack (the admission of the horse) and whatever could by any process of reasoning be deemed unworthy of our dignity or cruel as the invaders—our grievance (the abduction of Helen) accounts for all this! and the darkness which of itself goads you on to still further rage and the victorious sword which when it has once been stained with blood requires a mad thirst for more but whatever now remains of overthrown Troy by all means let it so remain! enough punishment! has been exacted and beyond what Troy has already suffered why should a royal maiden fall a sacrifice and be served up as a donation to a miserable tomb to be made stiff in death to propitiate the Manes and how can I construe a black crime of murder into a marriage ceremony? I will not permit it the justly merited obloquy of every body would recoil upon me! He who does not forbid a crime when he has it in his power to do so practically only orders it to be committed!

PYR Dost thou mean to argue, that the Manes of Achilles are to receive no testimonial of any kind

AG All men offer what they choose and all men may sing of him in songs of praise—all the known regions of

Quod si levatur sanguine infuso cinis,
 Opima Phrygi colla credantur gregis
 Fluitque nulli flebilis matri cruor 300
 Quis iste mos est, quando in inferre homo est
 Impensus homini² detrahe invidiam tuo
 Odiumque patri, quem coli pater jubes,
 PYRRI O timide rerum dum secundarum fluit
 I tollit nimos, timide, cum increpuit metus 305
 Regum tyrannae, jamne flammatum peris
 Amore subito pectus, ac Veneris novae³
 Solusne totius spolia de nobis fere-
 Hæc dextra Achilli victimam reddam suam
 Quam si negas retinesque majorem dabo, 310
 Dignamque, quam det Pyrrhus & nimium diu
 A crede nostræ regis cecidit manus,
 Patrimque poscit Priamus AGAM Haud equidem nro
 Hoc esse Pyrrhi maximum in bello decur,
 Sevo percussus ense quod Priamus jacet 315
 Supplex paternus PYRRI Supplices nostri patris,
 Hostesque eosdem novimus Priamus tamen
 Presens rogitat tu gravi pavulus metu
 Nec ad rogandum fortis, Agam præces
 Ithæcoque mandas, clusus, atque hostem tremen- 320
 AGAM At non timebat tunc tuus satior pater,
 Interque etædes Greci, atque istas rates,
 Segnis jacebat, belli & armorum immemor
 Levi minorum verberans plestro chelym
 PYRRI Tunc magnus Hector arma contemnens tur, 325
 Cantus Achilles timuit & tanto in metu
 Navibus præ alta Thessalicis fuit
 AGAM Nempe isdem in istis Thessalis navibus
 Pater alta rursus Hectoris patri fuit
 PYRRI Est regis alti, spiritum regi dare 330

the earth will in process of time, hear of his great fame, but if his Manes can be appeased in any way, by the simple letting of blood, why, the primest of the Phrygian herds can be slaughtered for the occasion—but let no blood be spilled to invoke the tears of a mourning mother! By-the-bye, what new custom is this, when a living man is to be considered an indispensable sacrifice to the Manes of a dead one? dismiss therefore all thoughts from thy mind, as to this invidious and repulsive sacrifice to thy father, whom in fact thou art adjudging to be appeased by the death of a royal Virgin!

PYR Oh thou puffed up man, as long as thy surroundings pander to thy proud spirit, but, oh! thou craven one, when fear finds its way into thy heart (proud in prosperity, cast down in adversity) Oh! thou very tyrant

amongst kings art thou suddenly assuming a state of mind fired by amorous longings and for some fresh Venus Polyxena as thou formerly didst with Chryse and Cassandra? Or dost thou alone lay claim to the prizes so many times taken from our family (Briseis) from a father who was living and denying Polyxena to the Mines of my dead father? With this right hand I will render to Achilles the sacrifice which is his due which if thou refusest and keepest back I will give him a greater one (thyself) and one which Pyrrhus would give worthy of the cause and my hand has rested too long already from the shedding of royal blood and Priam deserves a companion (Priam's case requires the death of something as a companion to be slain by my hand)

AG Indeed I do not deny that the achievement of Pyrrhus was the most glorious deed done during the whole of the war when Priam lay killed by thy cruel sword, when he presented himself as a paternal suppliant (said ironically)

PYR We have known him in both capacities as the suppliant of my father spared events Priam as a suppliant not having the courage to ask for thyself remained shut up in thy tent and trembled as if thou wert afraid to face the enemy, and entrusted thy requests to Ulysses and Ajax

AG I am ready to acknowledge that thy father went in no sort of fear even while slaughter was going on at an alarming rate amongst the Greeks and their ships were being burnt wholesale—He could afford to be quite indifferent and quite oblivious of such things as war and armaments striking with the delicate plectrum (quill or bow) his harmonious lute

PYR Then the mighty Hector who looked upon thy arms with contempt was even of Achilles and a the Thessalian war ship existed

AG Dost thou mean to imply that Hector's father was again the cause of the profound peace amongst those Thessalian war ships?

PYR It is the part of one exalted king to spare another king as my father did Priam

AGAM Cur dextra regi spiritum eripuit tua?
 PYRRH Mortem misericors sæpe pro vita dabit
 AGAM At nunc misericors virgines busto petis
 PYRRH Jamne immolari virgines credis nefas?
 AGAM Præferre patriam liberis regem decet 335
 PYRRH Lex nulli capto paucit, aut pœnam impedit
 AGAM Quod non vetat lex, hoc vetat fieri pudor
 PYRRH Quodcunque libuit facere victori, licet
 AGAM Minimum decet libere, cui multum licet
 PYRRH His ista jactas, quos decem annorum gravi 340
 Regno subactos Pyrrhus exsolvit iugo?
 AGAM Hos Scyrus animos? PYRRH Scelere quæ fructum caret
 AGAM Inclusa fluctu PYRRH Nempe cognati maris
 Atrei & Thyestæ nobilem novi domum
 AGAM Ex virginis concepte furtivo stupro, 345
 Et ex Achille nate, sed nondum viro
 PYRRH Illo ex Achille, genere qui mundum suo
 Sparfus per omnem cœlitum regnum tenet,
 Thetide æquor, umbras Æaco, cœlum Jove
 AGAM Illo ex Achille, qui manu Paridis jacet 350
 PYRRH Quem nec Deorum cominus quisquam petuit
 AGAM Compescere equidem verba, & audacem malo
 Poteram domare sed meus captis quoque
 Scit parcere ensis potius interpretes Deum
 Calchas vocetur fata si poscunt, dabo 355
 Tu, qui Pelagæ vincla solvisti rati,

AG Why did it please thee then to take away the life of that king with thy murderous right hand?

PYR Often times a man is doing an act of piety, when he grants a man death (in taking away his life)

AG And now as a merciful man I suppose thou art on the look out for virgins for sacrifices (said in bitterest irony)

PYR And hast thou come at last, to think it wicked for virgins to be sacrificed?

AG It becomes a king to think more of his country than even his own sons and daughters

PYR No law spares a captive, or prevents the punishment of one

AG What does the law not forbid, shame sometimes forbids to be done

PYP It is permissible that a conqueror should do what it pleases him to do

AG The man to whom great power is accorded should be pleased to exercise it as little is possible

PYP Thou art throwing these remarks at those who have put up with thy own rule for these ten years and I Pyrrhus amongst the number have groined under thy yoke

AG Did that ignoble country Scyros inoculate thee with this frame of mind?

PYP Yes where the country was not tainted with the crimes of the brothers Atreus and Thyestes

AG Thou meanest where thou wast shut in by the waves

PYP Yes! that is true as a blood relation of Thetis (Thetis was the mother of my father) but I have learned nevertheless all about the noble dynasty of Atreus and Thyestes

AG And thyself conceived through the illicit violation of a virgin's modesty and a son of that Achilles who had not as yet revealed his sex as a man (Deidamia daughter of Lycomedes king of Scyros bore a son Pyrrhus to Achilles who was disguised at her father's court in female apparel and went by the name of Pyrrha)

PYP Yes from that Achilles who on account of his consanguinity is interspersed with the race of Gods who rule every kingdom in the world Thetis who rules the sea Æacus the infernal regions and Jupiter the heavens!

AG From the warlike Achilles who fell by the hand of that effeminate Paris (said in contempt)

PYP Whom not one of the gods ever sought to encounter face to face

AG I could certainly make thy language a little more tolerable and might visit thy audacity with punishment but my sword knows also how to spare even my prisoners I would rather that thou Calchas who hast let loose the chains that have held back the Grecian fleets and have put a stop to this protracted war who revealest the wonders of the heavens with thy mystic arts to whom

Morasque bellis, arte qui referas polum,
 Cui viscerum secreta, cui mundi fragor,
 Et stella longa semitam flamma trahens
 Dant signa fati, cuius ingenti mihi
 Mercede constant ora, quid jubeat Deus
 Effare, Calcha, nosque consilio rege
 CAL Dant fata Danaï, quo solent pretio, viam
 „Maestanda vugo est Thessali busto ducis,
 „Sed quo jugari Thessalæ cultu solent,
 „Ionidesve, vel Mycenææ nurus
 „Pyrrhus parenti conjugem tradat suo
 „Sic rite dabitur non tamen nostras tenet
 „Hæc una puppes causa nobilior tuo,
 „Polyæne, cruore debetur cruori,
 „Quem fata quærent turre de summa cadat
 „Priami nepos Hectoræus, & letum oppetat
 „Tum mille velis impleat classis freta

CHORUS TROADUM

Chorus e mulieribus Trojanis, tam mente, quam corpore captis,
 quo Achillis animam apparuisse neget, ex Epicuri sententiâ,
 quæ nec Stoicorum multo sanior, stulte & (ut
 semel de toto Choro moneam) impie ani-
 mam cum corpore interire asserit

V ERUM est? an timidos fabula decipit,
 Umbras corporibus vivere conditis?
 Cum conjux oculis imposuit manum,
 Supremusque dies solibus obstitit,
 Et tristis cineres urna coercent,
 Non prodest animam tradere funeri,
 Sed restat miseris vivere longius?
 An toti morimur? nullaue pars manet
 Nostræ, cum profugo spiritus halitu
 Immixtus nebulis cessit in aera,
 Et nudum tetigit subdita fax latus?

the secrets hidden in the entrails of animals when inspected
 by thee, to whom the thunders of the sky serve as
 guide and "that elongated star" (comet) which drags
 path along with a long flaming tail—all those give the
 sure interpretation of the will of the Fates and w/
 utterances afford me valuable consolation Oh! Cal country
 what does the deity command thee to say? guide m/
 thy counsel! he punish-

CAL The Fates are affording a passage to the
 on the terms laid down, as they are accustomed to sometimes

by which thou must abide. A virgin Polyxena must be sacrificed at the tomb of the Thessalian general Achilles but dressed in the same kind of marriage clothes as the Thessalian women are in the habit of wearing at their nuptials with the women of Ionia or the maidens of Mycenæ in attendance. Pyrrhus will hand over the bride to his father so that the ceremony may be conducted with all the proper rites not however is this the only impediment which is detaining the ships—blood more noble than thine Polyxena is demanded also—the male offspring of Hector is the one whom the Fates require—let the grandson of Ilium (Hector's son) Astyanax be let to fall from the highest tower and meet his death. Then shall the fleet crowd the sea with its thousand full set sails!

CHORUS OF TROJANS

The Chorus of the Trojan women who are captives apparently as much in the mind as they are in the body deny that Achilles appeared as a spirit and thus they assume from the doctrine of Epicurus which is not much sounder than that of the Stoics who frivolously and (as I at once pronounce is the gist of the whole chorus) impiously assert that the soul dies for ever with the body!

Is it true or does a trumped up story mislead and deceive the timid portion of mankind—that the souls of men continue to live after their bodies have been disposed of either by burial or cremation and when the wife performs her last act towards her deceased spouse gently pressing his eyelids with her fingers (this was always done amongst the ancients by the nearest relative) and the last day of mortal existence has effectually shut out life and light and the trustful urn returns the ashes of the dead—is it of no use to hand over the soul to the funeral pile but does it remain to the credit of its miserable possessor and maintain a protracted existence hereafter? Or do we die body and soul entirely when we leave this earth? And does no part of us remain? When life with its fleeting breath passes away into the air and becomes mixed with the clouds whilst the torch placed beneath the naked carcass reaches its victim and it is consumed! Whatever the rising or the setting sun has any cognizance of or whatever object the Ocean washes with its blue waves at its recurring flowing or ebbing rapacious time seizes with the rapidity of Pegasus himself (the winged horse sprung from the blood of Medusa) in

Quidquid Sol Oriens, quidquid & Occidens 385.
 Novit cœruleis Oceanus fletis
 Quidquid vel veniens vel fugiens lavat,
 Ætas Pegaseo corrumpit gradu
 Quo bis sena volant fidei turbine,
 Quo curfu properat secula volveie 390
 Astrorum dominus, quo properat modo
 Obliquis Hecate currere flexibus,
 Hoc omnes petimus fata nec amplius,
 Iuratos Superis qui tetigit lacus,
 Usquam est ut calidis fumus ab ignibus, 395
 Vanescit spatium per breve foididus,
 Ut nubes gravidas, quas modo vidimus,
 Arctoi Boreæ disjicit impetus,
 Sic hic, quo regimui, spiritus effluet
 Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil, 400
 Velocis spatii meta novissima
 Spem ponant avidi, solliciti metum
 Quæris, quo jaceas post obitum loco
 Quo non nata jacent
 Tempus nos avidum devorat, & chros 405
 Mors individua est noxia corpori,
 Nec parcens animæ Tænara, & aspero
 Regnum sub domino, limen & obsidens
 Custos non facili Cerberus ostio,
 Rumores vacui, verbaque inaniter, 410
 Et pau sollicito fabula somnio

ACTUS TERTIUS

ANDROMACHA, SENEX, ULYSSES

HecTORIS uxor viso territi filium in tumulto paterno abscondit, quem
 sagacitate sua Ulyssus latebris exutum ad mortem abducit

ANDR QUID mœstra, Phrygiæ, turba laceratis comas,
 Miserumque tunsæ pectus effuso genas
 Fletu rigatis³ levia perpeffæ sumus,
 Si flendi patimur illum vobis modo, 415
 Mihi cecidit olim, cum feius curru incito

whatever revolution the signs of the Zodiac (twelve signs) are moving—in whatever direction, the Ruler of the entire starry world (Phœbus) hurries on the course of time, and in whatever way Hecate speeds her way with her oblique windings, we are all following the Fates, in this, the same way¹ nor is there any thing more left of him, who reaches

these Stygian lakes which claim oathful allegiance from the Gods! When he quits the regions above the living world it is ever the same—as the dirty smoke from the kindled fires ascends and vanishes after its very short journey and as the fury of Arctic Boreas drives before it and dissipates the clouds heavily charged with rain so the spirit which animates our bodies and regulates the term of existence will pass away after death there is nothing—death itself is nothing only the most recent arrival or goal reached in the velocity of space! Let the avaricious ones discard their hopes (who would expect happiness after death) and let the anxious ones set aside their fears (who would fear punishment after death) Dost thou betray any curiosity to know where thou wouldst rest after death? Where do those rest that have not come into existence at all? Rapacious time swallows us up and we merge into chaos! Death is the inseparable bugbear of the body nor does it spare the soul any more than it does that body! The story of Tænarus the descent to the infernal regions and the kingdom under that relentless ruler (Pluto) and about the dog Cerberus which blocks the way and guards that not very easy approach—all this is nonsense! empty stories idle talk—and only on a par with the terrors revealed during a frightful nightmare!

ACT III

ANDROMACHE—OLD MAN—ULYSSES

The wife of Hector having taken alarm at a vision in her dream hides away her son in his father's tomb Ulysses in his cleverness discovering where he was drags him forth to meet his death as soon as he is removed from his place of concealment

ANDROMACHE

WHY do ye oh! Trojan women my sorrowing subjects rend thy locks and beating thy forlorn bosoms inundate thy cheeks with thy profuse weeping We have suffered only light troubles as yet if we can only restrain our grief from injuring ourselves through its excess—Up to the present time Troy has only fallen from thee and quite lately fell from me in a similar way when the fierce conqueror seized my Hector his horses being urged on to full speed and the axle of the chariot

Mea membra iapeiet, & gravi gemeiet sono
 Peliacus avis pondere Hectoreo tremens
 Tunc obiuta atque eversa, quodcunque cecidit,
 Torpens malis rigensque, sine sensu fero 420
 Jam erepta Danais conjugem sequeier meum,
 Nisi hic teneret hic meos animos domat,
 Morique prohibet cogit hic aliquid Deos
 Adhuc rogare tempus æumnæ addidit
 Hic mihi malorum maximum fructum abstulit, 425
 Nihil timere prosperis rebus locus
 Fieptus omnis dira, qua veniant, habent
 Miserimem est timere, cum spes nihil
 SEN Quis te repens commovit afflictam metus?
 ANDR Exortui aliquid majus e magno malum 430
 Nondum ruentis Ili fatum stetit
 SEN Et quis reperiet, ut velit, clades Deus?
 ANDR Stygis profundæ claustris, & obscuri specus
 Lixantur &, ne desit eversis metus,
 Hostes ab uno conditi Dite exeunt 435
 Solisne retro perivium est Danaïs iter?
 Certe æqua mors est turbat atque agitat Phrygas
 Communis iste torior hic proprie meum
 Exeriet animum noctis horrendæ sopor
 SEN Quæ visa portent, effei in medium, metus 440
 ANDR Partes fere nox alma transfierat duas,
 Clarumque septem venterant stellæ jugum
 Ignota tandem venit afflictæ quies,
 Brevisque fessis somnus obiepsit genis,
 Si somnus ille est mentis attonitæ stupor, 445
 Cum subito nostros Hector ante oculos stetit
 Non qualis ultio bellæ in Argivos ferens,
 Grajas petebat facibus Idæis iates,
 Nec cæde multa qualis in Danaos furens
 Vera ex Achille spolia simulato tulit 450
 Non ille vultus flammæum intendens jubat,

of Achilles creaking with a tremendous sound, as it trembled with the weight of Hector, as he was being dragged round the walls! Then down-trodden—overcome—I bore whatever came next, with my senses completely gone, benumbed and petrified by my calamities, and then I felt, as if I could have followed my Hector, as a voluntary captive to the Greeks, unless this little son had not held me back—it was he who calmed down my demented feelings and forbade me to die, and it is he, who now forces me to ask something from the unwilling gods—time has added to my misery—he it is, who has relieved me of a great portion of my misfortunes—enabled me to fear nothing, although every thing around is void of an auspicious outlook—things are dreadful, from whatever

source they flow but it is painfully wretched to have to fear when one is not able to hold out the encouragement of any hope to oneself!

O M What fear creeping upon thee has moved thee thus in thy affliction?

ANDR Some greater calamity is likely to arise out of the one which is already grievous enough not yet has the fate of Troy been done with!

O M And what deity even if he wills to do so will find out what that calamity is to be?

ANDR The entrances to the Stygian depths and the dark caves of Pluto's kingdom are now open and lest any fear should not be felt by the conquered ones as to their fate enemies hidden down in the lowest depths of Hell make their appearance and walk the earth and is there no retrogression left for any one only for the Greeks Death is certainly an established fact for all and one universal terror invades and troubles every Trojan alike (the appearance of Achilles) but my sleep of last night horrible to relate frightens my mind in a peculiar way (her frightful dream)

O M What visions have inspired thee with such alarm put me in possession of their nature

ANDR The night of her second vigil (the vigils—the Romans 1 first middle and in the Greeks) and the had not yet reverse Arcas) at last sleep which is such a stranger to the wretched supervened and a short slumber visited my weary eyelids when suddenly Hector stood before my eyes (in my sleep) not however as he was waging war with the Greeks with such determination and went so eagerly in search for the Grecian ships with burning torches from the forests of Ida nor such as he was when raging against the Greeks he took veritable spoils (namely his life from the sham Achilles (Patroclus) accoutred with the arms of Achilles whom he tried to resemble—Hector slew him) and not with that countenance which looked like a flashing meteor but a weary and cast down expression and worn out with weeping but still like my own dear Hector—his head though covered with slovenly

Sed fessus ac dejectus, & fletu gravis,
 Similisque nostro, squallida obtectus coma
 Juvat tamen vidisse tum quassans caput,
 Dispelle somnos, inquit, & nrtum eripe, 455
 O fida conjux lntert hæc una est salus
 Omitte fletus Troja quod cecidit, gemis
 Utinam jaceret tota! festina amove
 Quocunque nostre parvulam stirpem domus
 Mihi gelidus horior ac tremor somnum excutit, 460
 Oculosque nunc huc parvula, nunc illuc furens,
 Oblita nati, misera quæsiui Hectorem
 Fallax per ipsos umbra complexus abit
 O nate, magni certi progenies patris,
 Spes una Phrygibus, unica afflicta domus, 465
 Veterisque soboles sanguinis nimium incliti,
 Nimumque patri similis hos vultus meus
 Habebat Hector talis incessu fuit,
 Habituque talis sic tulit fortes manus
 Sic celsus humeris, fronte sic torva moror, 470
 Cervice fuscâ dissipans lnti comam
 O nate, sero Phrygibus, et matris cito,
 Eritne tempus illud, et felix dies,
 Quo Troici defensor & vindex soli,
 Recidiva ponas Pergamæ, & sparsos fugi 475
 Cives reducas nomen & patrie suum,
 Phrygibusque reddas Sed mei fuit memor,
 Tam magna timeo voti quod capitis sit est,
 Vivamus heu me, quis locus fidus meo
 Erit timori quæve te sede occulam 480
 Arx illa pollens opibus & munis Dcum,
 Gentes per omnes clau, & invadere capax,
 Nunc pulvis altus fiata sunt flammæ omnior,
 Superestque vastæ ex urbe ne tantum quidem
 Quo lateat infans quem locum fraudi legam 485
 Est tumulus ingens conjugis cari ficer,
 Verendus hosti, mole quem immensa patens
 Opibusque magnis struxit, in luctus suos
 Rex non avarus optime credam patri
 Sudor per artus frigidus totos cadit 490
 Omen tremisco misera feralis loci
 SEN Hæc causâ multos una ab interitu arcuat,

locks, oh! it did delight me, whatever his condition was, to see him, then nodding his head, he said Rouse thyself from thy sleepy mood, and without delay, seize upon our son and put him in some place of concealment—this is our only safety! Leave off thy weeping Dost thou grieve because Troy has fallen—I wish that it had fallen through and through Hasten, remove the little representative of our

dynasty wherever he may be — A cold chill and shivering shook me out of my sleep—one minute I cast my eyes in one place then shifted them to another bewildered and forgetting all about my son I in my misery craved for Hector's arm and then the delicate apparition eluded my embraces. Oh! my son the veritable progeny of an illustrious father—the one hope is left to the Trojan and the solitary one of our wretched Dynasty the offspring of an exceedingly ancient race and of a wonderfully true resemblance to his father—My Hector possessed thy features exactly—thy walk is like his was and the general manner and style the same as his—and like thee my Hector had a powerful frame like thee a lofty carriage and just the same commanding expression on his determined face and like thee wearing his hair gracefully hanging down over his broad shoulders! Oh! my son! too late to be an aid and defence to thy country and too soon for me as thou art now the source of anxiety and solicitous fears! Will ever that time arrive and that lucky day be seen when as the avenger and defender of the Trojan soil when thou wilt rouse up Pergamus's ruin out of its ruins and summon back its exiled subjects wherever they may be) and restore to the Trojans their country and all their ancient renown! But although thoroughly alive as to what my own fate will be ultimately and although I dread to wish for too much and what is thought quite sufficient for captives to expect I must say let our lives be spared to us! Ah! me! what place is to be depended upon to conceal the object of my anxiety (her son)? in what nook shall I hide my son? that citadel once so proud in its military resources and the fortifications built by the Gods (Neptune and Apollo) its renown acknowledged by every nation and the envy of every country is now nothing but dust and ruins and the debris is scattered about the work of the flames! Does there not remain indeed a single place in this vast city, which I can single out to assist me in my scheme of concealment? Yes! There is a huge tomb sacred to the memory of our dear Hector who struck very terror into his enemies which his father Priam who was not a grasping monarch built with great pains and at an enormous expense as a monument of his deep sorrow. A cold sweat breaks out over my entire body and in my misery I shudder at the bad omen naturally suggested by such a mournful place!

O M When it has been given out that people have perished such a reason alone has rescued many from the fate of a real burial

Credi perisse ANDR Vix spes quidquam est super
 Grave pondus illum, magna nobilitas, premit
 SEN Ne prodit aliquis, remove testes doli 495
 ANDR Si quæret hostis? SEN Urbe in eversa perit
 ANDR Quid prodeit latuisse redituro in manus?
 SEN Victori feroces impetus primos habet
 ANDR, Quid? quod ltere sine metu magno nequit?
 SEN Miser occupet præsidia, securus legit 500
 ANDR Quis te locus, quæ regio seducta, mura
 Tuto reponet? quis furti tepidis opem?
 Quis proteget? qui semper, etiam nunc tuos,
 Hæctoi, tuere, conjugis fuitum præ
 Serva, & fideli cinere victurum excipe 505
 Succede tumulo, nate quid retio fugis,
 Turpesque latebras speinis? agnosco indolem
 Pudet timere spiritus magnos fuga,
 Animosque veteres fume quos casus dedit
 En intueri, turba quæ sinus super, 510
 Tumulus, puer, captiva cedendum est malis
 Sanctas parentis conditi sedes, age,
 Aude subire furi si miseros juvant,
 Hædes salutem furi si vitam negant,
 Hædes sepulcrum SEN Claustra commissum tegunt 515
 Quem ne tuus producat in medium timor,
 Procul hinc recede, teque diversam amove
 ANDR Levius solet timere, qui propius timet
 Sed, si placet referamus hinc alio pedem
 SEN Cohibe prærumper oia, questusque opprime 520
 Gressus nefandos dux Cephallenum admovet
 ANDR Dehisce tellus, tuque conjux ultimo
 Specu revulsam funde tellurem, & Stygis
 Sinu profundo conde depositum meum,
 Adeft Ulysses, & quidem dubio gradu 525
 Vultuque nectit pectore istus callidos

ANDR There appears to me scarcely any hope, except this plan

O M Lest any one should make the discovery, remove all traces of the deception

ANDR If an enemy should search for my son

O M Then say, he perished amidst the ruins of Troy

ANDR Of what use will it be to have him in concealment, if he is only likely to fall into the hands of our enemies?

O M It is only in their first transports of anger, that conquerors are cruel

ANDR What was that thou didst say? that one could remain hidden without great causes for alarm!

O M The wretched outcast as a candidate for concealment puts up with the best thing he can get whilst he who has any cause for fear of being discovered can select at will his own place

ANDR Oh! what place of security will receive thee my son! What secluded inaccessible spot? Who will protect us? Oh! Hector who always defended thy country—now take care of thy own son take him into thy watchful keeping this secret of thy affectionate wife and receive him to make him safe by the side of thy remains! Come get into the tomb my son why dost thou start back and shun the odious darkness? I recognise thy noble strain Thou art ashamed to show fear but banish thy proud spirit and think no more of thy former lot but take what chance has given us Look around see the company we constitute just above the tomb the son and the captive mother we must yield to our misfortunes come have the courage to enter this sanctified resting place if the Fates are inclined to be merciful to the miserable we shall be safe if the Fates deny thee thy life here is a sepulchre ready for thee!

O M The interior of the tomb now hides what we have committed to it to the discovery of whom no fears of thine should contribute Move from here to some distance get away in some sort of disguise!

ANDR One is apt to have one's fears lessened if one is near at hand to the object of our anxiety but if thou thinkest it a more prudent plan I will betake myself to some other locality

O M Speak low for just a little time and don't look as if thou hadst been weeping check thy moaning the general of the Cephallenes (the Cephallenes were a contingent of the Grecian forces) Ulysses is wending his dreaded way towards us

ANDR Oh! Earth! gape open and thou Hector my husband make thy exit from the lowermost cave of hell and carve for thyself a road through the divided Earth and hide in the deep bed of the Styx what I have here deposited for safety (our son) Ulysses is coming and indeed judging by his walk and expression of face he is planning in his mind some cunning crafty work

ut Dura munus foris hoc pariter pto
 Ut ore quatuor verba die nter tno
 Non esse crederet nostris Grogum videret
 Procerumque vox est pter quod dno
 Heclorem loboles prohibet hunc ferebat
 Sollicita Dano puer meo
 Semper tenet semper te puer
 Respicere coet amine puer
 Dum Phrygiu ntu nce ex h dno
 Androm ch a be Vell r r r r r r
 ut It si tueret suer h e Grogum t r r
 Dicebat Heclorem, eue & surp m o r o
 Generosa in ortu semine exte r r r
 Sic ile muni parvus r r r r r r
 Primisque nondum cornu r r r r r r
 Cervice subito celsus, & front r r r
 Gregem paternum dno, ac p r r r r r
 Quae tenera ciso virg de trine r r r
 Par ipsa matris tempore ex quo subit
 Umbraeque t r r r r r r r r r
 Sic male reclusus igne de r r r r r
 Vires resumit est quidem injustu dolor
 Rerum r r r r r r r r r r r
 Venum dabi quod bella post hunc de r r
 Iotidemque melle jam senex miles tua
 Aliisque elades rursus, ac nunquam bene
 Trojam jaccentem magna res Dano mo
 Iuturus Heclorem libera Grogos r r r
 Hae una naves crusa deducis tenet
 Hae classis haret neve crudelium puer
 Quod forte iussus Heclorem natum p r r
 Petissem Orestem p r r r r r r
 ANDR Unam quidem esses nate matris in m r r
 Noffemque, quis te casus creptum mihi

UL As the representative of a difficult task I ask before hand, that I may be distinctly understood, that although what I say may be spoken by myself, personally I am the representative voice of entire Greece, and those kings and princes and those senior in military command. My duty, then, is to look out for any of the children of Hector, which hinder them from returning to their homes already left behind too long. This the Fates absolutely demand, an anxious dread of doubtful peace will always possess the minds of the Greeks, fear will always lead them to entertain a retrospective doubt as to the durability of their successes. Therefore, Andromache whilst a son of the house of Priam lives, he will animate the spirit of the Trojans, and thus would not permit of our arms being laid aside¹

oracle chant his notes in that key?

has our oracle could be perfectly silent
 very existence of a Hector has spoken
 same effect (this speaking is figurative
 I dread even now for his lofty fruits of
 id to show themselves in his offspring
 way that the stripling from out of the
 ousng bull calf) the skin of whose fore
 y horns have not yet broken through
 in a short time shows himself
 ilders and with his determined aspect
 archal protection of the herd and the
 dares not to say Nay —(commands
 same way too that the tender twig
 a part of some felled tree comes to
 rt of its parent in a short time and
 d shade on the earth around and as a
 ve of the forest seeks its way aspiringly
 the skies! And thus it would be a
 ok if a single cinder were left to
 and kindle afresh the dimensions of
 ation! Grief and fear are often times
 opraizers of real facts and possibilities!
 ncies point to such a view of the case
 rightly consider all these things thou
 n I frankly tell thee as an old soldier
 ving gone through a military campaign
 and ten summers a renewal of hostilities
 of slaughter and whilst for some time
 ying restful and quiet for some grand
 re Greeks and some future Hector to
 enel No! I say rid the Greeks of such
 as this and that is one of the reasons
 ndering our ships from starting away
 h the fleet is kept lingering here! And
 ust not deem me cruel because acting
 mission I ask for this son of Hector's
 similar circumstances have demanded
 om his own father Agamemnon—there
 y what the conqueror has decreed!

¹ (*trying to put Ulysses off the scent*)

OL

me or to what region of the earth even
 t were pierced with all the combined

UL Away with such dissembling talk it is not an easy thing to deceive an Ulysses for I have worsted many a tricky matron and for that matter Goddesses even that have been bent on cajoling me therefore be persuaded by me do abandon it once those futile attempts! Where is thy son—Astyanax?

ANDR Thou mightest with equal reason ask me Where is Hector? Where is Priam? Where are all the Trojans? Thou art simply asking about one out of that number I am doing the same thing as regards all of them

UL When the screw is applied thou wilt be compelled to speak and disclose what thou art now refusing to do voluntarily!

ANDR That woman who can who ought and who wishes to die is quite safe (whatever thy threats may imply)

UL When death comes quite close to thee it will shake to the winds all this grandiloquent verbiage!

ANDR If thou desirest Ulysses to coerce Andromache with threats and to threaten her life have I not said it is a wish of mine to die

UL The pain arising from stripes the cautery tortures, and certain death to follow on in case of refusal will force thee however unwilling to speak out whatever thou art wishing to keep back and drag out from the very depths of thy soul thy hidden secrets Compulsion is apt to be far more efficacious than any pious resolves!

ANDR Threaten me with the flames wounds and all the horrible inventions of diabolical cruelty starvation unendurable thirst every species of loathsome pestilence surrounding me at all sides and the red hot swords piercing my burning entrails the deadly gloom of the dark dungeon and whatever else an angry conqueror swelling with rage could inflict upon me—as a courageous mother I do not recognize any fear!

UL Thy reticence is foolish to keep back what thou so soon wilt have to bring to light This very strong affection of thine in which thou art so persistent and even contumacious urges the Greeks more and more to attach importance to the existence of those little children—After ten years of war at such a distance from one's own country I should fear has adduced if I feel only paving the way carried on by my son Telemachus

could possibly threaten may happen, and the Fates may
release me from off this mortal coil by an easy and speedy

death and bury me in my own native soil lest I should be carried away as a captive and my native earth will press lightly on Hector whilst my son is dead (deprived of light) and lies amongst the abodes of the departed and who being handed over to the tomb has only offered what was due from sad mortality!

UL. The Fates are now satisfied the race of Hector being extinct I shall only be too glad to hold out to the Greeks the prospects of a substantial peace (to himself) What art thou now proposing Ulysses Dost thou believe the parent? But could any parent dissemble in this manner? and does not she fear the presages of a death greatly to be dreaded?—People usually fear these presages (omens) when they fear nothing else and she has bound herself by the sacred obligations of an oath—If she is perjuring herself what more dreadful consequences could a woman fear? Now let me my good genius so advise me use all my powers of stratagem! Now let me have recourse to deception and trickery to arrive at the truth for my own purpose and let Ulysses be the very concentration of Ulysses—the truth never can be anything but the truth! Let me watch that mother closely! She grieves she weeps—she steps here and she steps there in a very confused and anxious manner and she pricks up her ears as one is speaking so as not to lose a single word one utters and the influence of fear for all my ingenuity to speak of other parents as it were in a similar condition of grief! (Aloud) Well oh! miserable Andromache! I think I must
 thou seem to want
 thy death was waiting
 as t er the only tower
 whic ,!

ANDR. My courage has forsaken me my limbs shake with dread they sink from under me and my circulation is torpid with the inward cold which freezes up my blood

UL. (Aside) Ah! she is frightened! I must persevere with my plan laying stress upon this—this part of the enquiry—Fear has betrayed the mother I have forced her hand I will try again working upon her fears (Aloud) Go! Go! Attendants hasten thy steps hand me over and bring to view when he has been ferreted out from where he is being hidden the enemy of the Grecian cause—our last trouble has been secreted by his mother's artifice! Well done! Here he is! persevere make haste bring

Bene est tenetur perpetuum fletu atque
 Quid respicis, trepidatque? j in ceteris per
 ANDR Utinam timerem! solus ex longo est
 640 Dedidit animu sero quod didici de
 ut Lustrale quoniam debetum tibi per
 Sacrum antecellit nec potest videri quod
 Meliore fato rapus hoc Calh
 645 Modo prius posito re utitur
 Si placet undas Hec ori spargi cin
 Ac tumulus uno totu equatur solo
 Nunc ille quoniam debetum effudit necesse,
 Luit admoventis sedibus fueris mura
 ANDR Quid agimus? animu distulit? penam tibi
 650 Hinc natus, illuc conjugis curi cin
 Pars utra vincet? tector immune Deo,
 Deosque veros conjugis man
 Non aliud, Hector, in meo nato nati
 655 Placere, quam te vivit, ut possit tuos
 Referre vultus prorutus tumulo cin
 Mergetur ossa fluctibus spargi sinam
 Disiecta vastis? potius hic mortem optet
 Poteris nefanda deditum mater neci
 660 Videre poteris celsa per sustipra
 Missum rotari potero perpetui feram
 Dum non meus post facta victoris manu
 Jactetur Hector hic su in penam potest
 Sentire, at illum facti jam in tuto locat
 665 Quid flucturaris? statue, quem pater exstiter
 Ingrati, dubitas Hector est illic tuus
 Erras utrinque est Hector hic sensus potens,
 Forsan futurus ultor extincti patris
 670 Utrique patris non potest quidnam fieri?
 Serva e duobus, anime, quem Dana timent
 ut Responsi peragam funditus busta crurum
 ANDR Quae vendidistis? ut Pergam, & e summo aggere
 Traham sepulera ANDR Coelum appello fidem
 Fidemque Achilles Pyrrhe, genitoris tui
 Munus tuere ut Fulvus hic campo statum

him here! (Ulysses is saying all this, watching the face of Andromache, then addressing her) Why dost thou look behind thee? Why dost thou tremble so?—surely, it is true thy son has perished?

ANDR I wish I could fear—my ordinary reason for fear is far away, the mind dismisses from itself, in the course of time, what may have possessed it even over the longest period!

UL Since thy son has anticipated the expiatory sacrifice due to the walls (the tower), nor can any one who has been taken away by a better fate follow the decrees of

any prophet Calchas says the ships will be allowed to return if expiation be afforded in the following manner if the ashes of Hector that are scattered about be thrown into the sea and the entire tomb levelled to the ground from the very depths of it the Fates will then be appeased Now since thy son has eluded the kind of death marked out for him our operations shall forthwith be directed to the demolition of the sacred tomb where Hector rests!

ANDR What shall I do? A two fold fear distracts my mind Here is the son—there are the ashes of my dear Hector which alternative shall influence me the more?—I call to
of my
pleases
reproduce thy looks but what then shall thy ashes be removed from the tomb and sunk amongst the waves? Shall I let thy bones be cast into the vasty deep? No the son must undergo death rather! But can I the miserable mother see my son given up to such an impious death as the one in store for him? Can I see him whirled in the air and sent headlong from a lofty tower? Yes! I can bear it—I will bear it—I will suffer for it hereafter so that my dear Hector after death be not tossed about as a sport by the hands of a conqueror! This son may feel his punishment Oh! ungrateful Andromache that I am! Why do I hesitate thus? Whilst thy Hector is where he is! I am only rambling now why! a Hector is on each side of me! The son is living—a power! and perhaps may live to be the future avenger of his dead father I cannot be the means of sparing both what then am I the more inclined to do? Let me reserve that one O! my soul which the Greeks fear the most!

UL Let us strictly follow out the oracular decree—let us thoroughly clear out the tomb!

ANDR What! take possession of what thou hast sold!

UL We shall push on with our task and drag forth the contents of the sepulchre from its lowermost strata!

ANDR I appeal to the honor of the Gods—and the good faith of Achilles Oh! Pyrrhus throw protection over the gifts of thy father

UL The tomb shall be immediately distributed over the entire surface of the adjoining plain

Toto jacetbit ANDR. Iuerat hoc prosu nesci Dianis inuisum templi violasti Deo Puram faventes busti transferit soci Resistam inermis, offeram armatis inermi Dabit ira vires quilibet Argolica ferox Turmas Amazon stravit, aut quibus Deo Percussa Mænas, entheo sibi prælu Armata thyrso terret, atque exper sua Vulnus dedit nec sensit, in mediore me Tumuloque cineris socii defenso cadum ut Cestrius & vos flebili clamor movet, Turorque cæsus semine ³ iussa oculi Peragite ANDR. Me, ne sterne hic ferro pro Repellor heu me! rumpe fatorem mor Molire terras Hæstor, ut Ulyssim domi Vel umbra satis est arma concussit manu Iaculatur ignes cernit, Dianæ Hæstorem ³ An sola video? ut Iunius cuncta erue ANDR. Quid agis? ruit mater & natum & virum Prosterne una forsitan Dianos prece Placere poteris conditum elidet sitim Immane busti pondus intereat miser Ubiunque potius, ne præter natum obruit Prematque patrem natus id penur recido Supplex, Ulyssæ, quamque nullus pedes Novere dextram, pedibus admoveo tuis Miserece matris, & preces phœidus pri Patiensque recipe, quoque te celsum altius Superi levavunt, mitius lapsos preme Misero datur quodcunque, fortunæ datur Sic te revisit conjugis sanctæ torus Annosque, dum te recipit, extendat suos Lactat sic te juvenis excipit tuus, Et vota vincens vestra felici indole, Ætate ævum transcendat, ingenio parem!	675 680 685 690 695 700 705
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ANDR. Hitherto, such an impious deed has never been attempted by the Greeks, thou hast violated the sanctity of the temple, insulting the gods who have ever been favorable to thy cause, and thy madness has not even permitted thee to respect the sacred tomb of the departed! I will resist thee—I will oppose with all my weaponless strength thy armed force, my anger will afford me artificial power, and in the same way that the ferocious Amazon, Penthesilea, routed the Argolic battalions, or, in the same manner, that the Mænad (Agave), urged on by the inspirations of the God (Bacchus), terrified the entire forest, as she madly rushed on, armed with her thyrsus, and not being in her right mind at the time, inflicted wounds right and left upon every one she encountered, and then

forgot all about what she had done when the paroxysm of her excitement was over! I will rush into thy midst and as the tutelary companion of the venerated ashes yonder I will fall in the defence of that tomb!

ULYSSES (*to those who have been told off to destroy the tomb*)

Now then why art thou thus delaying the operations? and dost a weeping noise like that work upon thy sympathies and the foolish ravings of a woman affect thee? Go on quickly with my orders

ANDR Stab me! oh stab me first with thy sword! am I really defeated? Ah! me! — — — — — through this delay of the earth that thou mayst chide be enough! Hear! Hec in his hands and is scattering abroad his torches again (seeking to fire the ships) Do ye not see Hector oh ye Greeks! am I the only one who sees him? (thus said during an attack of hysterical delirium)

ULYSSES (*to attendants*)

Bring forth every thing from the lowest foundations

ANDROMACHE (*addressing herself*)

What am I doing? I a mother scattering pell mell in one common ruin a son and a husband! Perhaps I can pacify the Greeks with entreaties the immense weight of that tomb will kill that hidden treasure my son—be it how it may he will have to perish but which shall I rather choose? Shall the father be caused to crush the son or the son to fall upon the ashes of the father? I approach thee Ulysses as a suppliant at thy feet I have never ere this shown obeisance to mortal man Ulysses! pity a mother! patiently and mercifully listen to her pious supplications! Although as the Gods above have raised thee still higher already exalted (as thou wert) visit (on that account) with greater kindness those that are fallen low! Whatsoever is granted to the miserable by thee is a score in thy favor as a clamant at the hands of fate! Thus when thou joyfully shalt revisit the couch of thy pure and expectant wife Penelope longing for thy return may thy father Laertes when he receives thee feel that years are being added to his life and in like manner (touched by such prosperity) may thy son greet thee and

UL Bring out thy son and then begin with thy entreaties

ANDR Come hither from thy hiding place oh! thou pitiable stolen secret of a wretched mother! Here Ulysses! is my son—here is the way back for thy thousand ships! Join thy hands Astyanax and prostrated look up obeisantly to thy Master do not regard as ignominious what the Fates have ordained for us miserable mortals! Put away from thy thoughts all reminiscences about grandsire kings and the glorious surroundings of thy illustrious grandfather Priam renowned throughout every land and let thy father Hector die out of thy recollection Put on the captive—and with thy bended knee and if not as yet thou understandest what thy death is to be imitate the weeping of thy afflicted mother! Troy of old has witnessed the tears of a boy king and that little boy Priam it was calmed down the anger of the fierce Alcides (Hercules) He! he that formidable conqueror to whose strength every wild beast—every monster every thing savage or non human yielded! and forced his way into the dark realms of Pluto and found his way back being fairly melted by the tears of his tiny enemy he exclaimed Take up my little boy as ruler the reins of government and sit exalted on thy father's throne! but wield the sceptre with stricter fidelity and justice!—And it was well for him that he had been the captive of so noble a conqueror! Profit then Ulysses by this gentle specimen of anger on the part of a Hercules Are the arms of a Hercules the only ones that can afford to be lenient? Not a less humble suppliant than the boy Priam is the suppliant lying at thy feet and he is merely asking for his life! (Not to retain the kingdom) The Fates will hold in their hands the kingdom of Troy in any and every way they may wish to ordain!

ULYSSES—ANDROMACHE—ASTYANAX

Andromache mingles curses and threats with her supplications entreating Ulysses but not prevailing upon him

ULYSSES

THE anguish of a terrified mother does indeed exercise a certain effect on me but the Grecian mother's grief would tend far more in that direction for the amount of sorrow that would accrue to them, if that boy were allowed to grow up!

ANDR An his ruinās urbis in cinerem datās
 Hic excitabit? hæc manus Trojam erigent?
 Nullas habet spes Troja, si tales habet
 Non sic jacemus Troes, ut cuiquam metus 745
 Possimus esse spiritus genitor facit?
 Sed nempe tractus ipse post Trojam præter
 Posuisset animos, magna quos frangunt mura
 Si pœna petitur, quæ peti gravior potest?
 Famulare collo nobili subeat iugum 750
 Servire liceat aliquis hoc regi negat?
 UL Non hoc Ulysses, sed negat Calchys tibi
 ANDR O machinator fraudis, o scelerum artifex
 Virtute cujus bellicæ nemo occidit,
 Dolis & astu maleficæ mentis parent 755
 Etiam Pelasgi, vatem & insontes Deos
 Prætendis? hoc est pectoris tui,
 Nocturne miles, fortis in pueri necem
 Jam solus rudes aliquid, & claro die
 UL Virtus Ulyssis Danavidis notæ est fatus, 760
 Nimisque Phrygiibus non vacat variis diem
 Conterere verbis anchoras classis legit
 ANDR Brevem moram largire, dum officium parens
 Nato supremum reddo, & amplecti ultimo
 Avidos dolores fatio UL Misereri tui 765
 Utinam liceret! quod tamen solum licet,
 Tempus moramque dabimus arbitrio tuo
 Implere lacrimis stetus ærumnarum levat
 ANDR O dulce pignus! o decus ipsæ domus!
 Summumque Trojæ funus! o Danavum timor!
 Genitricis o spes una! cui demens ego 770
 Laudes parentis bellicas, annos ævi
 Medios precabar voti destituit Deus
 Illica non tu sceptræ regali potens
 Gestabis aula, jura nec populis dabis, 775

ANDR Would that boy raise again, as if by magic, the ruins of a city which has already been converted into ashes? Would those little hands live to rebuild proud Troy? Does Troy hold out no prospects of peace to the Greeks if she only possesses such an obstacle as this? We Trojans, are not so situated, alas! that we can possibly be an object of fear or apprehension! Does a father, as a matter of course, transmit to his son, his own disposition and martial qualities? But taking for granted about the dragging of Hector round the walls of Troy, did that father, after Troy's hopes were gone, show such a stubbornness of disposition, which if he did, the great misfortunes which befell him utterly stamped out. If any punishment is demanded, surely none needs to be put in requisition. Now let my son wear the slave's yoke round his noble

neck—let him be condemned to life long servitude! Could any one deny this to the boy king?

UL Ulysses does not deny thee this but Calchys does

ANDR Oh! thou artful concocter of deceit oh thou fabricator of premeditated wickedness by whose pretended military prowess no one yet was ever defeated even the Greeks are at the mercy of thy trickery and the cunning born o

aside

who a

nothing more than the wickedness arising out of thy own wicked heart—thou nocturnal soldier! [This is said in the deepest contempt, alluding to the undignified vocation of the night companion so-called as compared with the nobler one of the regular soldier (see line 38) the duties of the former being to sneak about at night under the guise of exploration and stealing anything they could find for example stealing the tents of Rhesus and Pal ladius] Thou art brave enough as regards the slaughter of my little boy by this time thou art able to do any thing without a companion and in the broad of day!

UL The valor of Ulysses is already known to the Greeks and too much so to the Trojans to their cost! Really I cannot spend the day in bandying words the fleet is now ready to weigh anchor!

ANDR Grant a little time whilst I as a parent acquit myself of my final duties to a son and reward my longing grief with a last affectionate embrace

UL I wish that I could pity thee—I will however grant thee the time and delay for which thou askest which is perhaps permissible under the circumstances to exhaust thyself with tears at thy discretion—weeping we all know tends to alleviate grief

ANDR Oh! my sweet reminder of former days oh! the representative glory of a fallen dynasty! and the consuming death of noble Troy! Oh! thou cause of so much alarm to the Greeks! Oh! the frail aspirations of a loving mother! for whose sake I have sighed in my madness for the warlike renown of thy father to be renewed in thee and for the middle age of thy grandfather—that is the prosperity wealth and power in the Royal Palaces of Troy—thou wilt never administer laws to thy people nor wilt thou ever bend the conquered nations

and armed) Nor wilt thou before the altars with nimble steps keeping quick time with the enlivening strains from the curved trumpet assist at the worshipping in the Phrygian temples and joining at the ancient Phrygian dances! (The dances in the temple of Cybele were more exciting than the Doric Ionic or Lydian and partook more of the character of that of the Bacchanals—exciting the dancers to warfare and inspiring them with fury) Oh! this hideous form of annihilation more terrible than the stings of ordinary death! Will the walls of the great Hector ever seek again anything more sorrowful than this death of my boy?

UL Now thou parent break off with thy weeping that great grief of thine betrays no symptoms of a cessation

ANDR Oh! Ulysses
by weeping is all I ask—
those little orbs with m
she is doing so) Indeed thou art dying very young
but thou hast already made thy mark in intimidating the
Greeks—thy Troy is waiting for thee! (Those that have
been killed in battle) Go! depart as a free citizen
(without the stigma of servitude)—go and join the Trojans
where they are free also but in another world!

AST Pity me dear mother

ANDR Why dost thou so retain hold of my dress
Astyanax and clasp thy mother's hands so tightly—thou art
clinging to a very frail prop In the same way that the
tender hope of the flock (the young bull) draws his timid
side towards his mother when he hears the roaring of the
lion but as that lion the mother being left alone fright-
ened away seizes upon the smaller prey tears it with
his tremendous fangs and carries it off so the cruel
enemy is snatching thee from my bosom take to heart
these kisses—these tears and these rent and dishevelled
locks *and meet thy father with a memory full of thy*
mother's love—However convey a few words by way of
a maternal injunction if the Manes have not anything of
greater interest to them and if affection has not been
utterly dissipated by the flames of the funeral pile will
ever Hector be so cruel as to allow his Andromache to
be handed over as a slave under the Grecian yoke
Why Hector dost thou rest so dull and unconcerned?
Achilles appeared when he was summoned Take again
these locks these tears and whatever is left to me from
the funeral remains of my poor Hector—take these kisses

Relinque vestem tumulus hanc tetigit meus,
 Manesque cari quidquid heic cineris latet,
 Scrutabor ore ut Nullus est flendi modus
 Abiipite propere classis Argolicæ moram

815

CHORUS TROADUM

Asportandæ Troades in varii Græciæ loca, prout forte Achivis
 dispersitæ contigerint, in quacunq; tamen Græciæ partem
 abduci præoptant, quæ in Spertam Mycenæ, & Ithacam,
 Helenæ, Agamemnonis, & Ulyssis patriam

QUÆ vocat sedes habitanda captas?
 Theffali montes, & opaca Tempe?
 An viros tellus dñe militares
 Aptior Phthiæ? meliorque foetu
 Fortis armenti lapidosa Trachin?
 An maris vasti domitrix Iolcos?
 Urbibus centum spatiosa Crete?
 Parva Gortyne, sterilisque Tricce?
 An frequens ruscis levibus Mothone,
 Quæ sub Cætæis latebiofa silvis
 Misit infestos Troiæ ramis
 Non semel arcus?
 Olenos tectis habitata raris?
 Virginis Pleuron inimica Divæ?
 An maris lati sinuosa Tiœzen?
 Pelion regnum Prothoi superbum,
 Tertius cælo gradus? hic recumbens
 Montis exesi spatiosus antro
 Jam trucis Chiron pueri magister,
 Tinnulas plectro, feriente chordis,
 Tunc quoque ingentes acuebat ius
 Bella canendo
 An sciax varii lapidis Carystos?
 An premens litus maris inquieti
 Semper Euripo properante Chalcis?
 Quolibet vento faciles Calydne?
 Ac carens nunquam Gonoëssis vento?
 Quæque formidat Borean Enispe?

820

825

830

835

840

which thou wilt give to thy parent—the tomb and the
 Manes of my dear one have been in contact with it—it
 is a dear memento! I shall salute every part of it with
 my lips, whatever has been hidden under those ashes

ULYSSES (*to the attendants*)

Is there to be no limit to all this weeping?—Come quickly,
 remove all cause of further delay to the Argolic Fleet

CHORUS OF TROJANS

The Trojans are to be conveyed to various parts of Greece just as they happen to the lot of the Greeks—amongst whom they are to be divided but to what ever part of Greece the allotters wish them to be taken—some to Sparta some to Mycenæ some to Ithaca and the country of Helen Agamemnon and Ulysses

WHAT place of settlement is indicated as the future abode of the captives? the mountains of Thessaly and the shady groves of Tempe! Or will Phthia the country of Achilles and the myrmidons be more appropriate for the fighting portion of them (the soldiers of Troy) or will the stony Trachine be preferred? celebrated for its breed of sturdy cattle or Iolcos the country of Jason which overlooks a vast expanse of sea or spacious Crete with its hundred cities or the insignificant little Gortyne (a town of Crete) or Iricce a town of Thessaly with its scanty herbage or Mothone abounding in the graceful holly oak or that city hidden by the woods of Oeta which have furnished the deadly bows more than once for the destruction of Troy or Olenos a town of Elis boasting of a very limited supply of human habitations or Pleuron a city of Ætolia so hateful to that chaste virgin Diana or Trœzene the country of Theseus presenting a winding coast to the wide sea board or Pelion the proud kingdom of Prothous the lowest of the three mountains piled up by the Giants (Pelion Ossa Olympus) here it was that the huge centaur Chiron the tutor of that boy Achilles would lie down in a cave of the dilapidated mountain (Disintegration) and whilst the plectrum tenderly struck drew forth the tinkling harmonies and it was then in chanting his war songs as in accompaniment that Achilles first became inspired with his fierce warlike proclivities or Carystos one of the Cyclades noted for its variegated marbles or Chalcis a city of Eubœa with its rapid flowing Euripus beating against the shores with its boisterous waves or the Calydon easily approached whichever way the wind blew or Gonoessa (in Ætholia) where thou art never without the wind (land and sea breezes) and Enispe where the blustering Boreas is an object of dread of Attica or w^h its silent sacred which is the true city of Ajax or Calydon a city of Ætolia celebrated for the wild boar sent by Diana or whatever lands the Titaressos waters with its sluggish

Attica pendens Pæparèthos ora³ 815
 An sacris gaudens tractis Eleusini-
 Numquid Aëcis Salamina veram³
 Aut sciri notam Callydonia fœra³
 Quisq[ue] profundit subiturus æquor
 Segnibus terris Interscos undis 850
 Bessa³ & Scarphen Pylon in semilem-
 Pharis³ an Pisam, Iovis & coronis
 Elida claram³
 Quolibet tristis miseris procella
 Mittat, & donet cuicumque terra 855
 Dum lucem tantam Irore atque Achivis
 Quæ tulit Sprute procul absit absit
 Aigos, & fœvi Pelopis Mycenæ,
 Neritos parva brevior Zacyntho,
 Et nocens fœvis Ithace dolosis 860
 Quod manet fatum, dominusque quis te,
 Aut quibus terris, Hecube videndam
 Ducet³ in cuius moriere regno³

ACTUS QUARTUS

HELENA, ANDROMACHA, HECUBA,
 POLYXENA mutæ personæ

Ut manibus Achillis rite inferre peragantur, excogitata ratio est,
 quæ ut veste, ita animo nuptiali affecta tractetur Polyxena
 vid supra vers 360 quæ partes dantur Helenæ, ut
 Polyxenam lætetur mori spe nuptiarum cum Pyrrho
 quæ illa primo simulat, mox Andromachæ iurgio
 excussa dolos fatetur, & rem aperte fundit

HFL **Q**UICUNQUE hymen funestus, illætabilis,
 Lamenta, cædes, sanguinem, gemitus habet, 865
 Est auspice Helenæ dignus eversis quoque
 Nocere cogor Phrygibus ego Pyrrhi toros
 Nutrire falsos iubeor, ego cultus dare,
 Habitufque Græjos arte capietur meæ,
 Meaque fraude concidet Paridis soror 870

streams, as it is about to flow towards the sea, or Bessa of Phocis or Scarpe in Eubœa or ancient Pylos, a town of Messenia, or Pharis or Pisa, and Elis renowned for the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and the wreaths awarded as prizes to conquerors in the Olympian games—wherever the sad storms may land the miserable captives, and hand them over to whatever country the Fates decree Let

Sparta be left out of the reckoning the city of Helen which has brought about so much grief to Trojan and Grecian alike! Let Argos be left out and Mycenæ the country of that cruel old Pelops that small mountainous region of Ithaca Neritos which is smaller than Zacynthus and Ithaca so dangerous owing to the sunken rocks and varying depths of the water—What fate now remains worth mentioning We wonder Hecuba, to what lord and master thou wilt fall as a prize or what country will hold thee up as Hecuba to be seen here! and lastly in what kingdom thou wilt breathe thy last!

ACT IV

HELEN—ANDROMACHE—HECUBA—
POLYXENA (*a silent personage*)

The plan is being discussed how the sacrifices to the infernal deities and the Manes of Achilles are to be conducted with the nuptial ceremonies prescribed and in what garments Polyxena who is to be sacrificed under the impression of a real marriage is to be arrayed, what part shall be played by Helen in order that she may cajole Polyxena, with the vain hope of marrying Pyrrhus in sustaining which part she at first keeps up the pretence but after a time dismisses her intention of prolonging the deception when owing to some altercation with Andromache she confesses everything and openly recommends the fulfilment of the scheme

HELEN

W HATEVER luckless joyless marriage contains the fruitful germs of grief—deeds of slaughter—reckless shedding of blood groaning and moaning—such a marriage undoubtedly is worthy of the support and connivance of Helen and in addition to which view of the case I am called upon to use my damaging exertions against the down fallen Phrygian—I am told off to enter into the pros and cons of this sham marriage of Pyrrhus and I am selected to pose as dictatrix to the bride elect as to her dress and general get up but it must be after the Grecian model! Polyxena is to be
 cajoled by my of Paris
 is to face her Well!
 let her be de kindest

Fallatur ipsi levius hoc equidem reor Optanda mors est, sine metu mortis mori Quid iussa cessas agere? ad auctores redit Sceleris coacti culpa Dardaniæ domus Generosa virgo, melior afflictos Deus	875
Respicere cœpit, teque felici parat Dotare thalamo tale conjugium tibi Non ipsa spes Trojæ, non Priamus daret Nam te Pelasgæ maximum gentis decus Ad sancta lecti jura legitimi petit,	880
Cui regna campi lata Theſſalici patent Te magna Tethys, teque tot pelagi Deæ, Placidumque numen æquoris tumidi Thetis Suam vocabunt te datam Pyrrho focæ Peleus nurum vocabit, & Neieus nurum	885
Depone cultus squalidos, festos cape Dedisce captam deprime horrentes comas, Crinemque docta patere distingui manu Hic forsitan te casus excelso magis Solio reponet profuit multis capi	890
ANDR. Hoc deerat unum Phrygius everſis malum, Gaudere? flagrant strata passim Pergama O conjugale tempus, an quisquam audeat Negare? quisquam dubius ad thalamos eat, Quos Helena suadet? pestis, exitium, lues	895
Utriusque populi? cernis hos tumulos ducum? Et nuda totis ossa quæ passim jacent Inhumata campis? hæc hymen sparsit tuus Tibi fluxit Asiæ, fluxit Europæ cruor, Cum dimicantes lenta prospiceres viros,	900
Incerta voti perge, thalamos appara Tædis quid opus est? quidve solenni face? Quid igne? thalamis Troja prælucet novis Celebrate Pyrrhi, Troades, connubia, Celebrate digne planctus & gemitus sonent	905

thing I can do for her! As death is the object to be arrived at, then to die without any preliminary fear of impending death must be best for her! Come! Why am I seeming to dally about the task, which is set for me, the blame of this compulsory wickedness on my part will assuredly recoil upon its author! (Turning to Polyxena) Here thou art, Polyxena, a noble virgin of pure Dardanian descent (Trojan), one of the gods above has begun at last to be in a clement mood, and is looking mercifully on the afflicted Trojans, he is laying himself out to arrange a fortunate marriage for thee—not all Troy itself, in its palmiest days, could have devised such a desirable betrothal—not even Priam himself could have done this for thee! For the bridegroom, Pyrrhus, the most illustrious

ornament of the Pelasgian nation seeks thy hand in marriage according to the solemn institutions appertaining to lawful wedlock—he who claims the extensive dominion over the broad lands of Thessalia in fact only consider his relations—the mighty Tethys goddess of the sea and wife of Neptune and all the rank and file of sea goddesses and that amiable deity of the swollen oceanic depths Thetis mother of Achilles and wife of Peleus will look upon thee as her own child—Peleus although the father of Achilles will be as a father in law to thee when thou art married to Pyrrhus and will look upon thee as an actual daughter in law! And Nereus will regard thee in the same relationship—Come doff thy untidy dress and don a gay befitting costume forget that thou art only a captive Princess let thy untrimmed locks fall down and allow them to be made smart by some one skilled in the art of female hairdressing Perhaps this accident of Fortune may more than repay thee in the exalted throne which thou wilt share thou seest after all it is sometimes an advantageous thing to be a captive even!

ANDR The one great misfortune which was wanting to the down fallen Trojans was to try to experience joy! Troy appears strewn upon the ground on every side! Oh for the time of marriages to come to us at last! And could any one deny us that? any one hesitating about such a trifling matter as marriage has only to go to Helen and she will soon be persuaded into it! Oh! the results of infectious diseases pestilence destructive agencies of every sort dealt out as a punishment alike to the Greek and Trojan! Dost thou notice the tombs of the various generals who have fallen and the fleshless bones which are to be seen in all the fields round about every where—unburied! Thy marriage brought about all these scattered bones! (Addressing Helen) The best blood of Asia has flowed for thee and the blood of Europe also! When thou canst calmly look upon the two men Menelaus and Paris contending for the possession of thyself thou cannot be very certain as to which one thou wouldst rather choose! But never mind persevere anyhow! prepare for this marriage of Pyrrhus! What necessity is there for torches at all What need is there of the nuptial torches? why have the fiery element imported into the matter? The flames of burning Troy will give their light to these novel nuptials Celebrate the marriage of Pyrrhus Oh! ye Trojans! by all means—celebrate it becomingly! Let the wailing and mourning sound our approval! (This is said in bitter sarcasm)

HEL Ratione quamvis careat, & flecti neget
 Magnus dolor, sociosque nonnunquam sui
 Mœioris ipsos oderit, causam tamen
 Possum tueri iudice infesto meam,
 Graviores passa luget Andromacha Hectorem, 910
 Et Hecuba Priamum solus occulte Paris
 Lugendus Helenæ est durum & invisum & grave est,
 Servituta ferre patior hoc olim jugum
 Annis decem captiva prostratum illum est,
 Versi penates perdere est patriam grave, 915
 Gravius timere vos levat tanti mali
 Comitatus in me victus & victor fuit
 Quam quisque famulam traheres, incerto diu
 Casu pendit me meus traxit statim
 Sine sorte dominus causa bellorum fui, 920
 Tantæque Teucris cladis hoc verum puta,
 Spartana puppis vestra si secuit freta,
 Sin raptâ Phrygiis præda remigibus fui,
 Deditque donum iudici victrix Dea
 Ignosce Paridi iudicem iratum mea 925
 Habitura crux est ista Menelaum manent
 Arbitria nunc hunc luctibus paulum tuis,
 Andromacha, omittis flecte vi lacrimas queo
 Retinere ANDR Quantum est, Helena quod lacrimat, malum
 Cur lacrimat autem? fare, quos Ithacus dolos, 930
 Quæ scelera nectat utrum ab Ithacis jugis
 Jactanda virgo est? arcis an celsæ edito
 Nutrendæ saxo? num per has vastum in mare
 Volvenda rupes latere quas scisso levat
 Altum viduos Sigeon spectans sinus? 935
 Dic, fare, quidquid subdolo vultu tegis
 Leviora mala sunt cuncta, quam Priami gener
 Hecubæque Pyrrhus fare, quam pœnam pares
 Exprome, & unum hoc deme nostris cladibus,
 Falli piratas perpeti mortem vides 940
 HEL Utinam juberet me quoque interpret Deum

HEL Although great grief is sadly wanting in reasonableness and refuses to be diverted from its course, sometimes it may regard with hatred the very companions, it enlists in its behalf—although I have undergone greater troubles, I can plead my own cause, even before an unrelenting tribunal! Does not Andromache bewail her Hector, openly and Hecuba her Priam? Is Paris to be grieved for, only stealthily, by Helen? It is a hard, hateful, and terrible lot to put up with slavery! I have suffered the captive's yoke for ten years—Troy has been laid low, the household gods have been destroyed! Oh! it is a hard case to have been thy country's ruin, but it is more terrible still to have to fear it (the revenge of a deserted

husband) having had so many companions in thy troubles has lightened the burden for thee where as with myself the conqueror and the conquered are both leagued in their wrath against me! It has long been a matter of uncertainty amongst you all what fair maiden each man would select but my future lord and master (Menelaus) fastened on me without the formula of a lot drawing! I have thus been made the cause of war and of such great slaughter to the Trojans but put the matter in a truthful light was it not because thy Trojan vessels sailed into the Spartan waters and I was but the spoil kidnapped by the Phrygian boatmen! Put Paris out of the question! Did not the victorious goddess (Venus) present me as a gift to that judge who awarded her the palm of beauty? My cause is yet to be tried before an angry tribunal and the judgment remains within the discretion of the judge Menelaus! Now Andromache shake off those tears of thine for a time and prevail upon Polyxena and reconcile her to this marriage I can only with considerable difficulty refrain from tears myself! What great misfortune can it be for which Helen can shed a tear (said sarcastically)

ANDR But what can she have to cry about? Tell me rather what treachery—what wickedness Ulysses is hatching? Whether the virgin Polyxena is to be thrown headlong from Ida's mountain top or whether she is to be hurled from the lofty walls of a once proud citadel or whether she is to be thrown into the vast sea over those rugged rocks which Sigeon as it overlooks the waters beneath with its fordable bays throws up from its disintegrated sides the result of gradual separation from the parent promontory—(the sea being on each side of this cape has formed these rocks by perpetually beating on them and at length separating them as described by the Poet) This was the place too where so many battles were fought between the Greeks and Trojans—Tell me! Speak out whatever thou art hiding away in that deceitful face of thine—all the misfortunes hitherto are of a light character compared with this son-in-law business on the part of Pyrrhus towards Priam and Hecuba! Tell me what punishment art thou planning—tell me point blank and remove this one piece of cruelty from the rest of our misfortunes namely the being deceived—Cannot thou understand that those who are prepared for death are the best able to bear it?

HEL I wish that Calchas the interpreter of the Gods would order me to cut short the life that is clinging to me

Abrumpere ense lucis invisæ moras,
 Vel Achillis ante busta, funibunda manu
 Occidere Pyrrhi, fata comitantem tua,
 Polyxene miseranda, quam tradi sibi, 945
 Cineremque Achilles ante mactari suum,
 Cumpo maritus ut sit Elysio, jubet
 ANDR Vide, ut animus ingens lætus audierit necem
 Cultus decoros regis vestis petit,
 Et admoveri criminibus patitur manum 950
 Mortem putabat illud, hoc thalamos putat
 At misera luctu mater audito stupet
 Labefacta mens succubuit assurgere allea
 Animum, & cadentem misera firma spiritum
 Quam tenuis amor vinculo pendet levi¹ 955
 Minimum est, quod Hecubam facere felicem potest
 Spiritus revivit prima mors miseris fugit
 HEC Adhuc Achilles vivit in pœnas Phrygum²
 Adhuc rebellat³ o manum Paridis levem¹
 Cinis ipse nostrum sanguinem ac tumulus sitit 960
 Modo turba felix latera cingebat mea
 Lassarbar in tot oscula, in totum gregem
 Dividere matrem sola nunc hæc est super,
 Votum, comes, levamen, afflictæ quies
 Hæc totus Hecubæ scetus hac sola vocor 965
 Jam voce mater dura & infelix, age,
 Elaborere ruma denique hoc unum mihi
 Remitte funus irrigat fletus genas,
 Imberque victo subitus e vultu cadit
 Lætare, gaude, nata quam vellet tuos 970
 Cassandra thalamos, vellet Andiomache tuos¹
 ANDR Nos, Hecuba, nos, nos, Hecuba, lugendæ fumus,
 Quas mota classis huc & huc spiritus feret
 Hinc cara tellus sedibus patius teget
 HEI Magis invidetis, si turam sortem scias 975
 ANDR An aliqua pœnæ pars meæ ignota est mihi²
 ILL Versata dominos una captivis dedit

with the aid of the sword, and that I, Oh! Polyxena, so much to be pitied could be a companion to thee, why thou meetest thy fate, and fall too, by the furious hand of Pyrrhus before the tomb of Achilles, in the same way, that he orders thee to be handed over to be sacrificed to his ashes, in order that he, Achilles, may be thy husband in the Elysian Paradise! (Campus, the resting-place and abode of the happy spirits that have quitted the "corpus vile")

ANDR Notice, what an amount of fortitude and even joy Polyxena evinced, when she heard of her approaching death fate! She even seems anxious now about the becoming style of her royal wedding equipment, and

patiently permits the hand of the operator whilst manipulating her locks! She thought that the marriage thou didst mention meant death she is now thinking that death means marriage—But the miserable mother is stupefied with the tristful news she has heard and with her mind completely crushed has succumbed to the shock—Come rouse thyself be firm and raise thy drooping spirits compose thy mind On what a slender thread does our frail existence hang! It is a thing of secondary moment that Hecuba should be able to make herself contented—it is a great thing to say that she breathes (lives)—she has revived! Death alas is the first to desert the miserable! (Recovers from her swoon)

HEC Up to the present time Achilles has only whilst he was alive punished the Trojans now (that he is dead) he is beginning to show the warlike spirit again—Oh! the hand of Paris who dealt that blow so lightly!! His Manes and his tomb forsooth are thirsting for all our race! It was only as it were quite lately that a merry group of my own children were assembled round me and that I was fairly wearied out with receiving the kisses of so many and of playing the loving mother with the entire family circle Now there is only one left besides myself—my every wish—my companion—my comfort—a real solace to me in my affliction—this daughter now represents the once large family of Hecuba and I am now only addressed as mother by this solitary child! Be it so slip thou away from me Oh! my very life miserable and difficult to escape from! Grant that this may be the last finishing stroke of death for me to suffer! Polyxena tears are escaping from those eyelids of thine and with a sudden rush they fall on thy downcast face! Rejoice rather, in thy happiness daughter mine how Cassandra would wish for such a marriage—how Andromache would welcome it! With what joy!

ANDR Wel Hecuba! We all of us Hecuba weep sincerely for thee whom the fleet when it sails hence will take here—will take there!

HEL Thou wouldst be inclined to be further displeased didst thou know the lot in store for thee

ANDR Well! Is there any portion of my punishment with which I am not already acquainted?

HEL The fatal urn has been brought into requisition and has parcelled out the captives in lots

ANDR Cui famula tradar, ede quem dominum voco?
 HEL Te forte prima Scyrius juvenis tulit
 ANDR Cassandra felix! quam furor forte eximit, 980
 Phœbusque HEL Regum hinc maximus rector tenet
 HEC Estne aliquis, Hecubam qui suam dici velit?
 HEL Ithaco obtigisti præda nolenti bievis
 HEC Quis tam impotens ac dirus, & iniquæ ferus 985
 Solitor unæ regibus reges dedit?
 Quis tum sinister dividit captas Deus?
 Quis urbane crudelis, & miseris gravis,
 Eligere dominos nescit? & sæva manu
 Dat iniqua miseris fata? quis matrem Hectoris
 Armis Achillis miscet? ad Ulyssen vocor 990
 Nunc victa, nunc captiva, nunc cunctis mihi
 Obsessa videor cladibus domini pudet,
 Non servitutis Hectoris spoliū feret,
 Qui tulit Achillis? sterilis, & sævis fretis
 Inclusa tellus non capit tumulos meos 995
 Duc, Duc, Ulysse nil moror dominum sequor
 Me mei sequentur fati non peligo quies
 Tranquilla veniet, sæviet ventis mare,
 Et bella, & ignis, & mea, & Priami mala
 Dumque ista veniunt, interim hoc pœnæ loco est 1000
 Sortem occupavi, præmium eripui tibi
 Sed incitato Pyrrhus accurrit gradu,
 Vultuque torvo Pyrrhe, quid cessas? age,
 Reclude ferro pectus, & Achillis tui
 Conjunge soceros perge, mactator senum, 1005
 Et hic decet te sanguis abreptum trahe
 Maculate superos cæde funesta Deos,
 Maculate Mænes quid precer vobis? precei
 His digna facris æquior hoc classi accidat,
 Toti Pelisgre, ratibus hoc mille accidat, 1010
 Meæ precabor, cum vehar, quidquid rati

ANDR To whom am I to be handed over as a maid?—
 Come tell me whom I am to call lord and master

HEL The Scyrian youth Pyrrhus has secured thee in
 the first lot

ANDR Oh! fortunate Cassandra, that she is exempt,
 whom her reputation as a prophetess and her relations with
 Phœbus, in that particular has made so

HEL The chief ruler of the kings, the King of kings,
 I may say has possession of her already (without the lot
 drawing)

HEC Is this the somebody who wishes that Hecuba
 should be called—his very own?—(said with satire)

HEL Thou hast fallen to the lot of Ulysses although by no means anxious—for a short time

HEC Who is that cruel unjust and unrelenting distributor of the lots from that iniquitous urn who has given one of royal rank to another of regal degree (King of kings) What evil deity has parcelled out the captives in this manner? What cruel overbearing judge does not know how to select lords and masters for the wretched captive recipients with greater show of consistency but deals out unjust decrees with an unsparing hand? Who could have suggested the intermingling of the mother of Hector with the arms of Achilles? and so I am called upon for Ulysses! (deprecatingly) First as a conquered enemy then as a captive at last I see myself hemmed in by every species of degradation I am ashamed and disgusted with my master but not with the actual slavery! He will carry away the spoils of Hector as he has already disposed of those of Achilles (Astyanax and Polyxena) A sterile land shut in by the boisterous waves does not meet my ideas of a burial place Lead on lead on Ulysses I wish for no delay may however my evil star follow me may anything but a tranquil calm hover over the surface of the ocean but rather let the sea rage with the fury of the winds and may wars and conflagrations my misfortunes and those of Priam follow on! Whilst these calamities are progressing this fate of mine has its means of inflicting punishment—thou hast been awarded to accept me as thy lot but I have deprived thee of any reward arising out of it—(alluding to her want of youth and being of no use saddled with an old woman) But Pyrrhus is now advancing with a hurried step and savage countenance—Oh! Pyrrhus, why hesitate? proceed and unsheath thy sword for this breast of mine and join in thy murderous work the father in law and mother in law of thy father Achilles Go on I say thou old man's assassin! and this blood of mine it would become thee to take as well There drag away from me the daughter thou art robbing me of Brand the gods above with the odium of this wicked slaughter Brand the Muses of Achilles with the stigma as well! What vengeance shall I pray may befall thee for this deed! I pray that the seas may show themselves ready to render condign punishment (wishing them to encounter storms ship wreck and all the dangers the sea can bring about) May this my curse be visited upon the entire Grecian Fleet—those thousand ships! and may the same evils befall the identical vessel in which I shall become a passenger!

CHORUS TROADUM

Chorus occasione sumpta ab Helenæ dicto supra vers 916 *vos levat tanti mali comitatus*, solatur se communi malo, quasi *solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*, quod iamen solatium ipsis sortito disjunctis ablatum fore

DULCE mœrenti populus dolentum,
 Dulce limentis resonare gentes
 Lentius luctus lacrimæque mordent,
 Turba quas fletu simili frequentat 1015
 Semper, ah, semper dolor est malignus
 Gaudet in multos sua fata mitti,
 Seque non solum placuisse pœnæ
 Ferre, quam sortem patiuntur omnes,
 Nemo recusat 1020
 Nemo se credet miserum, licet sit
 Tolle felices removeto multo
 Divites auro removeto centum
 Rura qui scindunt opulenta bubus,
 Pauperi surgent animi jacentes 1025
 Est miser nemo, nisi comparatus
 Dulce in immensis posito ruinis
 Neminem lætos habuisse vultus
 Ille deplorat, queriturque fatum,
 Qui secans fluctum rate singulari 1030
 Nudus in portus cecidit petitos
 Æquior casum tulit, & procellas,
 Mille qui ponto pariter carinas
 Obrui vidit, tabulaque litus
 Naufraga spargi, mare cum coactis 1035
 Fluctibus Corus prohibet reverti
 Questus est Hellen cecidisse Phryxus,
 Cum gregis ductor radiante villo,
 Aureo fratrem simul & sororem
 Sustulit tergo, medioque iactum 1040
 Fecit in ponto tenuit querelas
 Et vii, & Pyrrhe, mare cum viderent
 Et nihil præter mare cum viderent,

CHORUS OF TROJANS

The Chorus (the subject being taken from a remark by Helen, verse 916, having companions in our grief relieves us of so much of the evils arising out of it) derives consolation from the misfortune being shared by so many, "as if for the wretched to have companions in sorrow were a solace," and then draws attention to the fact that the solace in question will lose its efficacy, as they will be separated by the allotting that has been going on

IT is a pleasant thing to an individual sorrower to find a whole concourse of mourners round about him and it is certainly a great relief to our grieving hearts that an entire nation should cause the very air to echo their outbursts of lamentations! Grief and tears are relieved of much of their poignancy when the masses are rehearsing the same kind of sorrow that thou art experiencing thyself—(see Lucretius Lib. II line 1) As a rule yes as a rule we may safely say that grief possesses this evil characteristic wishing that others should suffer like thyself and this not out of any malicious sentiment but the mere selfishness to enlist fellow sufferers and (ergo) real sympathizers! The great consummation which grief brings about is in the desire it manifests in visiting so many and that it does not seem contented with the punishment of some solitary object! Thus no one is inclined for rebellion when he has to undergo the lot which every one in common is suffering with himself No one need regard himself wretched if he will only take a philosophical view of his situation (literally and though there may be some grounds for it he will ignore it) Of course we must except those who are surrounded with every thing that can conduce to their contentment excepting likewise those that are blessed with abundance of gold (money) also we must exclude from the category those who plough their opulent (fertile) lands with their hundreds of yoked oxen! It is the down trodden spirit of the poor man which buoys him up and he rises to the occasion—thus no man is really miserable and it is only by comparison that he can be considered so! It is gratifying to any man surrounded by overwhelming disasters to see everyone around him in sympathy pulling a long face (that no one shows a bright countenance) The man who sails across the waves in his solitary craft is desirous of entering the port for which he is steering but his vessel founders and he has to swim towards the shore deprived of every thing he possesses this is the man that croaks and bewails his terrible fate But another man does not fear a similar disaster when it is shared by others and looks with comparative equanimity upon the raging storms if he can see a thousand ships struggling with the waves and becoming hopelessly dismantled and lining the shore with the proceeds of the wrecks! And because they are in a plight similar to his own when the north west wind is blowing great guns and is lashing the sea into foam preventing them from putting to sea again provided others are similarly prevented! (The Poet to my mind must use the *mare reverti* in the sense I have put it here they are beating against a

Unici terris homines relictī
 Solvet hunc cœtum lacrimarūque nostras 1045
 Spriget huc illuc agitatū classis,
 Et tuba iussi dare vela nautæ,
 Cum simul ventis properante remo
 Prederint altum, fugietque litus
 Quis status mentis miseris, ubi omnis 1050
 Terra decrescet, pelagusque crescet?
 Celsa cum longe latuit Idæ?
 Tum puer matron, genitrixque nato,
 Troja quæ præcat regione monstrans
 Dicit, & longe digito notabit 1055
 Illic est illic, ubi fumus alte
 Serpit in cœlum, nebulaeque turpes
 Tioes hoc signo patrum videbunt

ACTUS QUINTUS

NUNTIUS, ANDROMACHIA, HECUBA

Nuntius matribus nuntiat, ut e tum præcipitatus fuerit Aſtyanax,
 & Polyxena ad tumulum Achillis cæsa

NUNT **O** DIRA fati, fœva, miseranda, horrida,
 Quod tam ferum, tam triste bis quinis scelus 1060
 Mars vidit annis? quid prius referens gemam?
 Tuosne potius, an tuos luctus, annus?
 HEC Quosunque luctus fleveris, flebis meos
 Sua quemque tantum, me omnium clades premit
 Mihi cuncta pereunt, quisquis est, Hecubæ est, miseri 1065

lee-shore, and being knocked to pieces against the rocks, the sea is rolling in and is so dangerous that they cannot take the sea if they would, the wind blowing dead against them, thus they are literally between Scylla and Charybdis,) Phryssus wailed when Helle was lost to him, when the ram with the glittering fleece carried both brother and sister on his golden back, but the latter becoming giddy, a portion of his burden fell into the sea (Helle gave the name to the sea—Hellespont) But both Deucalion and Pyrrha restrained their complaints when they looked at the sea and could see nothing else but that sea and they were the only beings left on the earth The fleet driven hither and thither will soon break up our large family of captives, and scatter our tears in all directions (the Chorus

here means the harmonious sympathies of the many will be split up into divided fragments and lose the solace imported by the numbers joining in their lamentations) and the sailors by sound of trumpet receive orders to set their sails and at the same time that they seize with alacrity their oars to assist the breeze to carry them to sea and they will soon leave the shores behind them! But what will the state of mind be on the part of us poor captives! When the land will grow smaller and smaller and there is nothing but the sea around us (growing greater and greater) When even lofty Ida will be hidden from our sight! Then the little son will prattle to the mother and the mother will say to the son as she tries to explain as to the region in which Troy was situated There is Troy she will say as she points out with her finger to a spot a long way off—thou seest my child where the smoke is rising up to the sky and those murky clouds—and in some such way only will the rising generations of Trojans be enabled to see their country again!

ACT V

MESSENGER—ANDROMACHE—HECUBA

The Messenger informs the mothers Hecuba and Andromache that Astyanax has been hurled from the tower and Polyxena slain at the tomb of Achilles

MESSENGER

OH! the dreadful cruel lamentable horrible Fates which befall mankind! Whenever has Mars witnessed such cruel and disastrous wickedness as he has seen during this ten years' war? But why should I the simple reporter of what I have seen be the first to bewail it openly? Rather I conceive it should devolve on thee Andromache this demonstration of grief or thou Hecuba as the senior mayst prefer to take the initiative in evincing thy deep sorrow?

HEC Whatever grief thou feelest or hast felt is equal to grieving for us each one of us has her own grief it is true but the aggregate disasters of all press hard upon me individually all things as far as I am concerned have ended for my misery whoever else is miserable has Hecuba to share her troubles

highest point and amongst the loftiest battlements he issued his military orders as the commander in chief during the war with regard to the manœuvring of the armies. On that same tower he has been seen frequently and oft petting in his kind old arms (hugging him with his affectionate embrace) his little grandson when he would descant on the prowess of his son Hector and the way he had routed the enemy with fire and sword and how the enemy retreated in fear and confusion. The old man would then call the attention of the little boy to his country's wars. This once famous tower and distinguishing ornament to the walls of Troy is now nothing but a wild looking rocky elevation and on all sides is made the lounging place of the common people as well as numbers of military captains and the entire crews of the various ships when on leave flock thither and to all of these so assembled the hill affords a very full prospect of places and spots at a great distance and to such as these also the elevated rocky portions from whose summits the spectators standing on tip toe obtained still greater facilities of observation. The lofty pine is climbed up by some another lot perch themselves on the top most branches of the tall laurel trees whilst another detachment make use of the stately beech and in fact the whole collection of trees trembled again at the weight of those suspended amongst those branching growths! Some make for the extreme end of the rugged mountain top but it offers them at best only a dilapidated disused guard house or they crowd on some overhanging rock of the tumble down wall—all of them bent on seeing Astyanax thrown from the tower and there a somebody shocking to relate sits like a cruel spectator on the very tomb of Hector! Along a path full of sightseers on all sides marches Ulysses at a solemn pace, leading along the little grandson of Priam with his right hand but mark the boy advances towards the lofty turret with by no means a laggardly step and as he stands in front of the elevated tower hither and thither he looks around with a severity of countenance amply proclaiming his unflinchingness of spirit much the same as the young and tender cub of the ferocious lion that is not yet able to act as it feels and assist its anger with the use of its fangs yet however it rouses itself into fierce attempts and makes vain attacks with its dental weapons and is swelling up meanwhile with its pent up rage—so the little boy Astyanax preserves a dignified expression of anger as he is being led forth by the hand of his enemy and evokes the sympathies of the herd of spectators and captains who are looking on eagerly from their various coigns of vantage (places of

Ipsumque Ulyssen non flet e turba omnium,
 Qui fletur ac dum verba fatidici & preces
 Concepit Ulysses vatis, & sevos ciet
 Ad fœra superos, sponte desiluit sura 1105
 In media Priami regna
 ANDR Quis Colchus hoc, quis scdis incerta Scythia
 Commisit? aut quæ Caspium tangens mare
 Gens juris experta iustis non Iustitidis
 Puerilis ius sanguis aspicit sciri 1110
 Nec parva gregibus in mibra Diomeles suis
 Epulanda posuit quis tuos ritus teget
 Inmuloque tractet? NUNQ Quos enim preceps locus
 Reliquit ritus? ossa disiecta & gravi
 Elisa casu, signa clavi corporis 1115
 Et ora, & illas nobiles patris notas
 Confudit inram pondus ad terram datum
 Soluta cervix silicis impulsu eripit
 Raptum, cerebro penitus expulso præcet
 Deforme corpus ANDR Sic quoque est similis patri 1120
 NUNQ Præceps ut altis cecidit e muris puer,
 Flevitque Achivum turba, quod fecit, nefas,
 Idem ille populus aliud ad facinus redit,
 Tumulumque Achilles hujus extremum latus
 Rhœter leni verberant fluctu vadæ 1125
 Aversa cingit crampus, & clivo levi
 Erecta medium vallis includens locum
 Crescit theatri more concursus frequens
 Implevit omne litus hi classis moras
 Hæc morte solvi ventui hi stirpem hostium 1130
 Grudent recidi magna pars vulgi levis
 Odit scelus, spectatque nec Irois minus
 Suum frequentant funus, & providi metu
 Putem ruentis ultimam Troje vident

observation), and even Ulysses himself seems moved, but he is the only one out of that assembled throng who give themselves up to tears, who shows no signs of actual weeping, and whilst Ulysses is putting together some sort of speech out of the words supplied by Calchas for the occasion, and a few miserable prayers, invoking the cruel gods above, to accept the sacrifice, Astyanax, of his own accord, leaped down from the tower towards the earth below, that earth once a constituent atom of the kingdom of Priam!

ANDR What Colchian (an inhabitant of Colchis, rendered famous for the cruelties of Medea)—What wild Scythian with no fixed country (thus supposed lawless) would have perpetrated such atrocity? Or what country on the

borders of the Caspian sea bereaved of all human laws would have dared to do such a deed? Why! Not even the cruel Buiris ever went so far as to shed the blood of youths at his impious altars! Nor did even Diomedes himself serve up little tender children for his horses to be feasted upon! Oh! my Astyanax! who will inter thy remains and deliver thee over to the tomb?

MES What thou meanest alas! is what the fall from this lofty tower has left of his remains! His bones are dislocated and crushed by the heavy fall but there are still some indications of his noble person but the weight of the body coming down with such force to the ground has made any identification difficult as to his face and those other noble points in which he so resembled his father his neck is broken and his skull is fractured by the force with which he came in contact with the siliceous rocks (flints) the brains have nearly all escaped from the cranial cavity and Astyanax is lying a shapeless mass!

ANDR And in this respect at all events he may be compared with his father

MES When the boy fell headlong from the tower a portion of the Grecian crowd was moved to tears at the crime of which Ulysses was the instrument then the same crowd which had been weeping as I have described push on eagerly to witness another abominable execution and they reach the tomb of Achilles—the streams around the promontory of Rhœteum to play upon the extreme left of this cape with their gentle wavelets and the open plain is in front of the opposite side whilst the valley occupying the intermediate space becomes rising ground increasing the ascent by a very slight and gradual slope till it ultin
theatre—a
about ever

opinion that the delay of the fleet must be settled now! others are chuckling over the fact that the last scion of the royal enemy has been disposed of and a great portion of the indiscriminate spectators look on although at the same time they disapprove of the performance of these atrocities! Nor are the Trojans backward in their desire to witness the deaths of the victims but gaze with fear and trembling upon the last link of the royal dynasty (Polyxena)—when presently those connected with the nuptial ceremony advance in front There goes the bridesmaid Helen hanging down her head in sadness and the Trojans inwardly pray that Hermione (daughter

Cum subito thalami moie præcedunt faces	1135
It ptonubr illic Tyndrus, mæstum caput	
Demissa tali nubat Hermione modo,	
Phryges precantui sic viro turpis suo	
Reddatui Helene terrior attonitos tenet	
Utrosque populos ipsa dejectos gerit	1140
Vultus pudore, sed tamen fulgent genæ,	
Magisque solito splendet extremus decor	
Ut esse Phœbi dulcius lumen solet	
Jam jam cadentis, æstra cum repetunt vices,	
Premiturque dubius nocte vicina dies	1145
Stupet omne vulgus, & fere cuncti magis	
Peitua laudant hos movet formæ decus,	
Hos molis ætis, hos virgæ rerum vices	
Movet animus omnes fortis, & leto obvius	
Pyrhum antecedit omnium mentes tremunt	1150
Murantui, ac miserantur ut primum vidui	
Sublime montis tetigit, atque ille edito	
Juvenis paterni vertice in busti stetit,	
Audax virago non tulit retro gradum,	
Conversa ad ictum stat tuici vultu ferio	1155
Tam fortis animus omnium mentes ferit	
Novumque monstrum est, Pyrihus ad credem pigei	
Ut dextera ferrum penitus exacta abdidit,	
Subitus recepta morte prorupit ciui	
Per vulnus ingens, nec trimen moriens adhuc	1160
Depont animos, cecidit, ut Achilli gravem	
Fractura terram, pronæ, & nato impetu	
Uterque flevit cœtus at timidum Phryges	
Miserie gemitum clivus victor gemit	
Hic ordo sciri non stetit fufus ciui,	1165
Ilumove summa fluxit obdura statim,	
Sevusque totum sanguinem tumulus bibit	
hec Ite, ite, Danaï, petite jam tuti domos,	
Optata velis maris diffusis fecet	
Secura classis concidit virgo, ac puer	1170
Bellum peractum est quo meus lacrimas feram	
Ubi hinc anilis exspuam leti moram	
Natum, in nepotem, conjugem, an patriam feram	
An omnium an me sola mors votum meum	
Infantibus violenta, virginibus venis,	1175

of Helen and Menelaus) should go through a similar marriage, and in like manner, that adulterous Helen should be delivered over to her own husband! An inward dread possesses the astounded Grecian and Trojan crowds! Polyxena, herself, evinces a countenance of maidenly modesty, but her cheeks, however, show a slight blush, and her excessive beauty shines forth greater than ever! Even as the light of Phœbus seems more agreeable

to behold when he is beginning to set and when the stars are commencing to repeat their course and the uncertain daylight is at length overpowered by the advancing night! All the common people are stupefied and nearly all are inclined to praise the being that is about to be sacrificed—the beauty of her face wins the favor of some her tender age works upon the feeling of others and the changeable character of all things sublimary operates on the sympathies of others whilst the courageous spirit and the way she meets death enlist the sympathies of all—She walks in front of Pyrrhus—the nerves of all are in a quiver the spectators admire as well as pity! In the meantime Pyrrhus reaches the summit of the mountain so difficult of ascent and the young man stood on the top of his father's tomb as high as he could but the courageous girl with masculine spirit did not start back or flinch one step and as Pyrrhus stands up with a ferocious expression Polyxena leans forward to receive her death blow Then the intrepid courage of Polyxena impresses the minds of all and now a novel spectacle presents itself The courage of Pyrrhus seems to flag as he faces his work of slaughter but at last he buries his sword deep down with his right hand with a successful thrust and a sudden rush of blood flowed from the enormous wound which caused her death nor even as she is dying do her spirits desert her she fell as if about to make the ground press down heavily on the ashes of Achilles! as with an angered look she dropped with her face downwards! Both the Grecian and Trojan crowd of spectators wept but the Phrygians gave forth a stifled groan while the conqueror groaned with satisfaction This is the way the sacrifice took place and the blood did not rest as in a pool but it soaked deep in the ground and it was covered in a moment and thus the unrelenting tomb drank in the entire blood of its victim!

HEC Go! Depart ye Greeks! now seek thy various native homesteads in security and the fleet with its wide spread sails will plough the wished for seas—Now the Virgin has gone as well as the boy—The war is now thoroughly over but how shall I bear my own grief? When as an old woman do I reject with indignation any delay in the death which I desire for myself shall I live to mourn a daughter a grandson a husband or my country? Or all combined? No! my only wish is for death alone! Oh! Unfeeling Death thou visitest with violence—thou comest with readiness to Virgins like Polyxena everywhere thou seemest active enough with

Ubi cunque properas, fœva me folam times,
 Vitæque gladios inter ac tela & faces
 Quæsitæ tota nocte, cupientem fugis
 Non hostis, aut iuna, non ignis meos
 Absumsit virtus quam prope ⁊ Priamo fletus
 NUNTI Repente celerem maria, captivæ, gradu
 Jam vela puppis laxat, & classis movet

1180

thy work—But thou seemest reluctant to approach me!
 thou seekest out throughout the long dreary night for
 stray lives—Where swords, darts and conflagrations are
 doing their work for thee, but thou avoidest me who
 inviteth thy approach! No enemy, no ruins, no conflagra-
 tions have kindly snatched away my body! and how
 near I stood to the altar, where Priam fell, yet no
 kindly hand slew me!

MES Now, captives, look out to embark on the briny
 deep with quickened steps, the vessels are now loosening
 sails and the foremost ships of the fleet are already
 under way!

M E D E A

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEDEA
JASON
CREON

NUTRIX
CHORUS CORINTHIORUM
NUNTIUS

ARGUMENTUM

JASON cum uxore & liberis post interfectum Peliam Corinthi exulabat. Ubi cum Creon rex illum generum legisset, Medea res suas sibi habere a marito, ab rege aliud exilium querere jubetur. Illa unius diei impetrata mora, Creusæ sponsæ, pallam & monile magicis infecta venenis mittit quibus indutis ignem corripuit palla, misereque nova nupta, una cum patre in natæ auxilium accurrente, combusta est, Medea denique filius, quos Jasoni pepererat, in patris conspectu trucidatis, per æra aufugit.

ACTUS PRIMUS

MEDEA

Medea deferta superiores inferosque Jasonis ultores invocit.

DII conjugales tuque genialis tui
Lucina custos, quæque domitoiem fieti
Tiphyn novam frenare docuisti ratem,
Et tu profundæ sæve dominator maris,
Clarumque Titan dividens orbi diem,
Tacitisque præbens conscium sacris jubar,
Hecate triformis, quosque juravit mihi
Deos Jason, quosque Medæ magis
Fas est precari, noctis æternæ chaos
Aversa Superis regna, Manesque impios,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEDEA
JASON
CREON

NURSE
CHOI US OF CORINTHIANS
MESSENGER

ARGUMENT

AFTER the slaughter of Pelias Jason lived as an exile at Corinth with his wife and children. But when Creon the king chose him for a son-in-law, Medea is required to be divorced from her husband and ordered by the king to seek another place of exile. Medea, a delay of one day having been obtained, sends to Creusa a cloak and neckerchief charged with some magic produced material, which things having been put on by Creusa, the cloak instantly takes fire, and the new bride is cruelly destroyed by the flames, and the father who ran to the assistance of his daughter shares the same fate.—Then Medea (the children she had by Jason being killed in the presence of their father) flies away through the air.

ACT I

M E D E A

Medea when she finds herself deserted invokes the Gods
above and the Gods below to visit their vengeance
on Jason

O H! ye Gods who preside over things conjugal and thou Lucina the special guardian of the hymeneal bed and thou Minerva who taughtest Tiphys the succes ful pilot how to steer his vessel and combat the waves and manage aright that novel Argonautic craft and thou Neptune the stern ruler of the vasty deep and thou Phoebus who dividest thy bright day between the two sides of our orb and thou the three formed Hecate (Hecate Diana Phoebe) who givest forth thy nocturnal rays in f
the secret mystic
night (and the de
ye Gods before w
and ye others for whose aid it is the more decided
right of Medea to ask (those who had been initiated by
her in magical secrets and the mystic infernal ceremonies),

Dominumque regni tuistis, & dominam fide
 Meliore raptam, voce non fausta precor
 Adeste, adeste scelestis ultices Deæ,
 Cinem solutis squalidæ serpentibus,
 Atam cruentis manibus amplexæ facem, 15
 Adeste thalamis horridæ quondam meis
 Quales stetitis, conjugii letum novæ,
 Letumque foceo & iegæ stirpi date
 Mihi pejus aliquid, quod precor sponso malum
 Vivat, per urbes eniet ignotas egens, 20
 Euful, pavens, invisus, incerti laris
 Me conjugem optet, lumen alienum expetat,
 Jam notus hospes quoque non aliud queam
 Pejus precari, liberos similis patri,
 Similesque matris parva jam, parva ultio est 25
 Peperi querelas, verbaque incassum fero
 Non ibo in hostes? manibus excutiam faces,
 Cœloque lucem? spectat hoc nostrum sator
 Sol generis! & spectatur, & curru insidens
 Per solita puri spatia decurrit poli? 30
 Non redit in ortus, & remetitur diem?
 Da, da per auras curibus patris vehi
 Committe habenas, genitor, & flagrantibus
 Ignifera laeis tribue moderari iuga
 Gemino Corinthos litori opponens moras, 35
 Cremata flammis maria committet duo
 Hoc restat unum pronubam thalamo feram
 Ut ipsa pinum, postque sacrificas preces
 Cædam dicatis victimas altaribus
 Per viscera ipsa quære supplicio viam, 40
 Si vivis, anime si quid antiqui tibi
 Remanet vigoris, pelle femineos metus,
 Et inhospitalem Caucasum mente indue
 Quodcunque vidit Phasis aut Pontus nefas,
 Videbit Isthmos effera, ignota, horrida, 45
 Tremenda cœlo pariter ac teiris mala,
 Mens intus agitat; vulnera, & cædem, & vagum

and thou, the Chaos of Eternal Night,—ye, the kingdoms that are below those which are immediately above the Earth, and the impious progeny of the Manes, and the ruler of that sad kingdom, (Pluto,) and thou, Proserpine, who wast carried away by Pluto, but with the faithful observance of his conjugal vows, (which has not fallen to my lot,) I pray thee, though with a modified degree of confidence, be present Oh! ye Eumenides, the avenging goddesses of crimes, with your repulsive locks hanging down with the dangling serpents, be present, holding the dreaded torch in your blood thirsty hands—stand ye forth, as ye did at my marriage ceremony, terrible to behold, causing death to reach this newly imported spouse!

Deal out destruction to the father in law and the entire Corinthian royal race! And grant to me that the calamities shall be worse which I may invoke to befall my husband! Let him live let him wander amongst unknown and hostile countries, as a suspected vagrant as an exile always in dread of some terrible disaster hated by every body with no fixed home of his own deserted by his Ires—let him sigh in vain to have me back again! Let him have to seek the threshold of a stranger—he is already a marked man too well known as a guest! In addition to which I cannot wish for anything worse for him than that his children even born of me should grow up counterparts of himself in perfidy! and like their mother in their propensities to poisonous monstrous acts of cruelty!

lies my revenge—I have complaints but my mere words of remonstrance are late in the day and of not much avail but I have borne the children! Shall I not go into the enemy's camp? Shall I put out the marriage torches with my own hands and leave them all in darkness? Does Iphobus the progenitor of my race see all this? And as he beholds it will he still pursue his way seated on his flaming chariot by the same undeviating track along the spotless skies regardless of my misery. Why does he not look horrified and hide his face? Why does he not return to his starting place the gorgeous east and let the day be commenced over again (that is put back the day as he had done before when Hercules was born). Grant me this—allow me to be conveyed in the paternal chariot throughout the skies. Oh! my father hand thou the scorching reins to me and let me guide the fiery horses of the sun and Corinth which is the opposing barrier between the two seas (Ionian and Aegæan) being burnt up by the flames of which I shall have the full command the two seas will be joined as the result (Corinth being thoroughly destroyed the two seas would be united). But there is still one thing left for me to carry out that I myself shall put in an appearance at the marriage with my own hymeneal pine torch and after the preliminary prayers can myself slay the sacrificial victims before the sacred altars! Oh! my inward soul! if thou livest that is if thou art alive to thy sought for revenge seek the road to such revenge by way of their entrails and if there is any of my ancient self left within me let me cast aside all womanish fears and assume the disposition of a fierce and cruel Caucasian and whatever crimes either the Phasis or Pontus (Euxine) has witnessed let Corinth see in very earnest the cruel unheard of, terrible visitations to be trembled

Funus per artus, levia memoravi nimis
 Hæc virgo feci, gravior exsurgit dolor
 Mijora jam me scelera post partus decent 50
 Accingere ira, teque in exitum para
 Furore toto para narrentur tua
 Repudia thalamis, quo virum linquis modo
 Hoc, quo secuta es, rumpe jam segnes moras
 Quæ scelestæ parta est, scelere linquenda est domus 55

CHORUS

Chorus e mulieribus Corinthiæ Jasonis & Creusæ nuptiis
 epithalamium præcinit

AD regum thalamos numine prospero,
 Qui cælum superi, quique regunt fretum,
 Adfint, cum populis rite faventibus
 Primus sceptiferis colla Tonantibus
 Taurus celsa ferat teigore candido 60
 Lucinam nivei femina corporis
 Intentata jugo placet & asper
 Martis sanguineas quæ cohibet manus,
 Quæ dat belligeris fœdera gentibus,
 Et cornu retinet divite copiam, 65
 Donetur tenera mitior hosti
 Et tu, qui facibus legitimis ades,
 Noctem discutiens auspice dextera,
 Huc incede gradu marcidus ebullio,
 Præcingens roseo tempora vinculo 70
 Et tu, quæ gemini prævia temporis
 Tarde stella redis semper amantibus
 Te matres avidæ, te cupiunt natus,
 Quamprimum radios spargere lucidos
 Vincit virgineus decor 75
 Longe Cecropias nurus
 Et quas Taygeti jugis

at both by the Heavens and the Earth (Gods and Men) have been duly and thoroughly thought over in my mind, as well as the wounds and slaughter, and the scattered funeral in waiting for them (Alluding to the death of Absyrtus, whose body, scattered far and wide, had to be gathered up for the funeral pile) I remember, however, these trifles, perhaps too vividly—all these things I did when I was a virgin, my present anger rises to a much higher pitch! Now, as a wife and mother, greater crimes suit my condition—better lay myself out with all my pent-up rage for something worthy of it, in the way of destruction! Let my divorce be talked about, as much as ever this marriage will be! (as regards the crime

connected therewith) But in what way do I propose to leave my husband? In the same way as that in which I followed him—as a criminal! Now let me put an end to the palace which was obtained of crime must be vacated

CHORUS

The Chorus of the Corinthian women chant forth a marriage song in praise of the nuptials between Jason and Creusa

Oh! ye Gods above thou Jupiter who rulest the heavens and thou Neptune, who rulest over the vast ocean—be present all of you with your encouraging felicitations at the marriage of the royal personages Jason and Creusa
favourable acknowledgments
rejoicing and kind words
first with a snow white hue raising proudly its lofty head
be sacrificed at the altars of the deities Jupiter and Juno
who wield the sceptre in the kingdom whence the lightnings are sent forth and let a white heifer—whose neck has never been bent to the yoke—be offered to gratify the eyes of Lucina and thou Concordia the goddess of peace who restrainest the sanguinary weapons of Mars and who instead bestowest the blessings of amicable treaties upon warlike peoples and who art recognized by husbanding in thy horn of plenty the plentiful fruits of the earth—for thee let a fitting emblem in the shape of a sheep be awarded (This was sacrificed in an especial manner without blood sprinkled on the altars as opposed to the free shedding of blood which characterizes the operations of war) And thou Hymenæus who comest with thy torches suggestive of thy legitimate functions who drivest away the darkness of night with the torches in thy right hand—come hither oh! thou debauched looking God with thy drunken rollicking gait wearing on thy head the customary chaplet of roses and thou Venus the constellation the forerunner of day and night (coming at two times) and always returning late for those engaged in their love affairs (That is the time always appearing long which is looked forward to by ardent
the anxious matrons wait
moment thou sheddest
ally the beauty of our
Virgin Creusa surpasses by far that of all the other brides
as well as those whom that city without the protection

pretensions (as a rival) as well as his brother Castor!

Thus—thus oh! ye Gods above I vow and maintain that Creusa carries off the prize amongst the maids and Jason by a long way outshines all the men—When she stands up with the women of this chorus the face of that one Creusa surpasses all the others in beauty! As when the starry splendors fade away into nothingness when bright Phœbus shows his effulgent face and is with the thick cluster of the Pleiades when bright Iphæbe has approximated her circuitous horns (full moon) and shows herself as a solid orb although the light is not her own! Thus it is with Creusa when her snow white face becomes tinged with the exquisite pink diffusing itself and in like manner as the morning shepherd wet himself with the dews of night beholds the bright face of Aurora with a renovated light as she is fed by the same dews (The ancients imagined that the Stellar bodies were nourished with moisture hence the idea—increased brilliancy) Thou Jason having been snatched away (releas ed) from the horrible marriage bed of Phasian memory accustomed as thou wert to the temper and caprices of a fierce wife and who trampledst even as thou didst caress her with thy unwilling right hand take to thyself with rapture the Æolian Virgin and thou oh thou Bridegroom for the first time in thy life rejoice in having a father in law ready to receive thee with open arms—and oh! ye young men give yourselves up to jollity the privilege of running down your masters being now accorded to you—and oh! ye the young of both sexes chant forth your tuneful lays the men at one time the women at another (This singing separately was adopted that the female voices should not be drowned by those of the males) The rare liberty is now accorded to you and acknowledged as your right to rail against your masters (This is the custom at the Saturnalia when masters and slaves change places and say what they like)

And oh! ye fortunate noble progeny of the Thyrsus bearing Lyæus (Bacchus) now is the time to set fire to the split pines and to brandish the solemn marriage torches with your fingers till they are thoroughly fagged out (the pines being slit up with the grain of the wood burn freely when wasted to and fro briskly) and the reciters of the bantering Iescennine Verses may freely indulge in their licentious jocularities on this festive occasion and the assembled throng are at liberty to crack their jokes as much as they like! But let Medea pass away into silent obscurity she who became a fugitive and exile and married a husband travelling about in foreign lands!!

ACTUS SECUNDUS

MEDEA, NUTRIX

Audito Hymenæo fuit Medea, quæm seduc nutritrix laborat,
sed frustra

MLD **O**CCIDIMUS aures pepulit Hymenæus meus
Vix ipsa tantum, vix adhuc, ciedo malum
Hæc facere Jason potuit erepto patre,
Patria atque regno, sedibus solam exteris
Deferere durus merita contempsit mea, 120
Qui scelestæ flammæ viderat inci, & mare
Adeone credit omne consumtum nefas
Incerta, vecors, mente vesana feror,
Partes in omnes, unde me ulcisci queam
Utinam esset illi frater! est conjux in hanc 125
Ferrum exigatur hoc meis fati est malis
Si quod Pelægæ, si quod urbes barbaræ
Novere facinus, quod tuæ ignorant matris,
Nunc est parandum scelera te hortentur tur,
Et cuncta redeant inclitum regni decus 130
Raptum, & nefandæ virginis parvus comes
Divisus ense, funus ingestum patri,
Sparsumque ponto corpus, & Pelææ senis
Decocta alieno membra funestum impie
Quam sæpe fudi sanguinem! at nullum scelus 135
Iratæ feci sævit infelix amor
Quid tamen Jason potuit, alieni ubi tui
Iurisque factus debuit ferro obvium
Offerre pectus, melius, ah melius, dolor
Fuisse, loquere si potest, vivat meus, 140
Ut fuit, Jason, sin minus, vivat tamen,
Memorque nostri muneri parcat meo
Culpa est Creontis tota, qui sceptro impotens
Conjugia solvit, quique gentricem abstulit
Natis, & arcto pignore adstrictam fidem 145
Dirimit petatur solus hic, pœnis luat,
Quas debet, alto cinere cumulabo domum
Videbit atum voracem flammis ægi

ACT II

MEDEA—NURSE

Medea is in a furious rage when she hears of the marriage the nurse tries her best to pacify her, but in vain.

MEDEA

I AM at my wits end—these marriage chants are still ringing in my ears I can scarcely accredit so gross a piece of villainy—hardly as yet at all events! Is Jason capable of doing such things? Snatched away from my father my native country my kingdom and thus to be left alone forsaken—in a foreign land! Has that ungrateful man learned to despise my meritorious services?—I who by my crimes witnessed his triumph over the flames and the sea (by her sorceries over the flames the brazen footed fire vomiting bulls and over the sea by throwing into it the body of her brother Absyrtus)—but he is so credulous as to suppose that I have exhausted my category of the evil arts which I can yet bring to my aid? In my wavering state of mind—of maddened imagination—I am goaded on to every kind of invention which an insane brain can conceive as to the mode in which I shall be best able to execute my revenge I wish Jason had a brother—never mind—he has a wife and upon her the sword shall be visited—but is this enough to satisfy my wrongs? If the Pelasgians or even any Barbarian cities have become acquainted with any specimen of crime not known already to these practised hands of mine now is the time to make it known to me—let your crimes induce you to offer some sort of guidance and let all my own deeds return to my memory—that glorious distinguishing ornament of a proud kingdom the golden fleece (stolen by Jason aided by my sorceries) and the young companion of a cruel virgin cut up with the edge of the sword and his remains thrust upon the notice of the father (to retard pursuit) and his body thrown into the sea piece by piece (to appease Neptune) And the body of the aged Pelias boiled in a caldron—how impiously forsooth! And how often have I been reckless in the shedding of blood? But none of these things it was urging me on! Now reaction will add fury to my Jason do? He has had the sanction and authority of another to aid and abet him in doing what he has done But ought he not rather to have presented his breast to the sword's point than to have deserted me? But let me speak more to the purpose ah with more moderation Oh! this ungered soul of mine! If it be possible let Jason remain mine as he once was if not—let him still live and be mindful of my past services and my now sparing him (My vengeance is to let him live to know that he owes his very existence to my forbearance)

Miler, longas navibus flectens moras
 NUTR Sile, obsecro, questusque secreto abditos 150
 Manda dolori gravia quisquis vulnera
 Patientem & æquo mutus animo pertulit,
 Referre potuit ira, quæ tegitur, nocet
 Professæ perdunt odia vindictæ locum
 MED Lewis est dolor, qui capere consilium potest, 155
 Et clepere sese magna non latitant mala
 Libet ire contra NUTR Siste furialem impetum,
 Alumnæ viæ te tacita defendit quies
 MED Fortunæ sortes metuit, ignavos premit
 NUTR Tunc est probanda, si locum virtus habet 160
 MED Nunquam potest non esse virtuti locus
 NUTR Spes nulla monstrat rebus inflicitis viam
 MED Qui nil potest sperare, desperet nihil
 NUTR Abiere Colchæ conjugis nulla est fides,
 Nililque superest opibus e tantis tibi 165
 MED Medea superest hæc mare & terras vides,
 Ferrumque, & ignes, & Deos, & fulmina
 NUTR Rex est timendus MED Rex meus fuerat pater

The entire blame is with Creon, who, in his irrestrainable power, has dissolved my marriage with Jason, and it is he, who has separated a mother from her children, and ruthlessly disturbed that conjugal fidelity, by which we were both bound by the strictest pledges! No, he alone shall be sought out for this, he shall suffer that punishment which he so richly deserves—I will reduce his palace to a heap of cinders, and the promontory of Malea, which causes from its numerous bends so much obstruction and delay to navigators, shall witness a black whirlwind of smoke rise out of the flames (Malea, which extended five miles into the sea, became proverbial for its danger)

NURSE

Be silent, I beseech thee, consign thy wrongs to the secret recesses of thy own angry bosom, whoever bears in silence, and with a patient unruffled spirit, the grievous stings of fate, can always place them to better account (to give like for like in revenge), anger which is pent-up, and not shown to the world, is always more effective, when brought into play—but grievances which are openly paraded lose many an opportunity for revenge! (e.g. apprising others of your intentions)

MEDEA

That grievance is light indeed which can tolerate any advice from others, and hide itself away, as it were,

grievances of any magnitude will not be stifled in such a manner —No it is better to face one's difficulties openly!

NURSE

Do restrain thy furious impulses oh! my nursling! or thy reposeful silence even will not be a sufficient safeguard!

MEDEA

Fortune favours the bold but she tramples on the coward

NURSE

Then it remains to be proved whether determination and boldness have the requisite materials to work with

MEDEA

There never can be any place assigned to determination it is the result which decides the matter

NURSE

Does no hope hold out any prospect to those in affliction?

MEDEA

He who cannot hope for anything cannot reasonably despair of anything

NURSE

The Colchians are out of the question now there is no fidelity to be expected from thy husband and nothing now remains to thee—even out of thy ample resources

MEDEA

Yes indeed! Medea remains! And thou canst see for thyself the earth and the sea—then come the sword the flames the revengeful deities and Jupiter's lightnings!

NURSE

But the king surely is to be feared?

MEDEA

My father was a king and I didn't fear him (but opposed him for Jason's sake)

NURR Non metuis arma? MID Sint licet terra editi
 NURR Moriere MID Cupio NURR Profuge MID Poenitent fugi
 Medea fugiam? NURR Mater es MID Cui sim, vides
 NURR Profugere dubitas? MID Iugum at ulciscar prius
 NURR Vindex sequetur MID Forsan inveniam moras
 NURR Compesce verba prece jam demens minus,
 Animosque minue temporis aptari decet. 175
 MED Fortunæ opes auferre non animum potest,
 Sed cujus ictu regius cado strepit?
 Ipse est Pelasgo tumidus imperio Creon

CREON, MEDEA

Creon Medeam in exilium propere abire imperio urget
 illa dici unius morum viæ impetrat

NURSE

Dost thou not fear the bloodthirsty weapons of the warrior?

MEDEA

No, not if they sprang forthwith from the earth! (alluding to the giants sprung from the serpent's teeth when thrown into the earth)

NURSE

Thou mightst die!

MEDEA.

This is what I desire most

NURSE.

Flee!

MEDEA

I have had a little experience in fleeing, which I have had reason to repent—Shall I, a Medea, attempt flight again, that have boldly faced every danger?

NURSE

Thou art a mother—thou hast children

MEDA

Think rather of Jason by whom I have been made that mother

NURSE

Why dost thou hesitate to flee?

MEDA

I may flee but I will have my revenge first.

NURSE

Vengeance will follow thee up assuredly!

MEDA

Perhaps I may discover some opportunity for delay as I did when my father pursued me (Slaying Absyrtus *funus ingestum patri* line 132)

NURSE

Spare thy menacing words, who art already enraged enough spare further threats Tone down thy anger—it is best to adapt thyself to time and opportunity

MEDA

Fortune can rob us of our riches but not of our mental attributes But hark! Who is knocking?—The hinges of the palace door are creaking—Here is Creon himself puffed up with all his pompous pride and power!

CREON—MEDA

Creon urges Medea to depart from his Kingdom into exile with all haste she with difficulty obtains the delay of one day

MEDEA, Colchī novium Ætæ genus,
 Nondum meis exportat e regnis pedem³ 180
 Molitur aliquid nota fias, nota est manus,
 Cui parcit illa³ quemve securum finit³
 Abolere propere pessimam ferro luem
 Equidem parabam, precibus evicit gener
 Concessa vita est liberet fines metu, 185
 Abeatque tuta, seit gradum contra feror,
 Minaxque nostros propius assatus petit
 Arcete, sumuli, tactu & accessu procul
 Jubete, fileat regium imperium p̄ti
 Aliquando discat vade veloci via, 190
 Monstrumque sævum, horribile, jamdudum vehe
 MED Quod crimen, ut quæ culpa mulctatur fugi³
 CR Quæ causa pellat, innocens mulier rogat
 MED Si judicas, cognosce si regnas, jube
 CR Æquum arque iniquum regis imperium seras 195
 MED Iniqua nunquam regna perpetuo manent
 CR I, querere Colchis MED Redeo qui advenit, ferat.
 CR Vox constituto fera decreto venit
 MED Qui statuit aliquid parte inaudita altera,
 Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus fuit 200

CREON

Oh! Medea the noxious progeny of the Colchian Æetas, hast thou not taken thyself off from out of my dominions? Thou art hatching something, some wicked crime has entered thy head, thy hands have again been employed upon some mischief! Whom or what does that woman spare? Whom will she ever allow to remain in security? Indeed, I have been making up my mind to destroy her forthwith, and to condemn her to suffer the worst punishment to which I could sentence her,—the sword! But my son-in-law, Jason, has won me over by his entreaties not to do so, and thus her life has been spared to her, but she must be caused to free my kingdom of any further fears (arising out of her evil machinations) Let her depart in safety, and let her ferocious nature guide her steps elsewhere! She employs her threatening language, boldly seeks me out and dares to address me personally! Drive her away, attendants,—put her as far from me as possible, from all contact or any means of getting near me Carry out these orders, and make her keep silence—she must, at last, be made to yield to my regal authority! Go thy way with all possible speed, let me—it is time—remove hence this cruel, horrible monster!

MEDEA

For what crime for what fault may I ask am I to be punished with exile?

CREON

What reason is there why I should drive thee away? An innocent woman could only ask me such a question as that!

MEDEA

If thou art officiating as a judge let me know if thou art commanding because thou reignest on the strength of that power I must obey thee

CREON

Thou wilt have to obey the authority of the king no matter whether thou considerest the command just or unjust!

MEDEA

True! But the unjust exercise of power does not rest for ever with the dispenser thereof

CREON

Go away! Let Colchis be thy destination

MEDEA

I will return willingly but let Jason escort me thither — he who introduced me here

CREON

Thy remark comes too late under any circumstances my irrevocable decree has gone forth

MEDEA

The man or judge who issues his decrees so freely without hearing the other side of the question although he may by chance ordain what is right is not acting justly

CR Auditus a te Pelia supplicium tulit
 Sed fare, cruse detur egregius locus
 MID Difficile quam sit animum ab ira flectere
 Jam concitatum, quamque regale hoc putet,
 Scepbris superbris quisquis admovit manus, 205
 Qui cœpit, ire, regis didici mei
 Quamvis enim sim clade miseranda obruta,
 Expulsa, supplex sola deserti, undique
 Afflicta, quondam nobili fulsi patre,
 Aveque clarum Sole deduxi genus 210
 Quodcunque placidis flexibus Phasis rigat
 Pontusque quidquid Scythicus a tergo videt,
 Palustribus qua maria dulcescunt aquis,
 Armata peltis quidquid excrecet coliors
 Inclusa ripis vidua Thermodontis 215
 Hoc omne noster genitor imperio regit
 Generosa, felix, decore regali potens
 Fulsi petebant tunc meos thalamos proci,
 Qui nunc petuntur rapida Fortuna ac levis,
 Præcepique regno eripuit, exilio dedit 220
 Confide regnis, cum levis magnas opes
 Iluc ferat & illuc casus hoc reges habent
 Magnificum & ingens, nulla quod rapiat dies,
 Prodesse miseris, supplices fido lare
 Protegere solum hoc Colchico regno extuli, 225
 Decus illud ingens, Græciæ florem inclitum,
 Præsidia Achivæ gentis, & prolem Deum
 Servasse memet munus est Orpheus meum,
 Qui fava cantu mulcet, & silvis trahit,
 Geminumque munus Castor & Pollux meum est, 230
 Satique Boreæ, quique trans Pontum quoque
 Summoti Lynceus lumine immisso videt
 Omnesque Minyæ nam ducum taceo ducem,

CREON

Was the punishment of Pelias awarded after a fair hearing of both sides? But tell me, at once,—an opportunity is now given thee of pleading to that very egregious crime!

MEDEA

What a difficult thing it is to divert the mind from anger, when once it is fully roused, the man who has

grasped the sceptre with his proud hands thinks that every thing he does is screened by his royal prerogative and is inclined to persevere in the course which he has set himself to follow (Medea here wishes to suggest that the now hearkening to the entreaties of a suppliant is a part of Creon's plan) I gleaned the knowledge of this fact from my observations in my own father's royal palace Although I may be here at thy feet ruined utterly miserable through my downfall—driven away as a suppliant—a deserted wife—and a fair target at every turn for any kind of affliction—I once shone forth myself as a cynosure in my noble father's palace and I claim my illustrious descent from Phæbus himself who is my grandfather! Whatsoever lands the Phæsis washes with its winding placid streams of whatever countries the Scythian sea commands the view along its shores wherever the bitter salt sea is tempered by the numberless marshy streams flowing into it as tributaries and those plains where the armed battalions of virgins with their moon shape shields strike terror whilst they throng the banks of the Thermodon—over all those vast straits does my father rule! I of noble descent with prospects of the brightest shone forth exercising considerable influence with my royal splendor and then it was that suitors sought my hand in marriage (Jason) who in turn are now being sought for by others as sons in law (Creon) But fortune ever fleeting and capricious in a precipitate moment snatched me from my kingdom and handed me over to exile! But what trust thou likest to know how the most—remove yonder—at any which kings enjoy! But there is one great and glorious privilege which kings at all times possess and which as long as they are kings no day can deprive them of and that is to do good to the wretched and fillen and to provide safe surroundings (reliable fires) for a suppliant Think of the one treasure I brought from the kingdom of Colchis my chief title to glory is to have brought safely with me that distinguished ornament—the noble flower of Greece the very safeguard of the Grecian nation and the offspring of the Gods (the Argonaut Heroes) Orpheus who charms the very rocks and captivates the forest trees is my gift and the double present of Castor and Pollux emanated from my exertions and the Sons of Boreas and Lynceus who when he directs his keen eyes sees things although they are at the bottom of the sea and all those Thessalian Minyæ (companions of Jason in the Argonautic expedition)—for I am silent about the chief of all these leaders (Jason)

Pro quo nihil debetur, hunc nulli imputo
 Vobis reveari ceteros, unum mihi 235
 Incesse nunc, & cuncta flagitiaingere,
 Fatebor obici crimen hoc solum potest,
 Argo revesa, virgini placeat pudor
 Paterque placeat, tota cum ducibus ruet
 Pelasga tellus hic tuus primum gener 240
 Tauri ferocis ore flammanti occidet
 Fortunæ causam, qua volet, nostrum premat
 Non poenitet servasse tot regum decus
 Quodcunque culpa præmium ex omni tuli,
 Hoc est penes te, si placet, dimittam ream 245
 Sed redde crimen sum nocens, fateor, Creon
 Talem sciebas esse, cum genua attigi,
 Fidemque supplex præsidis dextræ peti
 Terræ hac miseris angulum & fedem rogo,
 Latebrasque viles urbe si pelli placet, 250
 Detur remotus aliquis in regnis locus
 CR Non esse me, qui sceptrâ violentæ geram,
 Nec qui superbo miserias calcem pede,
 Testatus equidem videor haud clare parum,
 Generum exsulem legendo, & afflictum, & gravi 255
 Terrore pavidum quippe te pœnæ expetit
 Letoque Acræstus, regnæ Thesfalica obtinens
 Senio trementem debili atque ævo gravem
 Patrem peremtum queritur, & cæsi fœnis
 Discissæ membra, cum dolo capte tuo 260
 Piæ sorores impium auderent nefas
 Potest Jason, si tuam causam moves,
 Sum tueri nullus innocuum cruor
 Contramovit absuit ferro manus,
 Proculque vestro purus & cœtu stetit 265
 Tu tu malorum machinator scinorum,
 Cui seminer nequitia, ad rudendum omnia
 Virile robur, nulla fœmæ memoria est,
 Egredere, purga regnæ, letales simul

for bringing whom nothing is owing to me! I charge
 no one but myself for that act! I brought the others
 back in safety for thee—him (Jason) to please myself!!
 Now set upon me, and heap up all things upon my
 shoulders, as crimes I will confess to what is true, but
 can this solitary thing be thrown up in my teeth as a
 crime? Suppose the Argonauts had met with a reverse
 and it had suited me better to have upheld the character
 of a virgin and my wish had been to please my father,
 —all the Pelasgian land would have come to ruin, with

its noble leaders first and foremost thy intended son in law would have fallen a prey to the vomited flames of the ferocious bull! Fortune may deal even harshly with my case if she likes but I do not myself repent of having been the means of preserving the lives the honor, the glory of so many noble heroes, the sons of kings! Whatever price I shall have to pay is the reward for all my crimes this is a matter entirely in thy hands there fore if it pleases thee condemn me as a criminal but give me back my crime in full (Jason) I plead guilty, Creon I confess thou knewest what I was when I genuflected to thee and craved as a suppliant for that justice which is only expected in the fulfilment of a solemn pledge and I now ask in my hour of tribulation only for a small corner and resting place in this country—any low hovel or hiding place but if it pleases thee only to expel me from the city pray let some remote spot be accorded me so long as it is in thy kingdom!

CREON

I am far from being the man who wishes to wield his power with violent measures, nor am I one that can tread with a disdainful foot upon the misfortunes of any one indeed I have that reputation not wanting either in being borne out by one very clear proof which is not making my son-in-law an exile afflicted as he is and always in dread of some grave disaster for Acastus is on the look out for thee to be punished for the murder of his father Pelias trembling and feeble from advancing years and borne down by old age and then at the body of the murdered old man being cut up in such a truculent manner when the affectionate sisters deceived by thy malignant arts ventured to proceed with their impious task! (The daughters cut their father to pieces having drawn off all the blood from the veins on the assurance that Medea would replenish them by her incantations) Could Jason defend his cause if thou art left out of the question?—he has never yet contaminated his hands with innocent blood his hand has never used the sword in this way for whilst all this was being done he has always stood aloof—and at a distance from thy companionship—(from the midst of thy personal achievements)! No thou! thou art the sole machinatrix of all these terrible crimes thou whose wickedness as a woman is supplemented with that masculine strength which has endowed thee with the audacity to perpetrate such deeds—in fact thou dost not seem to have any consciousness of thy infamy! Go forth!

Tecum aufer herbas libera cives metu	270
Alia sedens tellure sollicita Deos	
MED Profugere cogis? redde fugienti item,	
Vel redde comitem fugere cur solam jubes?	
Non sola veni bella si metuis potui	
Utrumque regno pelle cur fontes duos	275
Distinguis? illi Pelus, non nobis necet	
Fugam, rapinasque adice, desertum patrem	
Laceumque fratrem quidquid criminum novus	
Docet mortuus conjugis, non est meum	
Toties nocens sum fratri, sed nunquam mihi	280
GR Jam exisse decuit quid feris sando moras?	
MED Supplex recedens illud extremum peccati,	
Ne culpa matris matris infantes trahat	
CR Vade, hos proteino, ut genitor excipiam sinu	
MED Per ego suspectos regni thalami toros,	285
Per spes futuras, perque ignotum status,	
Fortuna viri dubia quos agitat uxor,	
Precor, brevem lingue fugienti moram,	
Dum extrema matris mater insigo oscula,	
Fortasse moriens CR Fugibus tempus petis	290
MED Quæ si vis timore tempore exiguo potest?	
CR Nullum ad nocendum tempus angustum est malis	
MED Parumne misere temporis lacrimis negas?	
CR Et si repugnat precibus infusus timor,	

Clear thyself from out of my kingdom, and take with thee all thy poisoned herbs—Free my subjects from any further alarms, and in some other country settle down, and tire out the Gods with thy enchantments,—thy imprecations,—thy sorceries, if thou art anxious to do so!

MEDEA

Thou orderest me to flee restore my Argonautic craft, or give me up my partner (Jason) Why dost thou order me to go away alone? If thou fearest to suffer from all the calamities of war, send us both out of the kingdom! Why dost thou make this unfair distinction between two criminals? Pelias was not killed for Jason only, but for both of us conjointly! Don't forget the flight, and add to that the robbery of the fleece! The desertion of a father and the dismemberment of a brother, and whatever a husband instructs his newly-married wife to do, is not certainly her affair only! I have often and often been made to be a criminal, but never for myself alone!

CREON

Now it is right thou shouldst go why sow delays by further talk?

MEDEA

One last thing as a suppliant I crave before I go do not let the crimes of a mother be visited upon her innocent children!

CREON

Go! I will cherish them even as a father in my own paternal bosom

MEDEA

I entreat thee by the auspicious marriage bed involved in this royal marriage by all the future hopes in which thou mayst indulge arising therefrom—by the stability of thy throne which uncertain fortune often invades with her varying capricious ups and downs give me a short time to delay my departure while I as a mother may imprint my last kisses upon my children's cheeks before I go perhaps to die!

CREON

Thou art seeking to gain time for some wicked purpose!

MEDEA

What mischief can be feared from me in so short a time?

CREON

No time is too short to work out mischief for those that are evilly disposed

MEDEA

Thou wilt not surely deny a miserable creature some little time for mourning her lot!

CREON

Although my mind had been made up thoroughly to resist thy entreaties one entire day shall be spared to thee to prepare for thy departure

Unus parando dabitur exilio dies 295
 MED Nimis est, recidas aliquid ex isto licet
 Et ipse propero CR Capite supplicum lues,
 Clarus priusquam Phœbus attollat diem,
 Nisi cedis Isthmo sacra me thalami vocant,
 Vocat precum festus Hymentæo dies 300

CHORUS

Chorus in audaciam navigantium invehit primos natus dignum
 audacia sua retulisse premium erant Scilicet Medeam

AUDAX nimium, qui freta primus
 Rate tam fragili perfida rupit
 Terrasque suas post terga videns,
 Animam levibus credidit unis,
 Dubioque secans aquora cursu, 305
 Potuit tenui fidere ligno,
 Inter vitæ mortisque vias
 Nimium gracili limite ducto
 Nondum quisquam sidera norat,
 Stellisque, quibus pingitur æther, 310
 Non erat usus nondum pluvias
 Hyadas poterant vitæ rates
 Non Olenæ sidera capere
 Non quæ sequitur flectitque senex
 Arctici tardus plaustri Bootes 315
 Nondum Boëas, nondum Zephyrus
 Nomen habebant,
 Ausus Tiphys prindere vasto
 Carbasæ ponto, legesque novas
 Scribere ventis nunc linæ sinu 320
 Tendere toto nunc piolato
 Pede transversos captare Notos
 Nunc antennas medio tutas
 Ponere malo nunc in summo
 Religare loco, cum jam totos 325
 Avidus nimium navita flatus

MEDEA

That is really more than I require or expect, thou
 mayst make it a shorter time if thou likest, and I will
 make all haste

CREON

Thou wilt be punished with death, unless thou quittest
 Corinth before bright Phœbus shines forth to commence

another day—Come!—I am in a hurry the marriage ceremonies demand my presence—a joyful occasion like this involves the suitable prayers vows and sacrifices to the God Hymenæus!

CHORUS

The Chorus inveighs against the boldness of navigators
and -- -- --
(the
they
out Medea

O H! thou too daring one who first braved the dangers of the treacherous waves in a vessel so frail and whilst still retaining in sight the land thou hadst left behind thee and entrusted thy life even to light winds and ploughing the sea steering a doubtful course—how could any man rely on a thin plank with so insignificant a margin between the journeys of life and death! Not as yet had any man learned anything about the stars he had never made any scientific use of the constellations with which the firmament is so thickly adorned not as yet had his vessels been able to escape the stormy Hyades (noted for the rains and tempests they give rise to at their rising and setting) nor was that constellation the Olenian she goat understood (named from the town of Olenum in Achaia at which place Jupiter was fed on goats milk by Amalthea who was subsequently made a constellation Capella) nor was that slow paced old waggoner Bootes known—the constellation that follows and guides the Arctic (Polar) Chariots—not as yet was Boreas or Zephyrus even known
Tiphys ventured to
to lay down laws
would be available for the navigator—at one time to know when to put all his ropes on the stretch (hauled taut) with the sails amply spread out (full sail) at another time when to avail himself of the south wind blowing athwart ships by drawing his wide spread sail down to the lowest point where it is fastened to the ship's side (the lower part stretched aft so as to expose as much spread of canvas as possible to the wind as it was blowing amidships but regulating all this with the rudder hard to port or starboard as the case might be that is whether he was steering east or west) at another time when to haul down the yards half mast (under snug canvas) then again running the yards up to the highest point when

Optat, & alto subicunda tremunt Suppari velo Candida nostri secula patre Videre, procul fraude remoti	330
Sua quisque piger litora tange, Patrioque senex siculus in roga, Puto divæ nisi quis tulerit Natale solum, non norat opem	335
Bene discepti fœdera mundi Irisit in unum Hecistis pinu, Jussitque pati verbera ponum, Patemque metus fieri nostri	340
Mare sepositum dedit illi præve Improbo penitus, per tam longo Ducta timores cum duo monti Claustra profundi, hinc atque illinc	345
Subito impulsu velut ætherio Gement sonitu, spargeret ostræ Nubesque ipsas mare depictum Palluit iudex Iphysis, et omne	350
I labente manu misit habentis Orpheus tacuit torpente lyra, Ipsaque vocem perdidit Argo Quid! cum Siculi virgo Pelori	355
Rabidos utero succincta canes, Omnes priter solvit iuratus, Quis non totos horruit artus, Toties uno latrante malo?	360
Quid! cum Ausonium dire pestos Voce canora mare mulcerent, Cum Pieria resonans citharra Ithæius Orpheus solitum cantu	365
Retinere rates præve coegit Sirena sequi? quod sunt hujus Pretium cursus? aures pellis Majusque mari Medea malum,	370
Mercès prima digna carina Nunc jam cessit pontus, & omnes Patitur leges non Pallada Compacta manu regum referens	375
Inclita remos queritur Argo	

even then the too eager sailor wishes to avail himself, to the utmost, of the wind, he would cause the red streamers to quiver again, as they floated in the breeze, above the lofty sails! (These streamers no doubt answered the purpose of our topsails, or at least top-gallant sails, and were not merely ornamental)—Our forefathers lived in more

unsophisticated times avaricious fraud being the last thing thought of Every man then relying on ease and peace (as his *summum bonum*) kept close to his own shores and did so till he became old confining himself to his fields and plains rich with the little he possessed he knew not therefore sighed not for any more wealth than what his own native soil afforded him! The Argonauts in the Thessalian Pine (The Argo) attempted the task of uniting what the farseeirgness of creation had wisely kept apart and ordered the oars to be plied with vigorous strokes upon the surface of the ocean and the sea was then selected to be made the fruitful factor of dread and forebodings and the ship Argo brought upon us grievous sufferings already having conducted its voyage through so many sources of alarm—When the two mountains one here the other there closing in the Fuxine sea driven together by a sudden collision sound like a clap of thunder (from the sudden displacement of the air) and scatter the sea which is forced upwards into very clouds towards the skies (by the same sudden displacement)—the bold Tiphys grew pale and let go the helm from his feeble hands—Orpheus became silent and his lute was dumb—and Argo herself lost her voice (from dread) (The Argo was said to have been prophetic communicative and oracular like the Dodonean Oak in which were two hen doves which gave responses Some of the beams of the Argo were constructed of this oak from which wood was derived her oracular power of warning those on board of her against approaching calamities) What is this? They are all wondering when the virgin of the Sicilian Pelorus presents herself! (Scylla the daughter of Phorcus) surrounded by her girdle of rabid dogs and she causes them all to bark at one time! Who would not have trembled all over his body at such a phenomenon? What next to relate? When the dreadful pests the Sirens were charming the Ausonian Sea with their melodious strains the Thracian Orpheus gave forth the sweet sounds from his Pierian Harp (given to him by his mother Calliope) and he almost compelled the bewitched Sirens to follow the Argo—those very Sirens who had always been accustomed to attract other navigators with their music and detain their ships! And what was to be the crowning reward of all this?—the golden fleece and Medea a greater calamity than the sea itself certainly a reward worthy of the first ship that had ever rashly put to sea! Now the sea is brought under control and obeys all the recognized rules of seamanship! No illustrious Argo built by the hands of a Minerva is now required with kings to man (handle)

Quælibet altum cymba pererrat,
 Terminus omnis motus, & uibes
 Muros terra posuere nova 370
 Nil, quæ fuerat sede, reliquit
 Peruius orbis
 Indus gelidum potat Araxem
 Album Persæ Rhenumque bibunt
 Venient annis seculi seuis, 375
 Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
 Laxet, & ingens præterit tellus,
 Tethysque novos detegat orbes,
 Nec sit terris ultima Thule

ACTUS TERTIUS

NUTRIX, MEDEA

In vindictam præceps fertur Medea, nutrice incassum eam
 dehortante

NUTR **A**LUMNA, celerem quo rapis tectis pedem? 380
 Resiste, & nas compume, ac retine impetum
 Incerta quælis entheos cursus tulit,
 Cum jam recepto Mænas infant Deo,
 Pindi nivalis vertice, aut Nyse jugis,
 Trilis recurrit huc & huc motu effeo, 385
 Furois ore signa lymphati gerens
 Flammata facies spiritum ex alto citat
 Proclamat oculos uberi fletu ligat
 Renidet omnis specimen affectus capit,
 Hæret, minatur, æstuat, queritur, gemit 390
 Quo pondus animi verget? ubi ponet minas?
 Ubi se iste fluctus franget? exundat furor
 Non facile secum versat aut medium scelus
 Se vincet ire novimus veteres notas
 Magnum aliquid inflat, efferum, immane, impium 395
 Vultum furoris cerno Diu fallant metum!

the oars! Any vessel can now sail about on the sea!
 Old landmarks have disappeared, and cities inclose them-
 selves with walls, upon fresh, newly-discovered lands!
 The world, universally traversable, has left nothing
 in that place, in which it was originally found! The
 swarthy Indian sips the cooling streams of the Alaxis, the
 Persians quench their thirst with the waters of the Elbe
 and Rhine! The times will arrive later on, as the years

roll onwards in which the ocean will remove the impediments which now retard human affairs and a new earth will be opened up to mankind and the votaries of Tiphys (followers of the sea) will discover fresh worlds and the present Thule (that island in the Northern Ocean) will not be the Ultima Thule in future worlds!

ACT III

NURSE—MEDEA

Medea rushes headlong towards the execution of her revenge the nurse dissuading her from her projects but in vain

NURSE

O H! Nurseling why pacesst thou about the house so excitedly? Do not give way thus but control thy passion and curb thy impetuosity! As when the Mænad (Bacchanal) becomes furious from the influence she receives from the God on the summits of snowy Pindus or mountain tops of Nysa and just as she might have followed up wildly her inspired movement so hither and thither Medea runs to and fro in a similarly wild manner and revealing in her expression the look of maddened fury, her flushed face shows that she is drawing her breath hard (from the lowest parts of her lungs)—she cries and her eyes are overflowing with the tears arising out of her temper! She then brightens up on a sudden—laughs—in fact every passing mental mood takes its turn as it is uppermost (at one time pleased with the hope of carrying out her revenge at another anger at her past thwarted aspirations) She seems one minute to hesitate as to what she should do then she begins to threaten shaking her head and groans! To what end pressure lead? Upon whom anger? When will that tempestuous wave of passion exhaust itself? Her anger is now at an overflowing height! in her mind any She will surpass some of her past and gone bursts of anger but something I am positive is now brewing that is dreadful something on a large scale—something truly impious! I see fury marked on her countenance! May the Gods above only undeceive me as to my apprehensions that is all!

MIO Si quis odio, misera, quem statuas modum,
 Inuitare amorem regis egon' ut facis
 Inuita patiar segnis hic ibit dies,
 Tanto petitus ambitu, tanto datus— 400
 Dum terra calum media libratum feret,
 Nitidusque certis mundus exolvit vices
 Numerusque arenis decernit, & solem diis,
 Noctem sequentur astra dum siccas polus
 Versabit Arctos, flumina in pontum cadent,
 Nunquam meus cessabit in parvis furor 405
 Crescetque semper quæ scitatum immunitas,
 Quæ Scylla, quæ Charybdis, Ausonium mare
 Siculumque sorbens quæque inheliam premens
 Titana, tantis Altra servescit minis 410
 Non rapidus amnis, non procellosum mare,
 Pontusque Coro furvus, aut vis ignium
 Adjuta stru, possit inhibere impetum
 Irasque nostras sternam & evertam omnia
 Immut Creontem, ac bella Thesalici ducis— 415
 Amor timere neminem verus potest
 Sed cesserit corctus, & dederit manus,
 Adire certe, & conjugem extremo illoqui
 Sermone potuit hoc quoque extimuit seros
 Lavare certe tempus immotis fugæ 420
 Gencro licebat liberis unus dies
 Datus duobus non queror tempus breve
 Multum pretebit faciet, hic faciet dies
 Quod nullus unquam taceat invidiam Deos,
 Et cuncta quatuor NUIR Recipe turbatum malis 425
 Heu, peccatus unum mitigæ MIO Sola est quies
 Mecum ruina cuncta si video obruta
 Mecum omnia iberant trahere, cum periers, libet
 NUIR Quam multa sint timenda, si perstas, vide
 Nemo potentes aggredi tutus potest 430

MEDEA (*to herself*)

If thou wishest, oh my miserable self, to decide what limits thou shouldst impose upon thy justly-evoked hatred, take as a guide the inordinate amount of love thou hast wasted, and follow that! Shall I for one moment endure unrevenge the sight of this royal marriage rivalling my own legitimate pretensions? Shall this "one" day then be spent to an idle purpose?—sought for with so much importunity, granted by Creon with such great reluctance! Whilst this earth of ours continues to be poised in the heavens, and whilst the world of shining constellations continues to show themselves at certain recurring seasons, and as long as the sands on the sea-shore continue as they are,—numberless—and as long as the bright day appears as soon as Phœbus peeps above the horizon, and as long as the stars continue

to show themselves with the advent of night and so long as the polar heavens regulate the movement of the Northern Bear and preserve it in its siccity (the Bears are called sicce or dry as they never set) and so long as the tidal rivers find their way back to the sea never will my thirsty rage cease to urge me on to inflict the punishment I am now contemplating and what is more, it will only increase in its intensity! What savage ferocity of the wild beasts—what Scylla—what Charybdis swallowing in their irresistible gulfs the Ausonian and Sicilian seas—what *Ætna* which pressed down with its weight the panting Titan (Enceladus) ever burns so vividly or so much as my flaming anger? Not the rapidly flowing river—not the tempestuous ocean nor the sea raging from the violence of the East wind nor the heat of the flames fanned into intensity by the wind *playing upon them could possibly restrain the force of my anger!* I will scatter and overthrow every thing in my path! Am I silly enough to believe that Jason goes in any fear of Creon or the threatened warlike invasion of Acistus the Thessalian King? No!—True love can never be made to fear any one! But let us suppose that he may have yielded under compulsion and surrendered his authority in the matter he might have come to me that is certain and spoken a few last parting words to his wife! But does he although fierce enough on other occasions fear to do even this? It was quite within the power of a son in law to relax the cord and give me a little more time for my flight! One entire day is set apart to bid my children good bye! I do not complain of the shortness of the time but much this day shall
 Considering that
 I will appeal
 in motion as

NURSE

Oh my mistress rid thyself of a mind so disturbed
 by evil passions do calm thy temper

MEDEA

NURSE

Consider how many contingencies are to be dreaded
 if thou wilt persist no one can attack the will and power
 of a King with impunity

JASON, MEDEA

Jasonem, gravatim Medeam deferentem, seque excusantem aggreditur
Medea opprobriis, precibus, simulata conciliatione

O DURA fati semper, & sortem asperam,
Cum sœvit, & cum parci, ex æquo malum!
Remedia toties invenit nobis Deus
Periculis pejora? si vellem fidem
Præstare meritis conjugis, leto fuit 435
Caput offerendum si mori nolim, fide
Miseram carendum est non timor vicit virum,
Sed trepida pietas quippe sequeretur necem
Proles parentum o sancta, si cœlum incolis,
Justitia, numen invoco ac testor tuum 440
Nati patiem viceire quin ipsam quoque,
Eti si ferox est corde, nec patiens jugi,
Consulere natis malle, quam thalami, reor
Constituit animus precibus iratam aggredi
Atque ecce, viso memet, exsiluit, furit 445
Fert odia præ se, totus in vultu est dolor
MED Fugimus, Jason, fugimus hoc non est novum,
Mutare sedes causa fugiendi nova est
Pro te solebam fugere discedo, exeo
Penatibus profugere quam cogis tuis, 450
Ad quos remittis? Phasin & Colchos petam,
Patriumque regnum, quæque fraternus cruor
Perfudit arva? quas peti terras jubes?
Quæ maria monstras? Pontici fauces freli?
Per quas revei nobiles regum manus, 455
Adulterum secuta per Symplegadas?
Parvamne Iolcon, Theffala an Tempe petam?
Quascunque aperui tibi vias, clusi mihi
Quo me remittis? exsuli exsilium imperas,
Nec das eatur regius jussit gener 460

JASON—MEDEA

Medea attacks Jason with violent reproaches for deserting
her and excusing himself, and then at his entreaties,
pretends to be conciliated

JASON

OH! ye Fates always severe, oh the bitter condition
of my own lot, equally so in its results, whether it
is accorded as an angry visitation, or whether it is
intended to be an act of clemency! How often does
the Deity devise remedies for us, which are more disas-
trous in their effects than the evils they are intended to

ameliorate! (For example) If I wish to manifest my fidelity towards the reasonable claims of a wife my life would be demanded as the sacrifice! If I should not feel disposed to die in this manner I should be taunted with not holding to my unfortunate vows (in another quarter) and it would not be that this arose from any lack of manly spirit but simply the anxious affectionate love I entertain for my children for the offspring would be sure to have to undergo the fate of the parent! Oh holy Astrea! (Goddess of Justice) if thou art still to be found in the heavens I invoke thee and call to my aid thy divine assistance! The love for my children has compelled me to elect to live and I suppose that Medea herself although she is of a naturally ferocious disposition would rather consult the interests and welfare of her children than trouble her head any more about this marriage business! At all events I have made up my mind to approach her with my intercessions however angry I may find her!

(This as she is coming here) Ah! Behold! Here she comes and directly she catches sight of me she jumps about, and becomes frantic! She is really exceeding herself in her hatred and anger shows up in every lineament of her visage!

MEDEA

Jason I am sent into exile—I shall flee—such a thing as changing my habitat is no new thing to me but the reason for my doing so now is rather a novel one. Formerly I exiled myself for thy sake and to avoid an angry father and again to get out of the way of Acastus—I am leaving this country and I go as an exile how is it that thou compellest me to fly from thy tutelary Penates? To whom art thou consigning me? Shall I have to seek Phasis or Colchis—and my father's kingdom and the country where my brother's blood was spilled? What land dost thou command me to seek? What seas canst thou point out? The straits of the Fuxine through which I once conducted back in safety the noble troop of kings (the Argonauts) I followed the adulterous Jason across the Symplegades or shall it be the unpretentious Iolchus or shall I seek out the Thessalian Tempe? Now all these places which I have brought to thy notice are closed to me! (I have made my own country and Thessaly hostile to me)—where dost thou mean to send me? Thou orderest me to be exiled but thou dost not provide me with a place of exile! Let it be so then! The Royal son in law has only to command

Nihil recusato dira supplicia ingere,
 Merui cruentis pellicem pœnis premere
 Regalis ira, vinculis oneret manus,
 Clusamque saxo noctis æternæ obruit,
 Minora meritis patitur ingratum caput!
 Revolvat animus igneos tauri hilitus,
 Interque sævos gentis indomitæ metus,
 Armifero in arvo flammicum Ætæ pecus,
 Hostisque subiti telæ cum iussu meo
 Terrigenæ miles mutatur corde occidit
 Adice expectata spolia Phrygiæ arietis,
 Somnoque iussum lumina ignoto dære
 Infomne monstrum traditum fratrem neci,
 Et scelere in uno non semel factum scelus,
 Iussusque natas fraude deceptas meri,
 Secare membra non revolvitur senis
 Aliena quærens regna, deserui meri
 Per spes tuorum liberum, & certum larem,
 Per victa monstra, per manus, pro te quibus
 Nunquam peperci, perque præteritos metus,
 Per cælum, & undas, conjugii testes mei,
 Misere redde supplici felix vicem
 Ex opibus illis, quas procul raptas Scythiæ
 Usque a perustis Indiæ populis petunt,
 Quas quia referta vix domus græzas capit,
 Ornatus auro nemora, nil exsul tuli,
 Nisi fratris artus hos quoque impendi tibi
 Tibi patria cessit, tibi pater, frater, pudor
 Hac dote nupsi redde fugient sua
 JAS Perimere cum te vellet infestus Creon,
 Lacrimis meis evictus, exilium dedit
 MED Pœnam putabam, munus, ut video, est fuga
 JAS Dum licet abire, profuge, teque hunc eripe

and it is I, who cannot refuse to obey—heap on me the most cruel punishments, if thou likest—I deserve it all,—let Creon's royal anger, too, oppress me with the most merciless penalties, just as if I were some common concubine—let him load my hands with chains, and shut me out from the world, hidden away in some Scythian cave, surrounded by perpetual darkness—I shall suffer less than I deserve, thou mayst think, oh! thou ungrateful man (alluding to her acts towards her father, mother and Pelias) Does thy memory take thee back, Jason, to the flames, breathed forth by the Bull? and, when exposed to the savage terrors of that indomitable race, the ferocious troop, which sprang up already armed in the plains of Ætæa, and when the darts of that suddenly arriving enemy were threatening thee, and how, at my command, those earth-born soldiers fell one after the other,

fighting amongst themselves! Add to this that much
coveted prize the Golden Fleece of the Phrixean ram!
and how I caused by my enchantment that draconian
monster which had never before known what sleep was
to be brought under the influence of my Lethæan sopori-
fic! How too my brother was handed over to death
and each crime committed by me but not simultaneously
is now to be quoted as one crime my crime! And when
the daughters of Pelias cajoled by my deceitful machin-
ations were ordered to cut up the body of their ancient
father who was never to live again as I had promised
he should all this was when I was seeking another king-
dom (for thee) and deserting my own! I conjure thee
Jason by the hopes thou mayst entertain regarding my
children born to thee by Creusa—by the security of
thy domestic surroundings—by the monster I have con-
quered for thy benefit by these very hands of mine
which have never spared themselves where thou wert
concerned and by the past dangers from which I have
rescued thee—by the heavens above—by the waters
below the witnesses of my marriage have some mercy
on me
a good
the rem
as the
Indian
scarcely
with gold (the Golden Fleece used to hang from the
branches of an oak)—as an exile I brought none of these
things nothing but the limbs of a murdered brother
I lay these entirely to thy account—My country was
given up for thee—my father—my brother—my maidenly
shame! I married thee having these as my dowry re-
turn them to me as I am about to enter upon my exile!

JASON

When Creon wished for thy death prevailed on by my tears he conceded the alternative of exile

MEDEA

I thought exile was intended as a punishment now I am to regard it in the light of a valuable gift!

JASON

Take my advice whilst thou art able to get away but take flight and get thyself hence—The anger of Kings is always a difficult thing to deal with

Gravis ira regum est semper MED Hoc furdes mihi,
 Præter Creusæ, pellicem inuisam amoves 495
 JAS Medea amores obicit MED Et eadem, & dolos
 JAS Objicere crimen quod potes tandem mihi
 MED Quodcumque feci JAS Restat hoc unum insuper,
 Tuus ut etiam sceleribus fiam nocens
 MED Iur illa, tur sunt illa, cui prodest scelus, 500
 Is fecit omnes conjugem infamem arguant,
 Solus tuere, solus infontem voca
 Tibi innocens sit, quisquis est pro te nocens
 JAS Ingrata vita est, cujus acceptæ pudet
 MED Retinenda non est, cujus acceptæ pudet 505
 JAS Quin potius ira concitum pectus doma
 Placue natis MED Abdico, juro abnuo
 Meis Creusæ liberis fratres dabit
 JAS Regina natis exsulum, afflictis potens
 MED Non veniat unquam tam malus miseris dies, 510
 Qui prole sæda miscet prolem inelutram,
 Phœbi nepotes Sisyphi nepotibus
 JAS Quid, misera, meque teque in exitum trahis?

MEDI A

Dost thou really persuade me to do this—Thou preferest thy beloved Creusa, and want to have me moved away as an objectionable rival or some cast-off mistress!

JASON

Does Medea object so much then to my amours?

MEDEA

Yes, and thy murders and deceitful perfidious deeds as well!

JASON

What is the crime, after all, with which thou wishest to charge me?

MEDEA

With whatever I have been induced to commit!

JASON

Furthermore, this one thing remains, in which thou still persistest that I am to be viewed as a criminal, on account of thy crimes!

MEDEA

They are thine—they are all thine certainly, he virtually commits a crime who is an accessory before the fact and who gladly partakes of the proceeds of a crime! Suppose then that every one points to thy wife and brands her with infamy thou art the only champion who is bound to defend her, and the only one bound to call her innocent! Whoever is acting in thy interests in a criminal capacity deserves at least some claim for innocence at thy hands!

JASON

Life is very distasteful when one has cause to blush for it

MEDEA

Then life needs no longer to be retained when the blushing fit supervenes!

JASON

But really is it not rather desirable for thee to restrain the anger raging in thy heart and to quiet thyself for the sake of the children?

MEDEA

I renounce them—I resign them—I utterly repudiate them! Will not Creusa furnish brothers for my children?

JASON

A powerful queen will be the protectress of the children of an exile

MEDEA

Never shall such a miserable day as that arrive for me when my illustrious progeny the grandsons of a Phœbus shall be huddled together with the ignoble descendants of a Sisypheus!

JASON

Why miserable woman dost thou wish to drag me into exile with thyself? Go away I beseech thee

Abscede, quæso MED Supplicem audivit Creo
 JAS Quid facere possim, eloquere MED Pro me³ vel scelus 515
 JAS Hinc rex, & illinc MED Est & his major metus,
 Medea nos configere certemus, sine,
 Sit pretium Jason JAS Cedo defessus malis,
 Et ipsa casus sæpe jam expertos time
 MED Fortuna semper omnis intra me stetit 520
 JAS Acastus instat, propior est hostis Creo
 MED Utrumque profuge nolo ut in focerum manus
 Armes, nec ut te cæde cognata inquires,
 Medea cogit innocens mecum fuge
 JAS Et quis resistet, gemina si bella ingruant³ 525
 Creo atque Acastus arma si jungant sua³
 MED His adice Colchos, adice Æeten ducem,
 Scythas Pelasgis junge demersos dabo
 JAS Alta extimesco sceptrâ MED Ne cupias, vide
 JAS Suspecta ne sint, longa colloquia amputa 530
 MED Nunc summe toto Juppiter cælo tona
 Intende dextram vindices flammâs para,
 Omnemque ruptis nubibus mundum quate
 Nec diligenti tela librentur manu
 Vel me, vel istum quisquis e nobis cadet, 535
 Nocens peribit non potest in nos tuum

MEDEA

Even Creon listened to me as a suppliant!

JASON

What can I do? Explain thyself fully

MEDEA

For me! Everything! Any crime even!

JASON

Two kings are against us—Creon here—and Acastus yonder!

MEDEA

If the truth be known, Medea is a greater source of dread to them, than they are to her! Let me enter the lists, single-handed, for our joint benefit! I can fight,—let me do so,—and Jason shall be the reward of my victory!

JASON

I acknowledge myself dead-beaten,—with troubles,—thoroughly worn out, and thou, thyself, hadst better go in dread of repeating some of thy old experiments

MEDEA

Fortune hitherto has always been at my feet!

JASON

Acastus is on the march and the other enemy Creon is nearer!

MEDEA

Let us fly together, I am unwilling to arm my hands against any father-in-law nor does Medea urge by any means that Jason should soil his hands with the blood of his kinsman. Fly then with me and thou wilt be innocent of such deeds!

JASON

And who could resist such a force if a double war be entered upon as it were if Creon and Acastus were to join their armies!

MEDEA

Now think of the Colchian battalions—now think of the generalissimo of Ætæa with his army and then add to them the Scythian and Grecian contingents—why I would drive the enemy into the sea with these

JASON

I really fear the terrible power appertaining to the sceptre!

MEDEA

Rather consider whether it is thou art hankering after it thyself!

JASON

Lest we may excite suspicion by this long interview let me suggest that our conversation should come to a close

MEDEA

Now oh! mighty Jupiter thunder forth throughout the entire heavens—Stretch forth thy right hand prepare thy avenging lightnings and shake up the whole universe as they dispel the clouds with their violence nor let thy lightnings be delicately balanced for any defined aim! It does not matter let them strike either myself or Jason whichever of the two might happen to fall a culprit will be sure to perish therefrom so that thy lightnings can make no mistake as to the one upon whom they should strike!

Eriare fulmen JAS Sina meditari incipe,
 Et placida fure si quid ex foculi domo
 Poteſt fugam levare, ſolumen pete
 MED Contemnere animus regias, ut ſcis, opes 540
 Poteſt, ſoletque liberos tantum fugæ
 Habere comites liceat, in quorum ſinu
 Lacrimas profundam te novum rati mentent
 JAS Prætere precibus cupere me, fateor, tuis,
 Pietas vetit namque iſtud ut poſſim præti, 545
 Non ipſe memet cogat & rex, & foculi
 Hæc cauſa vitæ eſt, hoc peruſti pectoris
 Cuius evamen ſpiritu citius queam
 Cuiere, membris, luce MED Sic natos amari
 Bene eſt tenetur vulnere patuit locus 550
 Suprema certe liceat abeuntem loqui
 Mandata liceat ultimum amplexum dare
 Gratum eſt & illud Voce præ extrema peto,
 Ne ſi qua noſter dubius effudit dolor,
 Menerint in animo verba melioris tibi 555
 Memoria noſtri ſubeat hæc iræ data
 Obliterentur JAS Omnia ex animo expuli
 Precorque, & ipſi fervidum ut mentem regas,
 Placideque tractes miſerias lenit quies
 MED Diſceſſit itan' eſt vadis oblitus mei, 560
 Et tot meorum facinorum excidimus tibi
 Nunquam excidemus hoc age, omnes advoca
 Vires & artes ſtructur eſt ſceleum tibi,
 Nullum ſcelus putare viæ fraudi eſt locus
 Timemur, hac aggredere, qua nemo poteſt 565
 Quidquam timere perge nunc aude, incipe,

JASON

Now do begin to meditate reaſonable things, and ſpeak of more pleaſant topics, and, if anything can be done to lighten the blow of having to quit the palace of the father-in-law,—ſeek my aid

MEDEA

My diſpoſition, as thou full well knoweſt, is accuſtomed, and can afford, to deſpiſe royal aſſiſtance—only let me have my children as companions in my exile, upon whoſe boſoms I can occaſionally ſhed my maternal tears. Freſh children will remain for thee, the gifts of Creuſa!

JASON

I freely confeſs, that I ſhould be willing to comply with thy wiſhes in that reſpect, but my own affection for

my children would forbid such a thing! And not even a King or a father-in-law would compel me to do what I could not under any circumstances permit myself to do! My children are now the chief object of my life the only solace to a heart burnt up with carking care! I could give up the very breath I draw with greater willingness—my own miserable body would rather deny itself the very light of heaven

MEDEA

So I see! He dearly loves his children! I have him there at all events I know now where to strike my blow! (this said to herself) Surely I might be allowed to say a few parting words to my children before I go and be permitted to give them a last embrace that indeed would be a great consolation and I ask for that favor most earnestly and if any undue or unintentional anger has been manifested on my part let what I have said in my excited state of mind be regarded as empty words in fact unsaid and let thy memory hark back to kinder things as regards myself let what could be imputed to anger be entirely forgotten

JASON

I have banished all these things from my mind and I entreat thee henceforward to control thy hasty temper and deal with things in a calm spirit—Rest is a marvellous sedative to the troubled mind

MEDEA

He has gone! And is this the way he goes? Thou Jason go away! And I am simply to pass out of thy memory as well as the many dreadful deeds I have done in thy behalf! I am forgotten by thee eh! But I will never be forgotten by thee nevertheless! Now set to work Medea call to thy aid all thy resources and magical arts—thus this is the climax of all the crimes that I have committed for thee to have arrived at this conclusion—that nothing I can do now can be viewed in the light of a crime!

But there is scarcely any opportunity now for any of my experimental jugglery I am suspected—I am watched—let my plan of attack be devised in such a mode that no one can possibly suspect anything I et

Quidquid potes, Medea, quidquid non potes
 Tu, fida nutrix, socia mœioris mei,
 Vaniique casus, miseri consilii adjuva
 Est palli nobis, munus ætheriæ domus,
 Decusque regni, pignus Ætæ datum
 A Sole generis est & auro textili
 Monile fulgens, quodque gemmarum nitor
 Distinguit aurum, quo solent cingi comæ
 Hæc nostra nati dona nubenti ferant,
 Sed ante diris illis ac tincta artibus
 Vocetur Hecate sacra luctificæ apparuit
 Statuantui are, flammæ jam tectis sonet

CHORUS ,

Canit Chorus, *Rejectæ uxori quot amore dolores polluto, notumque
 furcens quid femina posset, & cum cæteri Argonæute pœnis
 dederint violati maris, Jasoni bene precatur*

NULLA vis flammæ, tumidique venti
 Tanta, nec telæ metuendæ torti
 Quanta, cum conjux viduata tædis
 Ardet & odit

Non ubi hibernos nebulosus imbres
 Austri advenit, properatque torrens
 Istei, & junctos vetat esse pontes,
 Ac vagus erit

Non ubi impellit Rhodanus profundum,
 Aut ubi in rivos nivibus solutus
 Sole jam forti, medioque vere
 Tabuit Hæmus

Cæcus est ignis stimulatus ira,
 Nec regi curat, patiturve frenos
 Haud timet mortem, cupit ire in ipsos
 Obvius enses

Parcite, o Divi veniam precamur
 Vivat ut tutus, mære qui subegit
 Sed fuit vinci dominus profundi
 Regna secunda

Ausus æternos agitare currus
 Immemori metæ juvenis præternæ,
 Quos polo sparsis, furiosus ignes
 Ipse recepit

me proceed, at once, let me dare any deed, and let me
 now begin!
 Thou, my faithful nurse, companion in my miseries,

and sharer in my various aspects of fortune assist me in carrying out my wretched projects! Thou knowest there is a cloak of mine the gift to our celestial family and the proud heirloom of our dynasty a token given to Aëta by Phoebus to commemorate his lofty descent there is also a neck ornament interwoven with gold embroidery and another article a chaplet which I used to wear round my head and in which the brilliant gems show off the gold to great advantage! The sons shall bear these presents from me to the bride as my especial wedding gifts but let these presents be dipped and impregnated beforehand with my destructive preparations and got ready for their fatal purpose then Hecate must be invoked! Let me prepare the funeral sacrifices—let the altars be got ready and may the palace resound with the alacrity of the flames as they ply before the altar

CHORUS

The Chorus sings of the inordinate anger entertained by a cast-off wife at her thwarted love and what a furious woman is capable of to make it felt and whilst the rest of the Argonauts have suffered punishment for having infringed the sanctity of the sea Jason is fervently prayed for

NO violence of the angry flames no tempestuous winds—no arrow that was ever shot from the bow—are to be dreaded so much as a wife bereaved of her nuptial rights and who (at the same time) is obstinately clinging to her love and is nursing her pent up wrath when it is unacknowledged Not less indeed than when the south wind charged with its cumulous nebulosities bursts upon us with its winter rains—nor when the swollen Danube rushes on in torrents and breaks down the bridges built across it and overflows its very banks! Nor when the angry Rhone is forcing back the waves nor when Mount Hymus denuded of its snowy mantle sends down in torrents towards the rivers the snows which have been melted by the fierce solar heat—following that of mid spring—the blind unreasoning passion is excited more and more by the rage engendered through its being thwarted it does not care to be influenced by reason and will suffer no restraint—it does not even fear death and is willing to face the point of the sword itself! Be merciful oh! ye gods we implore your pardon that Jason who subdued the sea shall live in security and although the Deity of the Ocean depths (Neptune) is angry that his, the second kingdom should have been triumphed

Constitit nulli vir nota magno
 Vade, qua tutum populo priori
 Rumpe nec facro, violente, fructu
 Fœdera mundi 605

Quisquis audacis tetigit castra
 Nobiles remos, nemoisue fructu
 Pelion densa spoliorum umbræ
 Quisquis intravit scopulos vagantes,
 Et tot emensus pelagi laboies,
 Barbaia funem religavit ora,
 Raptor externi redditus auri,
 Exitu diro temerata ponti
 Jura pravit 615

Exigit pœnas mæie provocatum
 Tiphys in primis domitor profundi
 Liquid indocto regimen magistro,
 Litoie externo procul a patris
 Occidens regnis, tumuloque vili
 Tectus, ignotis jacet inter umbras
 Aulis amissi memor inde regis
 Portibus lentis retinet curas
 Stare querentes 620

Ille vocali genitus Camœna,
 Cujus ad choïdas modulante plectro
 Restitit torrens, siluere venti,
 Cui suo cantu volucris relicto
 Adfuit tota comitante silva,
 Thracios sparsus jacuit per agros
 At caput tristi fluitavit Hebio
 Contigit notam Styga, Tartarumque,
 Non redditus 630

Stravit Alcides Aquilone natos
 Patre Neptuno genitum necavit,
 Sumere innumeras solitum figuras
 Ipse post terræ pelagique pacem,
 Post feri Ditis patefacta regna,
 Vivus ardenti iecubans in Cæta,
 Prebuit sævis sur membra flammis,
 Tabe consumtus gemini ciuius
 Muneie nuptæ 635

Stravit Ancæum violentus exitu
 Scigei fratres, Meleagie, matris
 Impius mactas, morerisque dextra 645

over, as it was, by the Argonauts,—that youth Phaeton, who did not pay attention to his father's track, dared to

drive the eternal chariots of the sun recklessly through space and he only met with a fiery end! (struck down by Jupiter's lightnings) The well known beaten track is attended with danger to no man let us go then where people before us have trodden with safety do not let us attempt to break through the time sanctified institutions of the Universe by any violent measures of our own! Whoever handled the illustrious oars of that audacious Argo and actually despoiled for their construction the

destruction) and having crossed such a sea after much difficulty at last fastened their cable (let go their cable) upon a barbarous coast to return as the captors of the golden fleece by a terrible end they have all expiated their rash invasion of the dignity of the ocean depths for those ocean depths when provoked deal out their penalties with severity! Tiphys among the first that subduer of the waves left his code of navigating instructions to inexperienced pilots and dying far away from the land of his fathers on a foreign shore was buried in some mean grave and is now smouldering in the dust among the remains of other ordinary but unknown mortals! Aulis mindful of the missing King retained the ships in the harbours with a dead calm whilst the mariners complained loudly at their detention! Orpheus who was born of the vocal muse Calliope the sound of whose lyre struck by his music evoking plectrum actually stayed the force of the very torrents and silenced the winds themselves at whose harmonies the birds ceased

head floated down the waters of the sorrowing Hebrus (Orpheus was torn to pieces by the Ciconian women) He has reached his final home the Styx and the realms of Tartarus never more to return! Alcides slew the sons of Boreas (Zetes and Calais)—he also slew the grandson of Neptune (Periclymenus) who was accustomed to assume a variety of shapes and after peace ensued between the sea and after the terrible Kingdom of Pluto had been laid open to his view Alcides himself whilst still alive lay across the burning Oeta and surrendered his body to the cruel flames having been previously exhausted by the lethal effects of a double poison the virus of the serpent of Lerna and the poisoned robe prepared from the hoof of the Centaur Nessus and given as a present to Alcides by his wife, (to recover his waning affection)

Matris iratæ meruere cuncti
 Morte quod crimen tener expiavit
 Herculi magno puer irreperitus?
 Raptus est tutus puer inter undas
 Ite nunc fortes, pererrate pontum
 Fonte timendo

650

Idmonem, quævis bene fatis noffet,
 Condidit suspens Libycis venis
 Omnibus verax, sibi falsus uni
 Concidit Mopsus, caruitque Thebis
 Ille si vere occidit futura,
 Exsul errabit Thetidis maritus
 Igne fallaci nociturus Argis
 Nauplius præceps cadet in profundum
 Patrioque pendet crimine pœnas
 Fulmine & ponto moriens Oileus
 Conjugis fatum redimens Pheræi
 Uxor impendes animam marito
 Ipse, qui prædam spoliūque iussit
 Auleum prima reveli carina,
 Ustus accenso Pelias alieno
 Astit angustis vagus inter undas
 Iam fatus, Divi, male vindicatus
 Paucite iusso

655

660

665

ACTUS QUARTUS

NUTRIX

Quid agat Medea, quid paret, narrat NUTRIX

P AVET animus, horret, magna perniciēs adest
 Immane quantum augefcit, & semet dolor
 Accendit ipse, vimque præteritam integrat
 Vidi fuentem, sæpe & aggressam Deos,
 Cælum trahentem majus his, majus parat
 Medea monstium namque ut attonito gradu

670

675

—Ancæus perished by the fangs of the ferocious wild boar—Oh! Meleager, thou sacrificedst the brothers of thy mother, and will die by the hands of that angry mother! Thus they have all richly deserved their fate! But, what offence has that tender little boy Hylas, who was never found by the mighty Hercules, expiated by his death? Alas! He was supposed to have been conveyed over very tranquil waters! Depart on your hardy enter-

prises oh ye mariners and you that could aforetime dread a simple fountain may now wonder it will over the seas Idmon although he arrogated to himself a prescience of coming event was buried away at last in the throat of the serpent on the sands of Libya and of course met his end! Mopsus too the infallible oracle with everybody played false to himself only at last and died far away from Thebes! If Mopsus had only predicted the future with accuracy the husband of Iphigeneia was to wander as an exile in foreign land and Nauplius who was bent upon injuring the Greeks by his misleading fires threw himself headlong into the sea! Oileus (Ajax) will expiate the crimes of his father and will die by the lightnings of Jupiter and find a resting place in the sea! Alceus the daughter of Prius to avert the fate of her Thracian husband (Admetus) will give up as a compensation her own life to save his! And Pelias himself who ordered the booty and stolen fleece to be carried back in the first vessel returning to Colchis had his remains thoroughly consumed in the heated caldron his dismembered parts tossing about angrily as they were being boiled in a scanty supply of water! Now, we have sung enough oh! ye gods! You have fully vindicated the honor of the God of the Sea (Neptune) but please in mercy spare Jason who after all was a mere instrument in the hands of others! He only did as he was ordered

ACT IV

NURSE

The Nurse reports what Medea is doing and what she is preparing to carry out

MY mind grows alarmed is terrified—some disaster is imminent—how Medea's terrible anger is waxing still greater and she seems to be consuming herself inwardly with its intensity, she appears to be resuming all her ancient power over her magical accessories! I have noticed her raging and often assuming a threatening attitude as she was addressing the gods and invoking with her incantations the very heavens to assist her in her operations (the Moon and the Stars) Medea is now concocting something monstrous grander in its scope than anything she has ever done before for she slips away and at a furious pace and at length arrives at her terror striking secluded sanctum She displays all her

Evāsit, & penetrāle funestum attingit,
 Totas opes effudit, & quidquid diu
 Litum ipsi timuit, promit, atque omnem explicat
 Turbam malorum arcana, secreta, abdita
 Et triste lūna comprecans sacrum mīnu,
 Pestes vocat, quascunque ferventis creat
 Arena Libyæ, quæque perpetua nive
 Taurus coeicet frigore Arctoo rigens,
 Et omne monstrum trāctis magicis cantibus
 Squammiferi lutebus tumba desertis adest
 Hic seipens corpus immensum trahit,
 Insidiamque linguarum cæserat, & quærens quibus
 Mortiferi veniat crimine audito stupet,
 Tumidumque nodis corpus aggestis plicat,
 Cogitque in oibes parva sunt, inquit, mala,
 Et vile telum est, ima quod tellus crea
 Cælo petrum venenæ jam nunc tempus est
 Aliquid movere fraude vulgari altius
 Huc ille vāsti moie torrentis jecens
 Descendit anguis, cuius immensos dūc,
 Major minorque, sentiunt nodos ferre,
 Major Pelasgis, apta Sidoniis minor
 Pressasque tandem solvit Ophiuchus manus,
 Virusque fundit adit ad cantus meos
 Lacesse re ausus geminæ Python numina
 Et hydra, & omnis redeat Herculeæ manu
 Succisa seipens, cæde se reparans sura
 Tu quoque relictis pervigil Colchus ades,
 Sopite primum cantibus seipens meis
 Postquam evocavit omne serpentum genus,
 Congerit in unum frugis infuustæ mala
 Quæcunque generat invius saxis Eryx,
 Quæ fest opertis hieme perpetua jugis
 Sparfus cruore Crucafus Prometheus,
 Phætraque pugna Medus, aut Præthius levis,
 Et queis sagittas divites Arabes linunt,
 Aut quos sub axe fugido succos legunt
 Lucis Suevi nobiles Hercynius

magical paraphernalia and is getting ready with something, which for a long time she has not had the courage to tackle, she then brings into view a whole host of instruments of mischief, secret preparations, mysterious objects and things utterly unknown to any one but herself, and with her left hand raised (the left hand was always used before the gods that dealt in the black art) she utters a solemn, doleful prayer, and invokes all the pests and plagues, the elements of death and destruction, to come to her aid!—Whatever are produced in the scorching sands of Libya,—or whatever glacial Taurus, with its arctic, rigorous cold, has kept back beneath its perpetual

snows and every conceivable monster from both quarters—thereupon a scaly multitude present themselves drawn from their hiding places by her magical incantations! In one place a slowly moving serpent drags its huge body along and protrudes its three forked tongue as if seeking upon what it should dart forth its death dealing stings—it seemed stupefied by the incantations it had just listened to and it folds its swollen body in a spiral fashion its knots presenting the appearance of a huge knob And she then turns her thoughts to this orb and remarks that the mischief to be expected out of this does not amount to much and it is a sorry engine for my purpose which this lower earth can bring forth at its best No no I must look to the heavens above for what I want and now it is full time to put into motion and to exert myself for something more worthy of my skill than an ordinary everyday piece of wickedness! Let that serpent which lies along the heavens like some huge river come down hither at my bidding of whose immense nodes (this refers to an anatomical peculiarity of the serpent tribe) the two Bears the major and the minor feel the influence the major serving the ends of the Grecian navigators and the minor being more favorable to the Lyrian mariners let this enormous serpent containing constellation Ophiucus release itself from its restrictions to its capabilities (Medea here breathes the suggestion that being such an extensive group they might hamper each other) Then let the Lythron that once had the audacity to attack the twins Apollo and Diana answer to my incantations and the Hydra and every part of that serpent return which was cut off by the hands of Hercules and which multiplied after each part was destroyed come to my aid and oh thou dragon always on the watch leaving Colchis behind that I first lulled to sleep for the first time in thy existence by the potency of my incantation also come to me! After Medea had evoked every kind of serpent she collects together in one mass all the poisonous products of the vegetable world—whatever the inaccessible Eryx generates in its disintegrated rocks—whatever the Caucasus sprinkled with the blood of Prometheus can afford me from beneath those summits covered with perpetual snow and whatever poisons the rich Arabs rub over the points of their arrows and the warlike Mede with his deadly quivers or the swift Iarthian horsemen and whatever poisonous juices the intrepid Suevi in their frigid climate can gather from the Hercynian forests

Quodcunque tellus Vere nidifico crevit,
 Aut rigida cum jam Bruma decussit decus 715
 Nemorum, & nivali cuncta construxit gelu,
 Quodcunque gramen flore mortifero viret,
 Dniusve totis succus in radicibus
 Causis nocendi gignit, attrexerit manu
 Hæmonius illas contulit pestes Athos, 720
 Hæ Pindus ingens, illa Pangæi jugis
 Tenebram cruentæ falce deposuit comam,
 Hæc aluit altum gurgitem Tigris picemens,
 Danubius illas hæc per viuentes plagas
 Pepidis Hydaspes gemmiferi curiens aquas, 725
 Nomenque terris qui dedit Brætis suis,
 Hesperia pulcras manna linguenti vado,
 Hæc præter ferum est, dum parat Phœbeus diem,
 Illius altera nocte succisus frutex,
 At hujus ungue secta cantato seges 730
 Mortifera carpit gremia, ac serpentibus
 Sanicem exprimit, melleque & obscuris vis,
 Mœstique cori bubonis, & rure strigis
 Extracta vitæ viscera hæc scelestum artifex 735
 Discietur ponit his rapax vis ignium,
 His gelidæ pigri frigoris glacies inest
 Addit venenis verba, non istis minus
 Metuenda sonuit ecce vesano gradu,
 Canitque mundus vocibus primis tremit

MEDÆA

Invocatis manibus, & iste conceptis incantationibus, Medea
 veneficus illam pallam cum monili, aureoque cimuli,
 dono mittit ad Creusam per filios suos

COMPRECOR vulgus silentium, vosque feræles Deos, 740
 Et Chaos cæcum, atque opacum Ditis umbrosi domum,
 Tartari ipis ligatos squalidæ Mortis specus,

and whatever poison is produced during the nest-building spring, or when the rigorous winter ruthlessly destroys the beauty of the gladsome grove, and hardens every thing with its nipping winter frosts,—whatever grass that grows, aspiring to produce, even one poisonous floret! and whatever dangerous juices, giving rise to injurious properties from their roots having been carefully manipulated—Medea holds all these in her hands! (Medea then begins their enumeration) Ah! Thessalian Athos has

contributed these poisonous specimens lofty Pindus this! And this one is from the summits of Pangeus and I see it has drooped its tender head at the approach of the blood stained pruning knife! Well! The banks of the Tigris with its deep rapids has reared this gem of a poison! This one comes from the Danube—this from the banks of the gem yielding Hydaspes which in its course waters with its tepid streams the arid plains around and the banks of the Batis which gives its name to the adjacent lands and coursing onwards in languid streams throws itself into the Hesperian Sea—This specimen (taken up another) I see has been cut with a knife before Phœbus entered upon his diurnal track (before day light) this shrub evidently was cut in the dead hour of the night but this one (handling it very carefully) is the golden harvest (god send) of the entire collection for it has been nicked with the nail of some one versed in magical incantations! She then gathers together the poisonous grasses and squeezes out all the virus from the serpents! Then she devotes some time to the poisons yielded by the foul birds of prey—she selects the heart of the mournful voiced common owl and the entrails cut out of the inside of the screech owl—whilst alive—these venomous articles of destruction this architect of crimes this scientific poisoner arranges in order! She then adds to these the rapacious power of the most active flames as an important item and whatever reside in the icy frost arising from the most rigorous degree of cold she adds as another element Having then examined all the poisons seriatim she ejaculates some menacing mystic words which from their tone do not sound less terrible than all the poisons put together! Hark! Here she comes along at a maddened pace sings forth some magic strains and as she is commencing her solemn chants the very earth seems to tremble at her first utterances

M F D E A

The Manes being invoked and the incantations having been duly carried out Medea sends through her sons to Creusa a cloak impregnated with a destructive agent together with a neck band and a golden head ornament as wedding presents

I CONJURE that silent multitude the Manes and oh! ye deities that preside over the affairs of those departed spirits Pluto and Proserpine and darkest chaos and the sombre palace of the God of the infernal regions and the dark caverns of loathsome Mors hemmed in

Supplicis animæ remissis currite ad thalamos novos
 Rotæ resistat membra torquens (ingrat Ixion humum
 Tantalus securus undas hauriat Pirenidæ 745
 Gravior pœna sedet conjugis foculo mei
 Lubricus per saxa retro Sisyphum volvat lapis
 Vos quoque, unis quas foras uritis ludis labor,
 Danaïdes, coite, vestras hic dies querit manus
 Nunc meis vocatæ facris nocturnum sidus veni, 750
 Pessimos induta vultus, fronte non una minas
 Tibi more gentis vinculo solvens comam,
 Secreti nudo nemora lustravi pede
 Et evocavi nubibus siccis æquas,
 Egique ad unum murræ, & Oceanus graves 755
 Interius undas æstibus viduis dedit
 Pariterque mundus lege confusa ætheris
 Et solem & æstera vidit & vetitum mare
 Fetigistis Urse temporum flexi vices
 Æstiva tellus floruit crantu meo, 760
 Messem coarctæ vidit hibernam Ceres
 Violenta Phæsis vertit in fontem vada,
 Et Ister in tot ora divisus, truces
 Compieffit undas, omnibus ipsis piger
 Sonuere fluctus, tumuit infanum mare 765
 Tricente vento nemoris antiqui domus
 Amisit umbram vocis imperio mere
 Die relicto Phœbus in medio stetit
 Hydresque nostris crantibus motæ labrant
 Adeste facris tempus est Phœbe tuis 770
 Tibi hæc cruentæ seitra texuntur manu,
 Novera quæ seipens ligat
 Tibi hæc, Iyphæus membra quæ discors tulit,
 Qui regnæ concussit Jovis
 Vectoris istic perfidi sanguis inest, 775
 Quem Nessus expirans dedit
 Cæteus isto cinere defecit iocus,
 Qui virus Heiculeum bibit

by the banks of the Tartarus, and let the guilty souls released from their punishment, for the nonce, hasten to the forthcoming novel marriage! (Medea calls it novel, because she considers herself the wife) Let the wheel, which is turning round the body of Ixion, stop its rotations, and suffer him to reach the ground once more! Let Tantalus, unbalked in his efforts, freely quench his thirst in the waters of the Pirenean fountain Let a much heavier punishment than his fall to the lot of the father-in-law of my husband (Creon) Let the slippery rock cease to roll back from the mountain upon Sisyphus!

Oh! ye Danaïdes, assemble ye likewise, cease to expend your vain labor of filling the perforated urn—this is the

day which will require useful exertions at your hands (acting up to thy previous example of slaying thy husband on the first night of thy marriage. And now! Oh! thou Star of the Night (the Moon) invoked by my sacred appeals come forth assume thy most marvellous looks but be thou not threatening in one of thy aspects only! but in all three of them (Diana Hecate I habe). It is for thee releasing my tresses from their fastenings after the fashion of nocturnal magicians that I have wandered through the solitary groves with my naked feet and have drawn down by my incantations copious showers from a cloudless sky and have caused the sea to sink down to its lowest depths whilst the ocean with its impetuous tides subdued by my powers has retired with its ponderous waters quite below its accustomed bed and in like manner the entire laws of the firmament have been controverted and placed in obedience and the wonderstruck world has been known to be gazing at the sun and the stars at one and the same moment of time and the Arctic Bears which are expressly forbidden to fall below the horizon have been made by me to dip themselves in the sea! I have changed the very order of the seasons the Earth has flourished with all the golden tints of summer and Ceres has been coerced into yielding a plentiful harvest in the very depths of winter—The turbulent waves of the Ithysis I have transformed into whispering streams! And the Danube which is divided into so many estuaries has been caused by me to draw in its threatening waters and has only modestly approached its various banks! The waves have sounded one moment like thunder and the sea has swelled with very rage when the winds were absolutely quiescent at my word of command the entire crew of some ancient forest has been suddenly denuded of its foliage—Phœbus has stopped at my bidding his fiery chariot in the middle of the day and the Hyades moved by my incantations have absolutely trembled! Oh I habe come thou to the sacrifice which I have prepared in honor of thee this chaplet intertwined with nine serpents thereon has been woven for thee by my very own bloodstained hands which are herewith at thy disposal are the very portions (the serpents) of the body although out of character once possessed by the recalcitrant Lyncæus (some of the giants had those appendages to their feet) when he shook from its very foundations the mighty Kingdom of Jupiter! Here is some of the blood of that treacherous abductor Nessus which he gave me himself when he was dying! These cinders are just imported from the funeral pile at Oeta which swallowed up the poison that destroyed

Pire fororis, impiæ matris facem, Uluicis Althææ vides	780
Reliquit istis invio plumas specu Harpyiæ, dum Zeten fugit	
Iis adice pennas fructu Stympthalidos, Leinæa præfæ spicula	
Sonantis <i>οἱ, αἱ</i> tripodas agnosco meos, Frivente commotos Dea	785
Video Tiivæ curus agiles, Non quos pleno lucida vultu Pernox agitat, sed quos facie Lurida mæstra, cum Theffalicis	790
Vexata minis, cælum fieno Propioie legit sic face tistem Pallida lucem funde per alas, Honore novo terre populos, Inque auxilium, Dictynna, tuum	795
Pretiosa sonent æia Corinthi Tibi sanguineo cæspite facium Solemne damus tibi de medio Raptæ sepulcro fax nocturnos	
Sustulit ignes tibi mota caput Flexæ voces cervice dedi	800
Tibi funereo de more jecens Passos cingit vitæ capillos Tibi jactatui tristis Stygia Ramus ab unda, tibi nudato	805
Pectore Mænas facio seniam Brachia cultio Manet noster sanguis ad aras Assuesce, manus, stringere ferrum, Causque pati posse cruores	810
Sacrum liticem percussa dedi Quod si nimium sæpe vocari Queris, votis ignosce, precor Causæ vocandi, Persei, tuos	
Sæpius arcus, una atque eadem Semper, lason tu nunc vestes	815
Tingue Cieusæ, quis cum primum Sumferit, mors uat seipens Flamma medullas ignis fulvo Clusus in auro lictet obscurus, Quem mihi, cæli qui fuit luit	820
Viscere sæto, dedit, & docuit Condere vires ante Prometheus	

Hercules! Here, you see the venitable torch of the revengeful mother, the impious Althæa, but at the same time affectionate sister—(Althæa killed her own son, because he slew her brothers)

Here are the identical feathers which the Harpy left

behind it in the cave so difficult of access when it flew away from Zetes! To these let me add the feathers of one of the Stymphalides which was wounded (brought down) by an arrow charged with the poison of the Lernaean Hydra! Hark! Hark! The altars are giving out a sound of some sort I fancy my tripod is in motion, the goddess then is favorable! I behold the graceful chariot of the triune goddess (on account of her three capacities) and not wearing that full crene face with which she usually shines all the night through but with that sad expression on her pale countenance which she presented when harried by the threatening importunities of the Theban magicians when she drew rein as she described her downward journey in quitting the skies! And in like manner let me diffuse through the air a doleful irradiation with my torch feebly burning let me astonish the people with this newly devised scare of mine and oh! Dictynna (another name for Hecate the tinkling brazen cymbals of Corinth held in such high estimation shall come to thy aid! It is to thee I will offer up a solemn sacrifice on the bloodstrewn leafy grass—for thee that the torch from the accommodating tomb has kept up its nocturnal blaze—it is for thee I was uttering my supplications when I turned round and moved my head excitedly (corymbantly) it was for thee that that my head dress surmounted my disordered lock after the fashion adopted at funerals! It is for thee that my hand is waving this mournful branch which was washed up by the Stygian streams it is for thee that with my breast laid bare as a Minard I will pierce my arms with the sacred knife that my own blood may flow at thy altars! Let me accustom myself to the drawing of the sword and let me be able to spare the loss of blood which now is all the more precious to me (She means she will require all her physical vigor to carry out the slaughter of her children) I have wounded (struck) myself and have supplied the sacrificial fluids But if thou shouldst complain that I call upon thee too much I entreat thee pardon my importunate demands! Oh! Hecate (another name for Hecate) they are always for one and the same object that I implore thy valuable assistance always Jason! And now let me impregnate this cloak for Creusa which as soon as she puts it on the creeping flames will consume the body down to the innermost marrow and the very bones containing it!

The fiery element inclosed in this gold is in a latent state at present a
Prometheus gave
theft from heaven

Dedit & tenui sulfure teclas	
Mulciber ignes & vivaces	825
Fulgura flammæ de cognito	
Phœthonte tibi habeo mediæ	
Donæ Chimææræ	
Habeo flammæ usque tauri	
Gutturæ ruptis, quas permixto	830
Felle Medusæ, tactum jussi	
Servare malum	
Adde venenis stimulos, Hecate,	
Donisque meis semina flammæ	
Conducta seiva fallunt visus,	835
Tinctusque seiant meet in pectus	
Venerisque calor stillent utus,	
Ossaque fument, vincatque furas	
Flagrante comæ nova nuptæ fides	
Vota tenentui, tei latus	840
Audæ Hecate dedit, & sacros	
Edidit ignes fide luctiferæ	
Pericla vis est omnis huc natos vocæ,	
Pretiosa per quos donæ nubenti seias	
Ite, ite nati, matris infusæ genus,	845
Placate vobis munere & multa prece	
Dominam & novercam vidite & celetes domum	
Referte gressus, ultimo amplexu ut fruar	

CHORUS

Furorem Medæ Chorus timet, malitiam ejus execratus

Q UONAM cruenta Mænis	
Præceps amoris sævo	850
Raptui quod impotenti	
Facinus præstat furoris	
Vultus citatus ira	
Riget, & caput feloci	
Quatiens superba motu	855
Regi minatur ultio	
Quis credat exultantem	
Flagrant genæ rubentes,	
Pallor fugat ruborem	

fed on them, each day, when they would re-appear) and who, at the same time, told me the best way of utilising its potency—and Vulcan gave me some of his fire from Ætna, covered over with thin layers of sulphur, and I

have also some of the identical lightning from the thunderbolt with which Jupiter killed Phrixion a kinsman of my own! I have likewise a contribution from that monster Chimæra which will be useful. I have some of the veritable flames which were breathed from the fiery mouth of the bull of Colchis which I have taken care to preserve as an especial destructive agent defying all detection mixing them with some of Medusa's gall! Oh! Hecate! Give energy to my various poisons preserve under thy careful surveillance these quintessences with my other offerings—let them defy all detection by the human eye and let them bear handling without suspicion—when brought into operation let the intense heat given out penetrate the chest and run through every vein! Let it traverse through every limb in the body and let the very bones send up their fumes (thoroughly carbonizing them) Let this new bride far outshine with her own burning locks (effects of the flames) her nuptial torch! My vows are held in favor! Hecate who has dared all this for me has just given me the watch cry three significant shouts! And she has brought her own sacred fire in her luminous torch every power is now brought to bear! Call the sons hither nurse to whom thou must intrust these precious gifts for the bride elect! Now go oh my sons offspring of an ill starred repudiated mother commend yourselves to the favourable consideration in presenting these gifts with many benedictions to your future mistress and step mother! Now go and hasten your return to the palace that I may still have time for a last embrace!

CHORUS

The Chorus dreads the fury of Medea and execrates her malicious deeds

By what cruel passion is this blood thirsty Mænad being carried away headlong. What terrible crime is Medea now concocting in her ungovernable madness? Her countenance inflamed with anger, has quite a set expression and the proud woman is shaking her head wildly and judging from her gestures she is threatening the King with something quite beyond our conception! Who would believe that Medea was a condemned exile? Her reddened cheeks are burning at one moment and the next a deadly pallor takes the place of that redness! She does not retain either color for any

Nullum vagante formæ
 Servat diu colorem
 Illic sunt pedes & illuc,
 Ut tigris obruta nitens,
 Cursu fuente lustrat
 Gangeticum nemus sic
 Frenare nescit iras
 Medea, non amores
 Nunc ira amorque causam
 Junvere quid sequetur?
 Quando efferet Pelasgis
 Nefanda Colchis urvis
 Gressum, metuque solvet
 Regnum, simulque reges?
 Nunc, Phœbe, mitte curus
 Nullo morante loro
 Non condant alma lucem
 Meigrat diem timendum
 Dux noctis Hesperugo

ACTUS QUINTUS

NUNTIUS, CHORUS, NUTRIX, MEDEA, JASON

Narrat nuntius, Creusum cum patre regiaque tota flagrasse permiscio Medæ munere Medæ filios suos trucidat, & refugit

PERFRIGRA cuncta concidit regni status
 Natæ atque genitor cinere permixto iacent
 CHOR Quæ fraude capti? NUNT Qua solent reges capi,
 Donis CHOR In illis esse quis potuit dolus?
 NUNT Et ipse miror, vivique jam facto malo
 Potuisse fieri credo CHOR Quis cladis modus?

length of time on her changeable face! Hither and thither she paces wildly, even as a tigress, robbed of her cubs, searches with instinctive anxiety the forests of the Ganges, raging furiously as it follows up the track, and thus Medea is unable to resist the force of her anger, and the strength of her repudiated passion! Now when anger and baulked love join in hostile array, what may not the consequences be? When will this wicked woman from Colchis take her departure from our Pelasgian country? Or will she keep the kingdom, and at the same time the kings themselves in a perpetual state of alarm?

Now Phœbus send on thy chariots quickly let no tightening of the reins release the speed (thus in allusion to the day granted to Medea) and let merciful darkness obscure the light! Let the herald of the coming night Hesperus obliterate with its advent this fearful Day!

ACT V

MESSENGER—CHORUS—NURSE—MEDEA—JASON

The messenger reports that Creusa her father and the entire palace have been consumed by the flames arising from the present sent by Medea

MESSENGER

ALL things have perished! The stability of the Kingdom has collapsed father and daughter are laid low in death—their ashes are intermingled!

CHORUS

By what wicked treachery were they thus deprived of life?

MESSENGER

By gifts as Kings usually are deluded! (In the same manner that fishes are accustomed to be taken in by the hook!)

CHORUS

But what treachery can there be in their case?

MESSENGER

And I wonder myself what it can be I can scarcely believe even now that it occurred as the work of an incendiary!

CHORUS

But how was this terrible destruction first brought about (Does there appear any limit to it?)

NUNTI Avidus per omnem regie partem fuit, 885
 Ut iussus, ignis jam domus tota occidit,
 Urbi timetur CIOR Unda flammis opprimat
 NUNTI Et hoc in ista clade morandum accidit,
 Alit unda flammis, quoque prohibetur magis,
 Magis videt ignis ipsa praesidia occupat 890
 NUNTI Esse citatum sede Pelopon gradum,
 Medea praecipis quis libet teris pete
 MED Egon' ut recedam? si profugissem prius,
 Ad hoc redirem nuptias specto novis
 Quid, anime, cessas? sequere felicem impetum 895
 Pars ultionis ista, qua grudes, quoti est?
 Amas adhuc, fuitos, si satis est tibi
 Caelebs Jason quare praenium genus
 Haud usitatum jamque sic temet prius
 Fas omne cedat liberti expulsus pudor 900
 Vindicta levis est, quam ferunt pure manus
 Incumbe in iras, teque languentem excita,
 Penitusque veteres pectore ex imo impetus -
 Violentus huius quidquid admissum est adhuc,
 Pietis vocetur hoc age, & saxo, sciunt, 905
 Quam levia fuerint, quamque vulgus notae,
 Quae commodum scelera prolucit dolori
 Per ista nostri quid minus poterant rudes
 Audere magnum? quid puellam furo?
 Medea nunc sum crevit ingenium malis 910
 Juvat, juvat iapuisse fraternal caput
 Artus juvat secuisse, & alicano priem
 Spoliasse facio juvat in exitum senis
 Armasse uatas quare materiam, dolori
 Ad omne facinus non rudem dextram asseies 915
 Quo te igitur, ira, mittis? aut quae perfido
 Intendis hosti telus? nescio quid feror

MESSENGER

A most destructive fire is raging at this present moment throughout every part of the palace, it looks more now as if it were the work of some incendiary, and now that the whole palace has fallen a prey to the flames, serious fears are entertained, lest it might spread all over the city!

CHORUS

Does not the water keep down the flames?

MESSENGER

No! The curious feature presenting itself in this calamitous business is, that the water only seems to feed the

flames instead of extinguishing them and the greater the efforts made to rest ain them the more fiercely the fire rages it seems only to strengthen itself by what is done to keep it down!

NURSE

Oh! Medea hasten thy steps from this land of Pelops seek out whatever country thou likest!

MEDEA

Why should I go away? If I had gone away some time ago I should return now (most certainly) for I take a great interest in this novel marriage! Oh my soul why should I cease my task? I et me follow up this happy turn of events otherwise to what does my part in this act of revenge end in which I have so much reason to rejoice!

Oh! Medea in thy maddened condition is it that thou still lovest Jason If thou considerest the present calamities sufficient for that now celibate Jason!

No! I et me seek for some uncommon kind of punishment! And such being the case let me get myself ready for any thing! Let every known law yield to my will and let all absurd tears once shaken off be for ever absent from my mind! That revenge is confessedly slow work in which hitherto unstained hands have been engaged (By this is meant a justification for the slaughter of Creon and Creusa therefore *pure unstained* Creon being an enemy and Creusa an interloping mistress) I et me hark back to all my pristine wrath and let me shake myself out of any languorous yearnings and let me draw forth from the lowest recesses of my soul some of the old forces which are still within me! But let them if anything be more violent than ever! So that what has heretofore been accomplished by me, may appear in the light of comparative innocence! Now let me set to work I would that they should be made fully to understand how trivial how commonplace the crimes which I have already perpetrated have really been! My anger has merely been passing through its premonitory stages (a mere prologue to the tragedy) What raw novice would dare to attempt anything on a really grand scale! What for example did my girlish anger (achievements) amount to? Now I am Medea (if you please) and my abilities have improved during my long career of crime! Things gave me satisfaction at the time I was pleased when I took away my brother's life I was pleased also

Decrevit animus intus & nondum sibi
 Audet fatari stulta propere animis
 La pellice utinam liberos hostis meus
 Aliquos haberet? quidquid ex illo tuum est,
 Crassa peperit placent hoc patri genus,
 Meritoque placent ultimum agnosco scelus
 Anime, parandum est liberi quondam mei
 Vos pro patris scelus pœnas date
 Cor pepulit horror, membra torpescunt gelu,
 Pectusque tremunt ira discessit loco
 Materque tota conjuge expulsa redit
 Egon? ut meorum liberum ac proles mea
 Fundam cruorem? melius ali demens furor?
 Incognitum istud facinus, ac dirum nefas
 A me quoque absit quod scelus miseri luent
 Scelus est Jason genitor, & magis scelus
 Medea mater occidit non sunt mei
 Peierant mei sunt crimine & culpa erant
 Sunt innocentes fateor & frater fuit
 Quid, anime, titubas? ora quid lacrimis rigant?
 Varramque nunc huc iri, nunc illuc amor
 Diducit? inceptus estus incertum iripit
 Ut fava irapidi belli cum venti gerunt
 Utinque fluctus maris discordes agunt,
 Dubiumque pelagus ferveat huius alteri meum
 Cor fluctuatur ira pietatem fugat,
 Irramque pietas cede pietati, dolor
 Huc cur proles unicum afflicti e domus
 Solamen, huc vos ferte, & infusos mihi
 Coniungite artus habent incolumes pater
 Dum & mater habent uiget exilium, ac fuga
 Jam jam meo iripientur vulsi e sinu,
 Flentes, gementes osculis pererant patris,
 Penere matris rursus increscit dolor,
 Et fervet odium repetit invitam matrem
 Antiqua Eriynys ira, qua ducis, sequor
 Utinam superbe turba Tantalidos meo
 Exisset utero, hisque septenos parens

when I handed the weapons of destruction to the daughters of Pelias, to deal the finishing blow to that poor old man! Let my present anger, however, seek out for adequate materials upon which to finish my crowning revenge! I shall not, at all events, be employing hands inexperienced in crime for any thing I may decide upon! But where, into what channel, may I ask myself, am I now steering? Oh, again, what are the exact weapons that I should level against that perfidious enemy, Jason? I really do not know, at present, what my angry mind has determined upon within itself! Probably I have as yet been in rather too much foolish haste! But

I wish this much that my enemy had had some children by that concubine Creusa whatever there are are mine as far as Jason has made them so!

I must suppose that Creusa gave birth to them tutor my mind to that belief! This kind of punishment has pleased me and deservedly pleased me and I acknowledge that it is a veritable consummation of my desires! Oh my soul let preparations be made! Oh ye children once suffer punishment for your father's wickedness! A feeling of horror vexes my soul my limbs are stiffened with the chill which comes over me and my heart is in a flutter! My anger has quitted its post and the Mother only becomes the ascendant force and prevails over the other the repudiated wife! And can I really bring myself to shed the blood of my children my own very offspring!

Better perhaps! Alas! my mad rage that ever such a crime should have been thought of and would that such cruel wickedness had kept itself out of my mind! What crime have those children committed that they should suffer punishment? Yes! Jason is the crime! Jason is their father and the greater crime is Medea—they must perish if they are not mine! Let them be sacrificed if they are mine they are free both of crime and blame I confess and so was my brother! What! Oh my soul art thou hesitating again? Why do the tears course down my cheeks And why does my anger lead me on vacillatingly hither one minute and love (repudiated love) draw me thither the next? A wavering impetuous tide controls me as when the tempestuous winds proclaim a cruel war and the contending waves swelling here surging there at every turn exert their dominion over the sea and the perplexed ocean as it were boils up in anger! Alas! Oh! my anger let me now yield to affection—Bring yourselves hither oh! my darling offspring the only consolation left to me from my afflicted home and embrace me with your arms thrown around me! May your father afford you his safe protection and although your mother would protect you in like manner exile—flight—are driving me from you! And now they may soon be torn weeping and mourning from my bosom! Let them be dead to the kisses of a father if they are to be dead to those of a mother! My anger is getting the upper hand again and my mind will still nurse its hatred! Erinnys as of old urging me on to a fresh crime repeats her odious assistance! Oh! my anger! wherever thou leadest me I must follow!

I only wish then that a whole army of proud Tantrides had emerged from my womb and that I had been

Natos tulissē! stertis in parvis sui
 Iratri patrique quod sit est pepert duos
 Quorum isti tendit tumba Iunium impotens,
 Quem quērit? aut quo flammēo iētus parit?
 Aut cui cūctas rēmen infernum fides
 Intentit? ingens anguis excussio sonit
 Fortis stragello quem tribe infesta petit
 Megērā? cuius umbra dispersi venit
 Incerta membris? frater est parvis petit
 Dabimus sed omnes fige luminibus fides
 Lania perire pectus en furis parit
 Discedere a me, frater ultices Deis,
 Manesque ad imos ne securis iube
 Mihi me relinque, & utere hic frater munu,
 Quæ strinxit ensē? vicima manes tuos
 Placemus ista Quid repens affect sonus?
 Parantur arma, meque in exitum petunt
 Excelsa nostra tecta conscendam domus
 Crede inchoata perge tu mecum comes
 Iuum quoque ipsa corpus hinc mecum veham
 Nunc hoc age, nimis non in occulto tibi est
 Perdenda virtus approba populo munum
 Ius Quicumque regum claudibus fidus, doles,
 Concurre, ut ipsam scelestis uictorem horridi
 Capimus huc huc, fortis unum ex armis
 Consorte tecti? aut uictorem fugat,
~~Salvūque pietas cede pietati, dolor~~
~~mihi iam iam recepi sceptrā, germanum, patrem,~~
 Spoliumque Colchi pecudis uirtute tenent
 Rediere regna ipsa uiginitas rediit
 O pleida tandem numina! o scilum dicim!
 O nuptialem! uide perfectum est scelus,
 Vindicta nondum perage dum faciunt manus
 Quid nunc moraris, anime? quid dubitas? potes
 Jam cecidit ut prænitet fracti pudet
 Quid, misera, feci? miseri, prænitet luct,
 Feci voluptas magna me invitam subit,

the parent of fourteen sons! I have been restricted in
 my punishments! (Medea wishes for fourteen children,
 in order to punish Jason all the more arithmetically) I
 have only brought forth two, which must be enough, one
 for my slaughtered brother, and the other for the out-
 raged father! I wonder, though, what that redoutable
 group of Furies are bent upon? Whom are they seeking?
 Or for whom are they preparing, with their burning
 blows? Oh whom, that the tribe from the infernal regi-
 ons are threatening, with their cruel torches? There, a
 huge serpent, curled up, is hissing as it shakes out its
 whips! For whom is Megæra looking now, with that
 horrible flaming beam of fire? (a huge torch) Whose

shade is this which is now approaching with its dismembered body—it is not very clear to my mind?

Ah! yes! I see now it is that of my brother he is seeking for some one's punishment I will give it to him and therefore hurl all thy torches at my eyes if thou wilt tear me in pieces—consume me entirely with thy fires! Look! My breast is open to the Furies, for their attack! Oh! my brother let those representatives of the avenging Goddesses depart from my sight in security to the Manes below! Leave me to myself oh my brother and I who unsheathed this sword let it be employed by the hand which now holds it! I will appease the Manes with this victim! (Here Medea strikes down the first child)—What sudden sound is that which reaches my ears? A clanking of weapons indicates some slaughtering preparations and they are evidently seeking me for destruction! My killing operations having already commenced I will mount up to the lofty chambers of the palace and come thou nurseling with me as a companion! I will carry thy body with me from this place (This said to the slaughtered child)

(Medea carries the dead body of one son and leads the other by the hand to the rooms above)

Now oh my soul once set to work my presence of mind must not forsake me at this juncture let me show my power to these people—the advanced guard

JASON

Now then whatever faithful followers amongst you who grieve for the slaughter of your king assemble! So that we may seize upon the real perpetratrix of all these horrible crimes Come hither—hither advance thou band of brave warriors get ready your weapons and destroy this house from its lowest foundations!

MEDEA

Already Jason already I have got possession of the sceptre my brother—my father and they represent to me the recovery of the treasure stolen from Colchis—the golden fleece—My kingdom has verily returned to me and my virginity of which thou deprivedst me appears to be restored to me! At last I can exclaim Oh! ye benignant Deities! Oh! the joyful day come at last! Oh! what nuptial delight! Let me go my crimes have been literally crowned—not as yet however has my revenge been got rid of let me exert myself whilst my hands are in training for the task before me Why do

- Et ecce crescit deerat hoc unum mihi,
 Spectator ipse nil adhuc factum reor
 Quidquid sine isto scimus scelere, perit
 JAS Lu ipsa tecti parte precipiti imminet 995
 Huc rapiunt ignes aliquis, ut flammis eurat
 Suis perusta MID Congere extremum tuis
 Natis, Jason, funus ac tumulum strue
 Coniux socerque iusti iam sanctis habent 1000
 A me sepulti natus hic satum tulit
 Hic te vidente dabitur exitio pari
 JAS Per numen omne, perque communes fugas,
 Torosque, quos non nostra violavit fides,
 Iam parce nato si quod est crimen, meum est 1005
 Me dede morti, novum macula eriput
 MID Hic, qui recusas, qui doles, serium evigam
 I nunc, superbe, virginum thalamos pete
 Relinque matres JAS Unus est poena satis
 MED Si posset una eade saturari manus,
 Nullam petisset ut duos perimam tamen. 1010
 Nimum est dolori numerus angustus meo
 In matre si quod pignus etramnum latet,
 Scrutabor ense viscera, & ferro extrahes
 JAS Jam perage ceptum factorum huius
 Morumque saltem sortis ac iuris, haud ultra precor,
 Morte te cunctis ex mo iustus, 1015
 MID Jam iam recedam supplicis dona meis
 Spol MED Perfruere lento scelere, ne propera, dolor
 Meus dies est tempore recepto utimur

I now slacken my resolutions Oh my soul, why hesitate at all? Thou hast all the strength and power about thee—my anger sometimes subsides—I repent, I repent of the deed I have committed—What have I done, oh, miserable, it is allowable to be in a penitent mood, after I have done the deed, nevertheless, a great inward satisfaction takes possession of me, in spite of my temporary unwillingness, and, what is more, it increases with me—only one thing was wanting to make things perfect, and that was Jason himself as an eye witness! I am inclined for that reason to think nothing of what has been done, whatever crime I have committed without him as a witness, seems to count for nothing!

JASON (*to his soldiers*)

Behold, there she is, leaning over a precipitous projection of the roof, let one of you bring some fire hither, that she may fall a victim to the same flames she has used against others

MEDEA

Jason rather heap up the materials for a funeral pile for thine own sons and prepare a tomb for them. A wife and father-in-law have had the justice done to them which is due to the dead (the fire); they were duly buried by me (pointing to the first son killed) that son has met his fate already and this one in thy very own sight shall receive a similar end.

JASON

By every known deity—by the exile which we have shared in common—and by our marriage bed and of which I can truly say I have never violated the nuptial confidence of my own free will—do spare me one son at all events! If there be any criminal it is I myself—hand me over to death—sacrifice my criminal life.

MEDEA

I shall use the sword where thou dost not wish it to be visited and which thou wilt most grieve for—Go now! Proud adulterer seek for thy marriage bed amongst the virgins and quit the presence of her whom thou hast made a mother!

JASON

One child surely is enough punishment for thee to exact!

MEDEA

No! If I could possibly have been satisfied with one slaughter I should not have sought for any—so that I shall have to slay two and a small number too in proportion to the extent of my wrath and what is more if there were the most latent germ of motherhood left within my body I would search out my womb with this sword and extract it forthwith.

JASON

Now finish completely the wickedness thou hast so successfully commenced with and grant me as short a time as possible before thou beginnest to visit me with punishment!

MEDEA

No! Enjoy at thy leisure the results of thy one crime do not be in any hurry—oh! my angered spirit!—this day is mine—let me use profitably the time agreed upon!

JAS Insecta memet perime MID Miserreri jubes
 Bene est, parvum est plura non habui, dolor,
 Quæ tibi litarem lumina huc tumida allent, 1020
 Ingrate Jason, conjugem agnoscis tuam?
 Sic fugere soleo patuit in cælum via
 Squamifera gemini colla serpentes iugo
 Summissa præbent recipe jam natos parcas
 Ego inter auris aliti curru vehi 1025
 JAS Per alta vade spatia sublimi ætheris
 Testare nullos esse, qui veheris, Deos

JASON

Oh! cruel woman, let me perish myself!

MEDEA

Thou askest me to pity thee! (Here she strikes down the second son) I am satisfied my task is now fully accomplished—I have nothing more, if I could, to sacrifice to my anger!—Ungrateful Jason!

Raise towards me thy swollen orbs! Dost thou now
 MID I am ignorant that thou hast a wife? This is my mode
 of taking up my exile! My usual style of flight! The
 way to the heavens is open to me, two dragons (green
 griffins) submit their scaly necks to the yoke of my
 chariot, and Jason, thou parent, take great care of thy
 sons, whilst I am borne along to the aerial regions in my
 swift chariot!

JASON

Through those lofty spaces of the sublime sky along
 which thou mayst be conveyed, there surely must be no
 gods, who will bear witness to thy flight—with impunity!

AGAMEMNON

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THYESTIS	ACAMENON
CLYTEMNESTRA	CASSANDRA
NESTOR	ELECTRA
ÆGISTHUS	PHILOCTETES
CHORUS ARGIVARUM SIVE MYCENÆARUM	SIPHOCLES
ORISTIS multa persona	CHORUS ITHACÆ
	PYLADES multa persona

ARGUMENTUM

THYESTIS umbra, ulciscendi injurarum (de quibus vide Thyestis argumentum) cupida filium Ægisthum in eadem Agamemnonis incitat. Ille itaque Agamemnonem victorem a Troja reducem in convivio impervium iracundum veste occidit, consilii credisque particeps Clytemnestra quam absente marito Agamemnone corripuerat. Cassandra deinde Agamemnoni amaram ab oris vulsam occidit. Electram quod fratrem Orestem amara carceri mancipari jubent.

ACTUS PRIMUS

THYESTIS UMBRA

Thyestis umbra ab inferis adveniens Ægisthum ad vindictam sibi ab oraculo promissam invitat.

OPACA linquens Ditis inferni loca,
Adsum profundo Tartari emissus specu,
Incertus utras oderim sedes magis
Fugio Thyestes inferos, superos fugo
En horret animus, & pavida membra excutit
Video paternos, immo fraternos latus
Hoc est vetustum Pelopre limen domus
Hinc suspicari regium capiti decus
Mos est Pelagis, hoc cedent alti toro,
Quibus superba sceptrum gestantur manu

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THYESTES	AGAMEMNON
CLYTÆMNESTRA	CASSANDRA
NURSE	EURIBATES
ÆGISTHUS	ELECTRA
CHORUS OF ARGOS or MYCENÆ WOMEN	STROPHIUS
ORESTES mute personage	CHORUS OF TROJANS
	PYLADES mute personage

ARGUMENT

THE shade of Thyestes anxious to avenge his injuries (for which see argument to Thyestes) urges on Ægisthus his son to kill Agamemnon (who returns as a conqueror from Troy) at a banquet having enveloped him in a cloak from which he could not extricate himself—Clytemnestra whom he had seduced when her husband Agamemnon was absent aiding and abetting him in the murder Ægisthus after that slays Cassandra the captive mistress of Agamemnon dragging her away from the altar They Ægisthus and Clytemnestra order Electra to be thrown into prison because she had sent away Orestes who had been conveyed to a place of security

ACT I

SHADE OF THYESTES

The shade of Thyestes arriving from the infernal regions calls upon Ægisthus to carry out the revenge, which had been promised him by the oracle

HERE I am having just quitted the dark abodes in the infernal regions of Pluto an emissary from the profound caves of Tartarus and I am quite uncertain in my mind which habitations I prefer the more and I Thyestes whilst I am flying on this temporary journey from Hell absolutely feel a reluctance to face these upper regions of the Earth Oh! my mind is in a horrible state and fear shakes my very limbs I see around me my paternal Lures yea I see my brother's also! This is the veritable threshold of the ancient palace of Pelops—here I recollect it was the custom amongst the Pelasgi

Locus hic habendæ curæ hic epulis locus,
 Libet reverti nonne vel tristes lacus
 Incolere satius? nonne custodem Stygis
 Tergemina nigros colla jactantem iubar?
 Ubi ille celestis corpus evinctus rotæ 15
 In se refertur, ubi per adversum irritus
 Redeunte toties luditur saxo labor
 Ubi tondet ales arida sæcundum jecur,
 Et inter undas servidæ exustus sit
 Aquas fugaces ore decepto appetit, 20
 Pœnas daturus cœlitum diripibus graves
 Sed ille nostræ pars quoti est culpæ senex?
 Reputemus omnes, quos ob infandis maris
 Quæsitæ una Cnossius versat reos.
 Vincam Thyestes sceleuribus cunctos meis, 25
 A fratris vincar liberis plenus tuius
 In me sepultis, viscera exedi mea
 Nec hætenus fortunæ maculavit patrem,
 Sed maris aliud causa commisso scelus,
 Natæ nefandos petere concubitus jubet 30
 Non pavidus huius dictæ, sed cepi nefas
 Ergo ut per omnes liberos nem parens,
 Corcta fratris mater fert uterum gravem,
 Me patre dignum versa mater est relicto
 Avo parentem, (pro nefas!) patri virum, 35
 Natis nepotes miscui, nocti diem
 Sed seia tandem respicit fessos malis
 Post frata demum fortis incertæ fides
 Rex ille regum, ductor Agamemnon ducum,
 Cujus secutæ mille vexillum rates, 40
 Illic velis maris texerunt suis,
 Post decimæ Phœbi lustra devicto Ilio

for the crown to be placed upon the head of the Royal wearer, as an auspicious event!—there, I recollect they used to sit on that very throne, by whose hands too, the sceptre was carried with great pride and pomp—here was the place where they presided at the courts they used to hold—there is the banqueting hall! I ask myself, does it please me in any way—this returning expedition! Or, is it more consonant with my frame of mind, still to inhabit the lugubrious lakes below, and is it more pleasant to be where Cerberus, the custodian of the Stygian realms, turns from side to side his three-headed neck, and angrily shakes his black mane, and where he, Ixion, bound to the swiftly-rotating wheel, is revolved continually (following himself and flying from himself perpetually), or, where that vain exercise is being for ever played out by Sisyphus, the stone returning backwards as many times as it rolls onwards! Or, where that rapacious bird of

prey feeds perpetually upon the re produced entrails of
 Prometheus! Or where Tantalus burning with his parch-
 ing thirst longingly beholds the streams around him and
 vainly seeks to quench that consuming thirst with the
 waters as they retreat from his disappointed lips! This
 is the way he was made to expiate his crime the memor-
 able feast he once offered to the gods! But how large
 a proportion of punishment is that old man undergoing
 for the sins of our family! We must reckon them all
 first those criminals whom the Gnosian Magistrate Minos
 condemned for their wicked acts to that eternal Urn But
 I Thyestes put all the others to the blush with my per-
 formances (evil deeds) yet I think I must award the
 palm after all to my brother Atreus for through his
 machinations my inside has been replenished with three
 children buried away in my interior I have been made
 to derive nourishment from my own entrails—nor up to
 that time had bad luck stigmatized me in my paternal
 capacity (for he committed the crime of eating his own
 offspring in utter ignorance) But another greater crime
 than any which Fortune has dared to saddle me with
 I was destined by the Oracle to seek for an impious
 sexual connexion with my own daughter and the worst
 of it was I received the decree with no sort of abashed
 alarm but caught at the offence rather anxiously than
 otherwise! Therefore in order that I might pose to the
 world as a parent on a grand scale it was ordained that
 my propagating capabilities should be visited upon my
 entire progeny (meaning his own children) and my own
 daughter in obedience to the oracle appears on the
 scene with an impregnated womb worthy I say in every
 way of such a father! The laws of nature have verily
 been reversed! Oh! dreadful to think of I have given
 rise to a singular medley parent and grand parent—hus-
 band and father—son and grandson a thorough case of
 dark night and bright day attempting to appear at one
 and the same time! But at length the sincerity of that
 uncertain oracle though late in the day after the fate of
 myself and brother had been disposed of—looks neverthe-
 less with some favor upon those worn out with their
 troubles That King of I
 ledged head of the gene l
 lowing his standards hav n
 seas with their flaunting n
 vanquished Troy after a g
 which time Phœbus has been driving his incessant chariots
 (annual courses)—to give up his neck forsooth to the
 pignard of his own wife! And is before so again the
 palace will flow with the blood arising out of alternating

Locus hic habendæ curæ hic epulis locus,
 Libet reverti nonne vel tristis locus
 Incolere satius? nonne custodem Stygis
 Teigemina nigri colla præstantem iubar?
 Ubi ille celestis corpus evinctus iotæ 15
 In se refertur, ubi per adversum iutus
 Redeunte toties luditu fædo labor
 Ubi tondet ales videri secundum jecur,
 Et inter undas seivida exustus siti
 Aquas fugaces ore decepto appetit, 20
 Pœnas daturus cœlitum diripibus graves
 Sed ille nostræ pars quoti est culpæ senex
 Reputemus omnes, quos ob infunditis iratus
 Quæstor una Cnossius versat reos
 Vincum Thyestes sceleribus cunctos meis, 25
 A fratre vincum liberis plenus tibus
 In me sepultis, viscera exedi mea
 Nec hæcenus fortunæ maculavit præteritum,
 Sed major aliud rursus commissio scelus,
 Natæ nefandos petere concubitus jubet 30
 Non pavidus huius didici, sed cepi nefas
 Ergo ut per omnes liberos irem parens,
 Coacta fatis natæ fert uterum gravem,
 Me patre dignum versat ætatu est retio
 Avo parentem, (pro nefas!) patris virum, 35
 Natis nepotes miscui, nocti diem
 Sed seia tandem respicit fessos mælis
 Post fata demum sortis inceptæ fides
 Rex ille iegum, ductor Agamemnon ducum,
 Cujus secutæ mille vexillum rates, 40
 Illicæ velis mæris tenebant suis,
 Post decima Phœbi lustra devicto Illo

for the crown to be placed upon the head of the Royal wearer, as an auspicious event!—there, I recollect they used to sit on that very throne, by whose hands too, the sceptre was carried with great pride and pomp—here was the place where they presided at the courts they used to hold—there is the banqueting hall! I ask myself, does it please me in any way—this returning expedition! Or, is it more consonant with my frame of mind, still to inhabit the lugubrious lakes below, and is it more pleasant to be where Cerberus, the custodian of the Stygian realms, turns from side to side his three-headed neck, and angrily shakes his black mane, and where he, Ixion, bound to the swiftly-rotating wheel, is revolved continually (following himself and flying from himself perpetually), or, where that vain exercise is being for ever played out by Sisyphus, the stone returning backwards as many times as it rolls onwards! Or, where that rapacious bird of

prey feeds perpetually upon the re produced entrails of Prometheus! Or where Tantalus burning with his parching thirst longingly beholds the streams around him and vainly seeks to quench that consuming thirst with the waters as they retreat from his disappointed lip! This is the way he was made to expiate his crime the memorable feast he once offered to the god! But how large a proportion of punishment; that old man undergoing for the sins of our family! We must reckon them all first those criminals whom the Cnossian Magistrate Minos condemned for their wicked acts to that eternal Urn. But I Thyestes put all the others to the blush with my perforances (evil deed) yet I think I must award the palm after all to my brother Atreus for through his machinations my inside has been replenished with three children buried away in my interior. I have been made to derive nourishment from my own entrails—nor up to that time had bad luck stigmatized me in my paternal capacity (for he committed the crime of eating his own offspring in utter ignorance). But another greater crime than any which Fortune has dared to saddle me with. I was destined by the Oracle to seek for an impious sexual connexion with my own daughter and the worst of it was I received the decree with no sort of abashed alarm but caught at the offence rather anxiously than otherwise! Therefore in order that I might pose to the world as a parent on a grand scale it was ordained that my propagating capabilities should be visited upon my entire progeny (meaning his own children) and my own daughter in obedience to the oracle appears on the scene with an impregnated womb worthy I say in every way of such a father! The laws of nature have verily been reversed! Oh! dreadful to think of I have given rise to a singular medley parent and grand parent—husband and father—son and grandson a thorough case of dark night and bright day attempting to appear at one and the same time! But at length the sincerity of that uncertain oracle though late in the day after the fate of myself and brother had been disposed of—looks nevertheless with some favor upon those worn out with their troubles. That King of Kings Agamemnon the acknowledged head of the generals whose thousand ships following his standards have literally covered the Ægean seas with their flunting sails is now coming back from vanquished Troy after an absence of ten years during which time Phœbus has been driving his incessant chariots (annual courses)—to give up his neck forsooth to the poignard of his own wife! And as before so again the palace will flow with the blood arising out of alternating

Adest, daturus conjugī jugulum suæ
 Jam jam trahitbit sanguine alterno domus
 Enses, secures, telæ, divisum gravæ
 45
 Ictu bipennis regium video caput
 Jam scelestia prope sunt, jam dolus cedes, cruor
 Præstantur epulæ, cunctis natalis tui,
 Ægisthe, venit quid pudor! vultus gravæ
 Quid dextera dubio trepidæ consilio trahit
 50
 Quid ipse temet consulis, torques, rogas
 An decet hoc te? respice ad matrem, decet
 Sed cur repente noctis æstivæ vices
 Iubeant longa spatia producant mora?
 Aut quid cidentes detinet stellæ polo?
 55
 Phœbum moramui, reddere jam mundo diem

CHORUS ARGIVARUM

Chorus e mulieribus Argivis seu Mycenæis (vid. argum primi
 chori Thyestæi) excelsam fortunam querunt intractabilem, ætæ,
 periculis obnoxiam, mediocrem itaque illi præfert

O REGNORUM magnis fallax
 Fortuna bonis, in præcipiti
 Dubioque nimis excelsa locas
 Nunquam placidam sceptri quietem,
 60
 Certumve sui tenere diem
 Alia ex ista cura fatigat,
 Vexatque animos nova tempesta
 Non sic Libycis Syrtibus æquor
 65
 Fuit æternos volvere fluctus,
 Non Euxini turgent ab undis
 Commota vadis undæ, novæ
 Vicina polo,
 Ubi cæruleis immunis aquis,
 Lucida versat placida Bootes
 70
 Ut præcipites regum casus

slaughter, the blood already shed (my children) and now
 the blood of this son of Atreus! I see already the swords
 —the battle-axes—the javelins! I can see in my mind's
 eye, the royal head of Agamemnon, being cut off by a
 blow from a powerful woman, with her two edged weapon
 (Clytæmnestra was a fine woman, and the strongest of the
 Tyndarides) Now the real business of murder is not far
 off, and now for the snare (the cloak), the slaughter and
 the blood! The Banquet is ready (Thyestes is thinking
 of his own memorable banquet) Ægisthus, the end and

um of thy having been born is now within reach awaiting execution Why pray does mock shame cause thy countenance to assume such a grave look? Art thou being ashamed at having defiled the wife of an Uncle? Why does thy right hand appear to tremble hesitatingly making thee unequal to the task before you Why dost thou appear to be taking counsel with thyself? Why dost thou shift about and appear to be asking thyself what thou shouldst do and how thou shouldst do what thou art to do? Does all this sort of thing become thee? Come! Come! think of what is due to thy mother (for complying with the oracle as regards her relations with her father) it is right—I consider that thou shouldst do so! But why on a sudden as it were is it that the short nights of summer should drag out their length with all the tardy dreariness of a long winter's night? Why is it that the stars are detained so long (visible) in the heavens before they set Ah! I see! I am the cause of this delay on the part of Phœbus—he does not like to face me! Well! I will go now and quit these upper regions and thou oh! Phœbus restore bright day to the world!

CHORUS OF THE WOMEN OF ARGOS

The Chorus of the Women of Argos or Mycenæ (see the argument of the first chorus in Thyestes) complains of exalted fortune as unstable full of anxieties and cares and exposed to vicissitudes and therefore gives the preference to mediocrity

OH! Fortune the incidental lot of kingdoms so treacherous with the lavish gifts it appears to be bestowing! Thou simply placest thoe whom thou raisest to a lofty height of an uncertain precipice! The proud sceptre never attains the enjoyment of placid repose and the wielder thereof never passes a day in a state of certainty as to his possible fate! One care tires us out as it follows another and a fresh tempest of troubles springs up to harass our souls not even is it less irksome (to contend against in proportion) than when the sea in the Libyan Syrtes is raging angrily as the waves are surging first one way and then the other nor when the sea so near the North Pole excited into wrath by the tempests becomes more swollen in anger when that sea is augmented by the low streams from the Euxine! where holding aloof from the blue ocean Bootes regulates the course of his bright waggon! How fortune does revolve in its capricious wheel the hazardous affairs

Fortuna rotat ¹	
Metui cupiunt, metuique timent	
Non nox illis alma recessus	
Præbet tutos, non curium	75
Somnus domitor pectora solvit	
Quis non rices scelus alternum	
Dedit in præceps, impior quis non	
Alma fatigant ² iura, pudoi que	
Et conjugii sacra fides,	80
Fugiant aulis sequitur tristis	
Sanguinolenta Bellona manu,	
Quæque superbos urit Eumys	
Nimias semper comitata domos	
Quis in planum quælibet hori	85
Tulit ex alto licet arma vident,	
Cessentque doli,	
Sidunt ipso pondere magna,	
Ceditque oneri Fortuna suo	
Vela secundis inserta Notis,	90
Ventos nimium timuere suos	
Nubibus ipsis inserta caput	
Turris pluvio vapulat Austro	
Densasque nemi spargens umbras	
Annostr videt robora frangi	95
Ferunt celfos fulmina colles	
Corporis morbis majora prent	
Et cum in pristis amenta vagos	
Vilia currant, placet in vulnus	
Maxima cervix Quidquid in altum	100
Fortuna tulit, iustura levat	
Modicis rebus longius ævum est	
Felix, medire quisquis turbæ	
Sorte quietus,	
Aura stringit litora tuti,	105
Timidusque mari credere cymbam,	
Remo terras propiore legit	

ACTUS SECUNDUS

CLYTÆMNESTRA, NUTRIX

Sibi male conscia Clytemnestra atque adulteri poenar, redeunte
 jam marito, verit, *καὶ τὰ κατ'ὅψιν ἰδὼσα* statuit, meditatur
 itaque Agamemnoni exitum disrumpet nutrix

of kings! They wish to be feared, and they dread being feared, and the quiet stillness of night affords no safe retirement for them—sleep, the great sedative of anxious care does not lighten the heaviness of their over-burdened souls! What lofty palace, at one time or another, has not fallen arising out of recriminating revenge (that is to say, one crime being avenged by another crime)?

what lofty palaces again are not harassed by impious wars? Constituted laws becoming self government and the sacred obligations of the marriage vow seem to avoid altogether the palaces of the great! Thus it is that Bellona appears on the scene followed in her train by her sanguinary bands! And cruel Erinnyes who is always in waiting at the hearth flames all the more whose lofty habitation to the ground and although there might not be any military display (absence of arms) and all kinds of treachery might be in abeyance yet great kingdoms sink under their own weight and like every condition of life must yield to the burdens imposed upon it so elevated fortune, by virtue of such elevation yields to its peculiar burdens! The very sails filled by a favorable south wind are ever distrustful of the force which enables them to propel the ships along! A tower raising its lofty summit into the very clouds groans again from the impetuosity of the rainy south wind and the proud forest scattering far and wide the densest of shades sees its aged oaks broken down by the storm! The lightnings smite the lofty hills! great bodies are more exposed to the inroads of disease! (The poet here alludes to the size but he is not correct in a pathogenetic sense for they only present a larger surface) And when the ordinary (indiscriminate) members composing the herd are allowed to roam at large over the feeding grounds those with the largest necks (the bulls) are the ones which are selected for the sacrificial knife! Whatever fortune has borne to a lofty eminence is raised simply that it is doomed to fall (that is from a greater height) Durability preserves its character only when mediocrity is sought after! Sensible is that man who rests quietly in the midst of a tremendous crowd remaining like one who hugs the shore with a safe breeze and so is that man who plies his oars as near the shore as he can and who trusts with great misgivings his pinnacle to the smoothest of seas!

ACT II

CLYTÆMNESTRA—NURSE

Clytemnestra conscious within herself of her wickedness and fearing the punishment she deserves for her adulterous practices now that her husband has just returned has set up the doctrine of crime being a remedy for her guidance, and therefore meditates the destruction of Agamemnon the Nurse however dissuading her from adopting such a step

CLYI **Q**UID segnis nunc tuti consilii expeti-
 Quid fluctuans? clausi jam melior via est
 Licuit pudicos conjugis quondam toro- 110
 Et sceptri castra vidua tutum fide
 Perire mores, jus, decus, pictus, fides,
 Et qui iudice, cum perit, nescit pudor
 Da frenum, & omnem prona nequitiam incerta
 Per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter 115
 Tecum ipsi nunc evolve semineos dolos
 Quod ulli conjux perfida, atque impos sui,
 Amore ceco, quod novaculae manus
 Ausae, quod irdens impiorum virgo face
 Phasica fugiens regnum Thessalicae tribe 120
 Ferrum, venena vel Mycenae domos
 Coniuncta socio profuge furtiva rite
 Quid timida loqueris furta, & exilium & fugam
 Sorori ista fecit te decet magis nefas
 NUIR Regnum Danaum, & inclitum Ledaee genus 125
 Quid tremita versas? quidve consilii impotens
 Iumido feroces impetus animo geris?
 Licet ipsi sileas, totus in vultu est dolor
 Prom quidquid est, da tempus ac spiritum tibi
 Quod ratio nequit, sepe sanavit mora 130
 CLYI Majora cruciant, quam ut moras possim pati
 Flammæ medullas & cor exurunt meum
 Mixtus dolori subdidit stimulos timor
 Invidia pulsat pectus, hinc anumum iugo
 Premit Cupido turpis, & mei vetat, 135
 Et inter istas mentis obsessæ faces,
 Fessus quidem, & dejectus, & pessumdatus
 Pudor rebellat fluctibus variis rigor
 Ut cum hinc profundum ventus, hinc restus irripit,
 Inceita dubitat unda, cui cedat malo 140

CLYI LMNESIRA

OH¹ irresolute soul of mine! Why dost thou seek to carry out those designs only which are not fraught with dangerous consequences? The path open to thee, which is really the better one to take, is shut against thee! At one period, it was fully in thy power to uphold the honor of thy husband's marriage couch and to defend with thy chastest regard, the sceptre left for a time in thy conjugal keeping! But, lo! morals—law—respect for unsullied reputation—conjugal affection—and fidelity to the marriage-bed, have long since ceased to exist, and female modesty, when it has once been lost

sight of is a thing ignorant of the road back into the paths of virtue!—I let me therefore banish all restraint and let me rather in my downward course encourage every and any wickedness suitable to my ends! The only safe road along the paths of crime is to be armed with those forces which are antagonistic to the consequences arising out of crime—therefore let me devise out of my own fertile brain every feminine treachery! That any other perfidious wife forsooth who had lost all self-control would do urged on like myself by a blind passion! What have not step-mothers of yore dared to carry into effect? What has not a Virgin burning with all the ardour of an impious passion done of yore when quitting the Ithacan kingdom in the Ithacan Argo (the ship *Argo*)! Let me then have recourse to the sword—poison—or let me fly with my companion in crime from my Mycenaean home in some vessel in search of plunder! But why should I speak in this croaking fashion of plunders—evils—flight! One of my sex (my own sister *Helen* amongst the number) has certainly done all these things but it will become me to achieve some deed of greater wickedness!

NUK Oh! Queen of the Greeks! Oh! thou illustrious offspring of *Ieda* why dost thou silently brood over thy designs! And why dost thou cherish such ferocious passions within thy swollen breast? Although thou art silent, thy anger fully proclaims itself in thy countenance—whatever thou intendest in the future give thyself time—delay thy deliberations!

CLY Such great troubles are now harassing my peace of mind that I cannot possibly entertain any thoughts of delay—the flames of my passion are positively burning up the very marrow of my bones and my heart itself! Another element becomes mixed up with my grievances, furnishes additional stings to my harrowed mind and that is jealousy! Jealousy invades my soul and then a hateful criminal passion binds down my inclinations with its irresistible yoke and defies me to subject it to any sort of control and amongst these passions taking possession of my mind shame, wearied out at last despondent and finally overcome, openly rebels and I am thus tossed about by the capricious waves (of conscience) as when the wind at one time seizes upon the mastery of the sea and then the perpetual ebbings and flowings of the impetuous tides lead the opposition! The poor sea in a state of bewilderment knows not what to do—to which calamity it should succumb! Henceforward I

Proinde omisi regimen e manibus meis
 Quocunque me ira quo dolor, quo spes fere
 Illic ire pergam fluctibus dedimus iram
 Ubi animas eriat optimum est casum sequi
 NUR Cetera est temeritas, quæ petit casum ducem 115
 CLYT Cui ultima est fortuna quid dubium timet
 NUR Iusta est luteque culpa si pateris iura
 CLYT Perluceat omne regis vitium domus
 NUR Piget prioris & novum crimen stuitus
 CLYT Res est profecto stulta, nequitiæ modus 150
 NUR Quod metuit, augeat qui scelus scelere obruit
 CLYT Et ferrum & ignis sepe medicamentum loco est
 NUR Extrema prius nemo tentavit loco
 CLYT Rapienda rebus in malis præceps ira est
 NUR At te reflectat conjugii nomen sacrum 155
 CLYT Decem per annos vidua respiciam virum
 NUR Memnisse debes sobolis ex illo iure
 CLYT Equidem & iugales filia memini facies,
 Et generum Achillem præstitit matri fidem
 NUR Redemit illa classis immote mortis, 160
 Et matrem pigro fixa linguore impulit
 CLYT Pudet pigetque¹ Iyndaris, calvi genus
 Lustrale classi Doricæ peperit caput
 Revolvit animus virginis thalamos mea
 Quos ille dignos Pelopia fecit domo 165
 Cum stetit ad aras ore sacrifico pater,
 Quam nuptiales² horruit Calchæus furæ

shall dismiss all thoughts of a rudder from the regulation of my future plans, and I shall pursue that journey in whatever way, my anger—my disappointment—or my hopes point themselves out to me, as the best! Whenever I think my mind is erring in its travels, I shall commit my craft, although rudderless, to the mercy of the waves—I shall deem it best to follow chance!

NUR That form of rashness is blind indeed, which depends upon chance, as its only guide!

CLYT Why should any one be in a hesitating mood, when bad luck has reached the length of its tether (In an extreme condition, when nothing could possibly be worse)

NUR Thy fault is safe and hidden, if thou wilt only suffer it to remain so

CLYT Every crime, in a royal palace, is before everyone's eyes, and in everybody's mouth

NUR But whilst thou art grieving about a former crime, thou art devising a fresh one!

CLYT Really it would be a silly thing to prescribe any limits to crime!

NUR That person only adds to the fear she may already entertain who thinks she can stifle one crime by committing another

CLYT Even the sword (the knife) and fire are sometimes used instead of medicine! (By this is meant the use of the actual cautery—amputation of diseased and mortified parts under certain conditions)

NUR But no one tries these extreme remedies till they utterly despair as to milder or useless ones

CLYT In combating some evils a bold determined course of action must be adopted! (This points to the heroic method and radical cure cases but not to political or warlike affairs and least of all to criminal ones)

NUR But the honored obligations of the marriage tie stops thee from committing any deed indiscriminately

CLYT Can I look upon a man with affection that has left me for ten long years

NUR But it behoves thee to remember the offspring thou hast had by him

CLYT Yes indeed! and I remember the marriage of my daughter Iphigenia and Achilles as well who was to have been my son-in-law! Did Agamemnon faithfully fulfil the promises which he made to a mother?

NUR That act removed the delay of the fleet which could not sail for the want of favourable winds and forced the sea to rouse itself from its languorous inactivity

CLYT It makes me ashamed and it pains me likewise to think that I the offspring of Tyndarus and tracing my ancestry as far back as to Jupiter himself should have given birth to any child that was doomed to be sacrificed for the purposes of the Grecian Fleet and I often turn over in my mind this marriage affair of my virgin daughter which Agamemnon thought a befitting match for a daughter of the House of Pelops and when too that father stood up at the altar with all the assumed air of a priest at his sacrifices! Ah me! What a marriage ceremony too! To be sure! Why Calchas himself

Responſa vocis, & recedentes focos
 O ſclera ſemper ſcleribus vincens domus!
 Cuiore ventos emimus, bellum nece 170
 NUR Sed vela pariter mille fecerunt rates
 CLYT Non eſt ſoluta proſpero claſſis Deo
 Ejecit Aulis impias portu rates
 Sic inſpicatus bello, non melius gerit
 Amore captæ captus immotus prece, 175
 Smirthea tenuit ſpolia Phœbei ſenis,
 Ardore ſacræ virginis jam tum fuiens
 Non illum Achilles flexit indomitus minis,
 Non ille ſolus fata qui mundi videt,
 In nos fidelis augur, in captas levis 180
 Non populus ægei, & relucenſes iogi
 Intei ruentis Græciæ ſtragem ultimam
 Sine hoſte victus marcet, & Veneri vultus,
 Reparatque amores neve deſertus foret
 A pellice unquam barbara cælebs totus, 185
 Ablatam Achilli diligit Lyneſſida
 Nec rapere puduit e ſinu avulſam vultu
 En Paridis hoſtem! nunc novum vulnus gerens
 Amore Phrygiæ vatis incenſus furit
 Et poſt tropæa Troica, ac verſum Ilium, 190
 Captæ maritus remeat, & Priami gener
 Accingere, anime, bella non levia apparas
 Scelus occupandum eſt pigri, quem exſpectas diem
 Pelopia Phrygiæ ſceptra dum teneant natus
 An te morantur virgines viduæ domi, 195
 Patrique Oreſtes ſimilis horum te mala
 Ventura moveant, turbo queis rerum imminet
 Quid miſera ceſſas? en adeſt natis tuis
 Furens noverca pei tuum, ſi alitei nequit,
 Latus exiguatur enſis, & perimât duos 200
 Miſce cruorum, perde pereundo virum
 Mors miſera non eſt commori cum quo velis

shivered again at the responses of the oracle and as he saw the very fires of the altar, started back in astonishment! Oh! this race of mine always endeavouring to annul one crime, by the perpetration of another and greater one! We of our race, purchase the very winds that blow at the expense of family blood, and we assist in cruel wars with sacrifices!

NUR But thou shouldst bear in mind, that a thousand ships were enabled to set sail, through what was done

CLYT The fleet was not set free by a favorable god, but by Diana—Aulis was only too glad to get rid of the impious ships out of its harbors—thus begun, under such auspices, as the slaughter of its commander—he did not carry out his plans any better, for being seized with a mad passion

for Astynome a captive maiden and being utterly inexorable towards the prayers and entreaties of her father Chryses and he retained as he would any other warlike spoil this daughter of the aged Priest of Apollo Smintheus at the very same time too that he was raging with ardent passion for the prophesying virgin Cassandra! The indomitable Achilles even could not deter him from his purpose by any amount of threats nor even Calchris that prophet who alone knows the destinies of mankind always to be relied on when we are interested although somewhat inconsiderate where captives are concerned not even towards a whole population stricken down with the plague and when funeral piles preparing for the active flames are only waiting to be kindled and in short nothing does deter Agamemnon! And amidst the extreme ravages befalling languishing Greece (alluding to the mortality from the plague) here is the man conquered without an enemy in his front intent upon love-making and indulging in a series of amours nor indeed has his couch ever been free of some barbarian concubine or another—he fell in love with Briseis of Lyrnessus whom he took away from Achilles nor did he even hesitate to snatch a woman from the very arms of a husband! Behold! if thou pleasest this enemy of Iris now smarting from a fresh wound—he is now raging and burning with love for the Thrygian prophetess Cassandra and after the division of the Trojan spoils accruing from down-trodden Troy—he now poses as the husband of a captive and becomes a son-in-law of Priam! Buckle to in earnest Oh! my soul thou art preparing and not for the slightest of battles! The crime must be entered upon! Oh! thou slow to act! Why dost thou wait for a single day? While the rival Phrygian maids are holding the sceptre! (That is influencing the holder of it Agamemnon) Why should unwedded wenches (said in great contempt) installed at the palace delay thee in any way? Or Orestes such a facsimile of his father? Will not the calamities which are to happen to them and the whirlwind of direful events which are threatening them be the means of moving me to prompt action? Why do I thus halt in my scheme after this wretched fashion? Let me only picture to my mind a furious step-mother for my son's future lot! No! if I am to do nothing more than that let me apply the sword to my side and let me kill the pair of us! Let me mix our blood—let me perish if I only killed a husband at the same time! Death after all is not such a miserable arrangement as that so much depends upon the person with whom you might wish to die in company!

NUTR Regina, frena temet, & siste impetum,
 Et quanta tentes, cogita victor venit
 Asiæ ferocis, ultor Europæ trahit 205
 Captiva Pergama, & diu victos Phrygas
 Hunc fraude nunc conaris & furto aggredi?
 Quem non Achilles ense violavit fero,
 Quamvis prociacem torvus armasset manum
 Non melior Ajax, morte decreta furens, 210
 Non solus Danaus Hector & bello mori,
 Non tela Paridis certus, non Memnon niger,
 Non Xanthus armis corpora immixtis gerens,
 Fluctusque Simois cæde purpureos agens,
 Non nivea proles Cycnus æquorei Dei, 215
 Non bellicoso Thressus cum Rheso phrygius,
 Non picta pharetras, & securigera manu
 Peltata Amazon hunc domi reducem parat
 Mactare, & aras cæde maculae impia?
 Victrix inultum Græcia hoc facinus feret? 220
 Equos & arma, classibusque horrens fretum
 Propone, & alto sanguine evundans solum,
 Et tota captæ fata Dardaniæ domus
 Regesta Danaus comprime affectus truces,
 Mentemque tibi met ipsa pacifica tuam 225

ÆGISTHUS, CLYTÆMNESTRA, NUTRIX

Clytæmnestram nutricis consilium cedere paratam, iamque dubium
 superveniens Ægisthus avertit rursus atque in præcepis trahit

ÆGISTH **Q**UOD tempus animo semper ac mente homini,
 Adeo protecto rebus extremum meis
 Quid terga vertis, anime? quid primo impetu
 Deponis arma? crede perniciem tibi,
 Et dira sævos fata moliri Deos 230
 Oppone cunctis vile supplicis caput,
 Ferrumque & ignes pectore adverso excipe

NUR Oh! my Queen! curb thyself and check thy impetuous feelings, and do thou reflect on what great projects, thou art about to embark—behold! think of the great conqueror of proud Asia who is coming, that avenger of Europe! He is bringing in his train all the Phrygian captives, and Phrygians, moreover, only conquered after a campaign of ten years' duration! And wilt thou venture to attack him with treachery and clandestine snares? Him upon whom, not even Achilles ventured to use his drawn sword! (Minerva advised him not to do so) although

in savage mood he had already armed himself with that intention—not even was Ajax a braver man he who raged so when his death had been decided on! Nor Hector who was the only real obstacle to the Greeks and the speedier termination of the war! Nor the certain arrows of Paris nor the swarthy Memnon who led the Persian battalions to Troy nor was the Xanthus a greater source of horror that river which received the bodies of those who fell in battle with all their arms and military paraphernalia—nor the Simois which falls into it but sending on its waters red with the blood of the slain nor the white Cynus, that offspring of the god of the sea (Neptune), nor the Thracian battalions of Penthesilea with her painted quivers and moon shaped shield and with the battle axe carried in her warlike hand! And yet thou art preparing to sacrifice such a man as that when he returns to his palace and to defile the altars with impious slaughter! Will victorious Greece suffer such a crime to pass unrevenged Only picture to thy imagination the array of cavalry the bristling arms of the infantry and the sea itself dismayed by the formidable display of ships as there would be to avenge such a crime and then think of the very soil beneath thee overflowing with brave and noble blood and thus the calamities of captive Troy would be repeated in a Grecian Palace! Restrain thou thy truculent spirit and calm down thy determinations for by so doing thou wilt be serving thyself!

ÆGISTHUS—CLYTÆMNESTRA—NURSE

Ægisthus coming on the scene succeeds in diverting Clytemnestra from her new born resolution and leads her on again towards her rash purpose whilst she is already in a hesitating mood and prepared to yield to the wise counsels of the Nurse

ÆGISTHUS

FOR what a time have I been kept in a state of dread and uncertainty of mind! Surely the very extreme stage of my human affairs is arrived at! Oh! My soul! Why dost thou now turn thy back upon matters in hand? Why dost thou at the first brush with the enemy down arms Let me rather believe that certain destruction is awaiting me and that the cruel gods are preparing some punishment for me and with a hostile front let me face the foe and the sword!

- CLYT Ægisthe, non est parva sic nato mori
 ÆCISTH Iu nos periculi socii tu Leda rari
 Comitare tantum sanguinem reddet tibi 235
 Ignarus iste ductor, ac fortis pater
 Sed quid tremantes circum pallor geras
 Jactensque vultus languido obtutu stupet
 CLYT Amor jugalis vincit, ac flectit retro
 Referamur illuc, unde non decuit prius 240
 Abire vel nunc casta repetitur fides
 Nam fere nunquam est ad bonos mores vi
 Quem poenitet peccasse pene est innocens
 ÆCISTH Quo speris imens, credis aut speras tibi
 Agamemnonis fidele conjugium? ut nihil 245
 Subesset animo, quod graves faceret metus,
 Tamen superba & impotens situ nimis
 Fortuna magno spiritus tumidos daret
 Gravis ille focus stante adhuc Troja fuit
 Quid rere ad animum, surptæ natura truce 250
 Trojam addidisse? rex Mycenarum fuit
 Veniet tyrannus prospera animos efferunt
 Effusa circa pellicum quanto venit
 Turba apparitu! sola sed turba eminet,
 Tenetque regem famuli veridici Dei 255
 Feresne thalami victa consortem tui?
 At illa nolit ultimum est nupte malum,
 Palam mariti possidens pellex domum
 Nec regna socium ferre, nec tædæ sciunt
 CLYT Ægisthe, quid me rursus in præceps rapis, 260
 Iramque flammis jam residentem incitas?
 Permisit aliquid victor in captis sibi
 Nec conjugem hoc respicere, nec dominam decet
 Lex alia solio est, alia privato in toro
 Quid quod severas ferre me leges viro 265
 Non patitur animus, turpis admitti memor?
 Det ille veniam facile, cui venia est opus

CLYT Ægisthus, it would not be a great punishment for you, (I should think) as an incestuous son to be allowed to die (This is said in most contemptuous satire)

ÆG Thou art the companion in any danger which might befall us in common—Oh! thou offspring of Leda, I ask thee only to be my companion—That cowardly king and brave father, where his own children only are concerned, will repay himself with thy blood, but why that ghostly pallor around those restless eyes (of thine) and that heavy countenance looking utterly vacant, with thy languid stare?

CLYT The fidelity due to conjugal love is exacting its binding influence over me and makes me retreat from the path I have been following—let us both turn back to that road, from which it was wrong ever to have swerved, at

all events let the chaste vows I once took come into operation again! For the way back to correct morals is never too late! She who repents of a sin which she may have committed is almost on a footing with an innocent person!

*G To what step wilt thou be led next in thy madness? Dost thou believe or canst thou hope to find in an Agamemnon anything simulating fidelity in his matrimonial capacity? In the first place how can anything be dismissed from thy mind which cannot give rise to the gravest fears? However the brilliant successes achieved by Agamemnon already intolerable from the puffed up pride to which they have given rise are bound to develop a further degree of haughty insolence in his bearing towards others—And I can tell thee this much he was ever severe and morose towards his comrades in arms even whilst Troy was standing! What canst thou think of a disposition naturally savage when thou comest to tack on the pride of having conquered Troy? He was the King of Mycenæ he will return as Tyrant invested with full authority over all and prosperity invariably brings out a man's natural characteristics (shows him in his true colors)—And then with what unworthy display his bevy of concubines will be scattered about when he appears on the scene! But this group of females will reign supreme! Already that maiden Cassandra the priestess of the God of Oracle holds the key of the King's affections! And wilt thou tamely put up with only a miserable partnership in the marriage bed? But Cassandra herself would not consent to it if thou wouldst and the last unkind cut of all which can befall any wife is when a concubine openly poses as the legitimate possessor of the wife's share of a palace! Kings are not prone to share their regal authority with another and Venus equally shuns the notion of copartnership as regards the marriage bed!

CLYT Oh! Agisthus why dost thou wish to urge me *headlong into crime and excite afresh the passion that was just beginning to subside?* A conqueror is allowed some amount of latitude with his captives! Nor is it the right thing to do towards a husband for a wife to inquire too closely into such matters! There is one law for the occupant of a throne and another for those of less degree besides why should I bearing in mind my own infamous behaviour be inclined to prescribe none but the strictest code of morality as regards my husband? No! I say let that person grant pardon willingly who stands so much in need of it herself!

ÆGISTH Ita est præfisci mutuum veniam licet
 Ignota tibi sunt iura regnorum aut nova
 Nobis maligni iudices, æqui sibi, 270
 Id esse regni maximum pignus putant,
 Si quidquid aliis non licet, solis licet
 CLYT Ignovit Helenæ iuncta Menelæo redit,
 Quæ Europam & Asiam præiubus affluxit malis
 ÆGISTH Sed nulla Atridem Venere furtiva abstulit, 275
 Nec cepit unum conjugii obstrictum fure
 Jam crimen ille quærit, & causas parat
 Nil esse crede turpe commissum tibi
 Quid honesta prodest vitæ, flagitio veritus,
 Ubi dominus odit? sit nocens non quaritur 280
 Spartamne repetes spreta, & Eurotam tuam,
 Patriasque sedes profugus? non dant exitum
 Repudiæ regum spe metum falsæ levæ
 CLYT Delicta novit nemo nisi fides, mea
 ÆGISTH Non intrat unquam regium lumen fides 285
 CLYT Opibus merebor, ut fidem pretio obligem
 ÆGISTH Pretio parata, vincitur pretio fides
 CLYT Surgit residuus punctione mentis pudor
 Quid obstrepis? quid voce blandiloqui mala
 Consilia dictas? scilicet nubet tibi 290
 Regum relicto rege, generosa exsul -
 ÆGISTH Et cui Atrida videor inferior tibi
 Natus Thyestæ? CLYT Si parum est, adde & nepos
 ÆGYSTH Auctore Phœbo ignor haud generis pudet
 CLYT Phœbum nefandæ stupris auctorem vocas, 295
 Quem nocte subita freni revocantem sur
 Cælo expulisti? quid Deos probro advocas?
 Surripere doctus fraude geniales toros,
 Quem Venere tantum scimus illicita virum

ÆG Let it be so! Ye must ask each other's pardon then!
 But the code of laws set up by kings, must either not be
 thoroughly understood by thee or fresh laws must have
 come into fashion quite recently! As judges thou must
 understand kings are unmerciful towards others, but
 lenient towards themselves, in fact, they regard it as the
 especial prerogative of regal power that they will not
 allow a thing to others to which they claim the sole
 right, themselves!

CLYT When Helen returned, who brought misfortunes
 alike upon Europe and Asia, she came back as "the wife"
 to Menelaus—Menelaus pardoned his Helen!

ÆG Yes! that's true! but in that case, no captive maid
 had stolen away the affections of Menelaus, with her insidi-
 ous pretences of love, nor did such a maid, trench upon the

conjugal fidelity which bound him to his wife so inviolably! Already Agamemnon is on the look out for any crime thou mayst have committed and is now only paving the way for a possible divorce! Believe thou this that there is no crime too infamous for that man to commit! Of what avail is it then to try to lead an honest life and keep thyself aloof from wickedness? When thou hast incurred the hatred of a husband thou art, at once pronounced a criminal without the formula of any court of inquiry and wilt thou thus spurned seek Sparta again thy beloved Eurota and thy ancestral palaces as an outcast? Women divorced from kings do not so easily escape their powerful grasp and therefore do not banish thy fears with any such fallacious ideas!

CLYT No one has known about my crime but a trust worthy confidant

ÆG Confidence obtained by money can easily be bought back again with money

CLYT The shame that is left in me from my former chaste mind is rising forcibly in my bosom asserting itself! Why dost thou interrupt me when I am speaking? (Ægisthus does not relish this special pleading) Why dost thou presume with thy honeyed words to dictate to me such wicked counsels And as a plain matter of fact could I born as I am of a noble race after I had left the King of Kings stoop to marry thee an evile thyself!

ÆG And why pray am I to be considered thy inferior? I a son of Thyestes!

CLYT Certainly! and if that is not sufficient we might say— grandson into the bargain!

ÆG I was begotten under the authority and patronage of Phœbus and I need not be ashamed of my birth on that very account!

CLYT So thou citest Phœbus as a patron of thy abominable race whom thy family drove from the Heavens as he drew in his reins suddenly in the night and stopped his chariot! So that he should not witness the villainous deeds of Atreus—why dost thou thus insinuatingly brand the gods as participators in such infamy Thou who art so skilful in surreptitiously obtaining possession of the marriage bed of another by thy devices thou whom

ÆG Evile is no new thing to me—I am accustomed to the ups and downs of life if Oh! Queen thou commandest me I not only shall depart from thy palace and from Argos and at thy commands I shall make no unnecessary delay in laying bare with the sword this breast of mine which is so heavily weighted with my troubles!

CLYT If indeed as a daughter of Tyndarus I could permit myself to be so cruel as to allow thee to do that! No! she who sins as a confederate with another owes a debt of fidelity even to that accomplice in crime! Go away with me rather and let our united counsels throw some light upon the doubtful and threatening aspect of our joint position!

CHORUS OF THE WOMEN OF ARGOS

The chorus of the women of Mycenæ and Argos sing a triumphal hymn in honor of Apollo on account of the victory gained but introduces laudatory addresses likewise to Juno Minerva and Jupiter

Oh! thou illustrious assemblage of youthful virgins sing joyful hymn to Phœbus! Let the rejoicing throng crown thy head Oh! Apollo thou! Let the Inachian virgins after the time honored custom let down their locks waving thy favorite laurels! and thou also my Theban virgin appearing as a guest amongst us join in our chorus! And whoever thou art that sippest from the cool springs of Frasinus—whoever too that drinkest from the streams of Eurota and whoever refreshest thyself from the slowly flowing waters of the Ismenus and all ye votaries whom Manto the foreteller of our destinies and daughter of Tiresias invites to offer up sacrifices to the Deities sprung from Laton (Diana and Apollo) Oh! Phœbus thou conqueror avenger of the perfidious Laomedon peace has visited us at last—unbend thy bow and let thy quiver so full of the arrows of such swiftness of flight rest on thy shoulders! And let the harmonious lute struck by thy gentle finger send forth its dulcet strains! We would rather not have any of the war inspiring melodies or that thou shouldst sound thy grandiose notes pitched in a lofty key but simple measures such as thou usedst to evoke from thy slender harp when the cultivated muse recited her plays to thee! Although thou mayst sound with a louder note as once thou didst when thou sangest of the joy felt by the Gods when the giants fell vanquished by the thunderbolts of Jupiter or when mountain heaped upon mountain afforded

Superimpositi struxere gradus Trucibus monstribus stetit imposita Pelion Ossæ puniſer ambos Pleſſit Olympus	
Ades, o magni ſoror & conjux, Conſors ſceptri, regia Juno Tur te colimus turba Mycenæ Tu ſollicitum ſupplesque tui Numinis Argos ſola tueris Tu belli manu pacemque regis, Tu nunc lauros Agamemnonis Accipe victrix	340
Tibi multiſora tibi buxo Solenne erant, tibi ſiſa movent Docta puellæ carmine molli Tibi votivum matres Græcæ Lampadaſ præſtant id tur conjux Candida turri delubra credidit, Neſcit arrixi, nullo collum Signata jugo	350
Tuque o magni natæ Tonantis Inclita Pallas, quæ Dardanius Sæpe petiſti cuiſpide turres Te permixto matrona minor Majorque choro colit, & referat Veniente Dea templa ſacerdos Tibi nexilibus turba coronis Redimita venit	355
Tibi grandævus laſſique ſenes Compote voto reddunt grates, Libantque manu vini trementi Et te Triviam nota memores Voce precamur tu maternam Sistere Delon, Lucina, jubes Huc atque illuc prius errantem Cyclada ventis nunc jam ſtabilis Fixa terras radice tenet, Reſpuit auræ, religatque rates Aſſueta ſequi Tu Tantalidos Funera matris victrix numeras Stat nunc Sipyli vertice ſummo Flebile ſaxum, Et adhuc lacrimas marmora fundunt Antiqua novæ Colit impenſe femina virque	365
	370
	375
	380

a ladder to thoſe truculent monſters, when they endeavoured to ſcale the heavens, when Oſſa was heaped upon Pelion, and the pine-growing Olympus preſſed down

upon both of them! Come! Oh! thou puissant Juno sister and wife of Jupiter and the sharer of his sceptre the people of Mycenæ approach thee adoringly this day! Thou it is who alone watchest over the anxious and suppliant Argos with thy divine protection! Thou it is who controullest the affairs of peace or war with thy powerful influence! Oh! thou conquering goddess accept these laurels in honor of Agamemnon—the flute made from the wood of the boxtree with its multitude of holes plays its accustomed harmonies in honor of thee and the virgins likewise in honor of thee play up skilfully on their stringed instruments some of their most soothing melodies—and let the Crecian matrons wave their torches which they use at the sacrifices and let the white companion of the fierce bull (the heifer) which has never dragged the plough and whose neck leaves no traces of the pressure of the yoke! And thou oh! glorious Minerva the daughter of thundering Jove who so often visitedst the lofty Dardanian towers with showers from thy darts let the older matrons and the younger matrons in happy concert offer their adorations to thee in this chorus and the priest will rejoicingly unlock the temple portals when thou the goddess approachest! A group of worshippers adorned with woven chaplets arrive to greet thee! Very old men and men utterly broken down by bodily infirmities render thee thanks for their prayers which have been so graciously responded to! And Oh! Diana we offer to thee our homage remembering that our accents will be fully recognized by thee! For it is thou Lucina (in her capacity of watching over child birth) that commandedst Delos to stand firmly (when before it was one of the Cyclopes tossed about anyhow by the winds sometimes above water and sometimes below its surface) and now in its stability it rests on the earth with a permanent foundation—It can now resist the tempestuous winds and any vessel that approaches it now can come to a safe anchorage at its banks! And thou as the avenging conqueror of that mother Niobe canst enumerate the various deaths of the Tantalides the children of Niobe where now the still weeping rock stands on Mount Sipylus, and even now still in existence the ancient marble summits drip sorrowfully with ever flowing tears! Both man and woman regardless of trouble or expense worship thee the three fold Deity! And thou above all father and ruler all powerful with thy lightnings, at whose nod the furthest and extremest heavens tremble at one and the same time—Oh! thou Jupiter the father of the great grand father of Atreus look down with favor upon thy by no

Numen geminum tuque ante omnes
 Pater ac rector, fulmine pollens,
 Cujus nutu simul extremi
 Tremuere poli, generis nostri
 Iupiter auctor, cape dona libens
 Abiisusque tuam non degenerem
 Respice prolem
 Sed, ecce, vasto concitus miles gradu
 Manifesta properat signa future ferens
 Namque hasta summo lauream ferro gerit
 Fidusque regi semper Eurybates adest

385
390

ACTUS TERTIUS

EURYBATES, CLYTEMNESIRA

Eurybates nūrat, Agamemnona reducem advenire tempestatem
 Pallade immissam, Nūplique dolo aggravatam, parantur Divi
 victimæ & convivium Agamemnoni, captivæ adducuntur

D FLUBRA & aras cœlitum, & patrios Lares
 Post longa fessus spiritus, vix credens mihi,
 Supplex adoro vota superis solvite
 Telluris altum remert Argolicæ decus
 Tandem ad penates victor Agamemnon suos
 CLYT Felix ad aures nuntius venit mens
 Ubinam petitus per decem conjux mihi
 Annos moratur? pelagus, in terris premit-
 EUR Incolumis, auctus gloria, laude inclitus
 Reducem expetito litore impressit pedem
 CLYT Sacris colamus prosperum tandem diem,
 Et si propitios, attamen lentos, Deos
 Tu pande, vivat conjugis frater mei,
 Et pande, teneat quis foris sedes mea
 EUR Meliora votis posco, & obtestor Deos
 Nam certa fieri foris malis dubii vetat

395
400
405

means degenerate progeny! But listen! Look! a soldier
 is hastening towards us with lengthened strides, bringing
 us, evidently from his manner, a budget of joyful news,
 and what is more, his lance is decked with laurels, at
 the sword-end of it! Lo! it is Eurybates, the trusty
 henchman of the king of kings who is now advancing
 (Eurybates acted as the herald and messenger of Aga-
 memnon)

ACT III

EURYBATES—CLYTÆMNESTRA

Eurybates reports that Agamemnon has returned and is now approaching—that a tempest was visited upon them by Pallas which was made worse for them through the treachery of Nauplius—Sacrifices are prepared for the gods and a feast is got ready for Agamemnon —The captives are brought forward

EURYBATES

WEARIED out after such a long absence for I can scarcely believe myself even whilst I am speaking I now appear as a suppliant and offer up my adorations at the temples and altars of the Gods—perform the vows to the Gods above at last Agamemnon the conqueror reappears amongst us as the proud ornament of the land of Argos and has now returned to his household gods

CLYT Why did my husband thus tarry? (said hypocritically) having been expected by me for ten long years? Does the sea still retain him or has he landed on terra firma in safety

EUR Safe and sound! Of greater renown than ever rendered famous with the universal praise accorded him and he has planted his foot again on those shores he has so much longed for

CLYT If that be the case then we will celebrate the auspicious day
 all about the history—does the and what about at last settled down?
 do tell me
 been so dila
 (Menelaus)
 nd has she

EUR I pray for better results than I can vouch for at present and when I say s
 nected with
 to say much
 marvel is t
 and the sh

Ut sparsa tumidum classis excepit mare
 Ratis videre socii potuit ratem
 Quin ipse Atrides æquore immenso vagus
 Graviora pelago damna, quam bello, tulit,
 Rementque victo similis, exiguis trahens
 Lacerisque victor classe de tanta rates
 CLYD Effare, casus quis rates hausit moras?
 Aut quæ maris fortuna dispulerit duces?
 EUR Aceiba fati poscis infrustum jubes
 Misceie læto nuntium refugit loqui
 Mens agræ, tantis atque inhorrescit malis
 CLYD Exprome clades scire qui refugit furas,
 Gravât timorem dubiæ plus torquent moræ
 EUR Ut Pergamum omne Doicæ cecidit face
 Divisa præda est maris properantes petunt
 Jamque ense fessum miles exonerat latus,
 Neglectæ summæ scutæ per puppes jacent,
 Ad militares remus aptatur manus,
 Omnisque munus longa properanti moræ est
 Signum recursus regis ut fulsit rate,
 Et clava lentum remigem monuit tubæ,
 Auratæ primis prora designat vias,
 Aperitque cursus, mille quos puppes secent
 Hinc auræ primo lenis impellit rates,
 Allapsæ velis unda viæ actæ levi
 Tranquilla Zephyri mollis afflatu tremit,
 Splendetque classe pelagus, & pariter lætet
 Juvat videre nudæ Trojæ litora,
 Juvat relictæ solæ Sigææ loca
 Properat juvenus omnis adductos simul
 Lentare remos adjuvat ventos manu,
 Et valida nisu brachia alterno movet
 Sulcata vibrant æquora, & litora incēpant,
 Dirimuntque canæ cœrulum spumæ mare
 Ut rura plenos fortior tendit sinus,
 Posuere tonfas creditat est vento ratis

lost sight of the companion-ship, which contained Mene-
 laus! But Agamemnon himself, tossed about over the
 immense ocean wastes, suffered much more severe mis-
 fortunes than he even endured during the whole of the
 war, and he is now returning much more like a beaten-
 down soldier than as a conqueror, dragging, as he is
 doing, in his rear, a lot of battered disabled ships, left
 to him out of such a noble fleet, too!

CLYD Speak freely, tell me what misfortunes have
 befallen our dear ships (said with affectation of extreme
 tenderness) or what particular disasters of the sea,
 separated the Naval commanders

EUR. Thou askest me to tell what is very disagreeable to speak of—I thou art requiring me as a reporter of leading events to interlard a great deal of what is truly shocking to narrate with that which is a matter for general rejoicing, my unwilling lips almost forbid me to articulate and my very soul shudders again when I recall such horrible disasters to my memory!

CLYD. Is explanatory, he who shrinks from narrating a horrible story only exaggerates the fears of those who are eagerly waiting to hear it.

EUR. When all Trojans succumbed to the Grecian fires the spoils were divided and all hands eagerly wished to put to sea and by this time I must tell you the worn-out soldier was only too ready to doff the word which had dangled at his side so long and the shields of course now no longer required lay piled on the top of each other about the ships' poops! The oars too were gladly handled by the eager rowers and the least hutch in getting away appeared a perfect age to those expectant men so anxious to make a start. At last the flaming signals flashed from the royal flag-ship and the shrill bugle sounding with a will notified to the lingering sailors

It was time to man the oars. The ship with the gilded prow (Acammnon's) leads the way and indicates the course which the thousand ships are to take as they plough the watery main! At first a gentle breeze wafts the ships along and all sail is lowered to the welcome wind (the sails were drawn up when furled) and the sea so smooth is it appears scarcely ruffled by the balmy zephyrs as the vessels are impelled onward and the sea itself looks resplendent with the ship in such close order so much so indeed that the watery main itself is hardly distinguishable! Ah! and what pleasure it gave us to cast our eyes back upon the naked coast of Troy and what joy it was to have quitted the Sigan promontory and to leave it to itself—the whole of the eager young sailors hasten to lend a vigorous hand with the oars brought forward and they assist with their manual exertions the gentle winds and they strain their powerful arms as the oars reach the water after the alternate pause (that is to say the interval between raising and lowering the oars). The ploughed waters toss bewildered and as they recede with the onward progress made strike the quarters and creaking sides of the ships—and lo! The white foam divides the blue sea (a line of foam) and as the wind rises and blows stronger, it stretches out the sails and the rowers thereupon lay down their oars! (The word *tonsa* signifies the broad extremity of the

Fufusque tranſtris miles, aut terras procul, Quantum recedunt vela, fugientes notat Aut bella narrat Hectoris fortis minas, Currufque, & empto redditum corpus rogo Sparſum cruore regis Hercenm Jovem Tunc qui jacente reciprocos ludit ſalo, Tumidumque pando tranſiit dorſo mare Tynhenus omni piſcis exſultat freto Agitatque gyros, & comes lateri adnatat, Antene naves lætus, & rurfus ſequi Nunc prima tangens roſtra laſcivit chorus, Milleſimam nunc ambit & luſtrat ratem Jam litus omne tegitur, & campi latent, Et dubia parent montis Idæi juga Et jam, quod unum pervicax acies videt, Iliacus atra fumus apparet nota Jam laſſa Titan colla relevabat jugo, In aſtra jam lux prona, jam præceps dies, Eugua nubes fordido creſcens globo Nitidum cadentis inquinat Phœbi jubar Suſpecta varius occidens fecit freta Nox prima cælum ſparſerat ſtellis præcent Deſerta vento vela tum murmur grave Majora minitans collibus ſummis cædit, Tractuque longo litus ac petræ gemunt Agitata ventis unda venturis tumet Cum ſubito luna conditur, ſellæ latent In aſtra pontus tollitur cælum petit Nec una nox eſt denſa tenebras obruit Caligo, & omni luce ſubducta fietum Cælumque miſcet undique incumbunt ſimul, Rapiuntque pelagus infimo everſum ſolo Adverſus Euro Zephyrus, & Boreæ Notus Sua quiſque mittunt tela, & infeſti fretum Emoliuntur turbo convolvit mare Strymonius altas Aquilo contorquet nives, Libycuſque arenas Auſter ad Syrtes agit	445 450 455 460 465 470 475 480
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oar, for, as ſpread out, it operates upon a larger ſurface) and now, the veſſels are handed over to the winds only, and the ſoldiers diſtributed about the tranſtra (the ſeats of the rowers) begin to ſpin their different yarns, ſometimes, about the land in the diſtance—they wonder how far the ſails have carried them or they talk about the incidents of the war—about that threatening ſcowl of Hector, when he ſet fire to the Grecian ſhips, or they ſpeak about the car of Achilles, when it dragged Hector around the walls of Troy, and then they talk about, how the body of Hector was ransomed and given up to be honored with the funeral pile—then they ſpeak of poor old Priam, and how his blood was ſcattered at the altar

of Jupiter Herceus—then there appears something that plays about on the surface of the water when they are becalmed, and leaps about the swollen waves with its curved back—this is the Tyrrhenian Dolphin that performs its gyrations with every wave—they swim on like

and around the prows of the ships and finally encompass the Thousandth ship the last of the Fleet And now every trace of the shore has disappeared and the once well known plains are hidden from our view and then it is a matter for speculation whether what is (suddenly) seen is the summit of lofty Ida but afterwards a closer inspection revealing it to be only the smoke of Troy which appears like a black streak in the horizon! And now tired Phœbus relieves the necks of the chariot horses from their yokes (sets) then his rays descend upon the stars now that the day has declined A small cloud increasing into a globular mass of darkness completely obscured the bright rays of Phœbus and this changeable setting has caused us to be alarmed about the seas we might expect (this -- -- -- -- -- orm)
The first part of t stars
throughout the sk is the
wind fell (deserted) mur
ing sound descending from the highest mountain lands threatened us with even greater danger the shore and the rocks groan again over an extended track and the sea agitated by the approaching winds swells with anger—when suddenly the moon is hidden and the stars disappear and the sea appears to be raised towards the skies they are as it were seeking the very heavens nor is it night simply! A dense blackness displaces only the existing darkness and all presence of light completely vanishing the sea and the sky seem so intermixed that you could not discern the one from the other and on all sides opposing forces appear to be meeting and draw the sea as it were everted from its lowermost bed! The west wind opposing the east wind and the south wind doing the same thing with rude Boreas and each displays its own peculiar fury and these angry winds cast the sea out by absolute force—a perfect whirlwind turns the sea round and round—the north-east cold wind blowing over the Strymon whirls about the deep snow and the south wind blowing over Libya drives the sands on to the Syrtes nor is this the only thing remaining to be effected by the south wind for that same wind

Nec manet in Austro, sit gravis nimbis Notus, Imbre auget undas, Eurus Orientem movet, Nabathæa quatiens regna, & Eoos sinus Quid rapidus oia Corus Oceano everens ³	485
Mundum revelli sedibus totum suis, Ipsoque rupto crederes cœlo Deos Decidere, & atrum rebus induci chaos Vento resistet æstus, & ventus ietro Æstum revolvit non capit sese maie	490
Undasque miscent imber & fluctus suas Nec hoc levamen denique ærumnis datur, Videre saltem, & nosse, quo pereant malo Premunt tenebræ lumina, & diræ Stygis Inferna non est excidunt ignes timen, Et nube dium fulmen elisa micat	495
Miserisque lucis tanta dulcedo est malæ, Hoc lumen optant ipsa se classis premit, Et proia proræ nocuit, & lateri latus Illam dehiscens pontus in præceps rapit, Hauritque, & alto redditam removit mare	500
Hæc onere fidit, illa convulsam latus Summittit undis fluctus hanc decimus tegit Hæc lacera, & omni decore populo levis Fluitat, nec illi vela, nec tonsæ manent, Nec rectus altus malus antennas ferens,	505
Sed tunca toto puppis lonio natat Nil ratio & usus audet ars cessit malis Tenet horror artus omnis officio stupet Nativity relicto remus effugit manus In vota miseros ultimus cogit timor,	510
Eademque superos Troes & Danaï rogant Quid fata possunt! invidet Pyrrhus patri, Ajaci Ulysses, Hectori Atrides minoi, Agamemno Priamo, quisquis ad Trojam jacet, Felix vocatur, cadere qui meruit gradu,	515
Quem fama servat, victa quem tellus premit	

becomes loaded with clouds, which burst and augment the sea, with the rains which follow—the east wind, raging from an easterly direction, greatly disturbs the Nabathæan Kingdom (Arabia) and the shores first favored with the visits of Aurora! Why is the impetuous north-west wind (Corus) raising its head from the Ocean, and blowing from the west? And you would believe that the whole world was being torn up from its very foundations, and that the sky, having burst, the Gods themselves had fallen from them, and that black Chaos was coming upon us again! The sea resists the winds, and the winds hurl the tides back again! And the sea, no longer its own

master overruns its banks and the ceaseless rains mix up with the waves and the raging sea is carried upwards and seems to be on a level with the sky! Nor amidst all this is the relief afforded us in our misery of being able to see or to guess what our approaching end is likely to be! Darkness drives away every vestige of light and the infernal night of the Tartarian Styx is upon us! However when the lightnings fall around us and the terrible flashes shine again as they cut their way through the clouds there is a relative sweetness even in such a sinister kind of ill

a light like this!

to itself and the

another whilst the broadside of one crashes with and damages the broadside of another. The gaping sea suddenly seizes one and swallows it in the yawning gulf and then casts it up again mockingly returned from its depths at some distance from where it had disappeared—one ship presumably water logged founders with all hands (its burden) another with its side stove in falls a prey to the waves—the tenth wave (the maximum wave) submerges another with its rigging torn in shreds and with its pennants and ornamental gear carried away bodily floats about in no fixed direction—another has neither sails nor oars nor does its still remaining mast retain even its yards but as a floating tub it simply drifts all over the Ionian sea never to be seen or heard of again! All the skill and nautical experience of the commanders are of no avail! They can attempt nothing and their seamanship counts for naught in presence of these trying difficulties! Horror seizes upon every fibre of their bodies! Every sailor abandons his post fairly stunned by what he sees around him his oars drop from his hands! At last extreme fear induces these wretched men to offer up their prayers and both Trojans and Greeks are asking the Gods for the same things that they may escape these cruel dangers and not meet with a watery grave! (*As carnal seamen in a storm turn pious concerts and reform*) Then it was that we learned what unexpected things can be brought about by the hands of Fate! Pyrrhus actually envies the quiet repose being enjoyed by his father Achilles—Ulysses envies Ajax (on account of his) Menelaus envies the fate of the fate of Priam and who rest at Troy is considered to be enjoying a happy lot! he who achieved honorable glory and died at his post! he whom his fame has well handed down to posterity and is still preserved in memory and to whom that country which he had conquered offers a peaceful tomb! Will

Nil nobile aufos pontus atque undæ ferent
 Ignava fortes fata confument viros
 Perdendæ mors est quisquis es nondum malis
 Satiare tantis cœlitum, tandem tuum 520
 Numen scienæ cladibus nostris daret
 Vel Trojæ lacrimas odia si durant tur,
 Placetque mitti Doricum exitio genus,
 Quid hos simul perire nobiscum juvat,
 Quibus perimus? sistite infestum mare 525
 Vehit ista Danaos classis? & Trojs vehit
 Nec pluri possunt occupat vocem mare
 Ecce alia clades fulmine irati Jovis
 Armata Pallas, quidquid aut hinc inde moratur,
 Aut ægide & furore Gorgoneo potest 530
 Aut igne patio, tentat, & cœlo novæ
 Spirant procella, solus invictus malis
 Luctatur Ajax veli cogentem hunc sur
 Tenso rudente flamma perstrinxit cadens
 Libratus aliud fulmen hoc toto impetu 535
 Certum reducta Pallas excussit manu,
 Imitata patrem, transit Ajacem, & ratem,
 Ratique partem secum & Ajacis tulit
 Nil ille motus, ardua ut cautes solo
 Ambustus exstat, dirimit infanum mare, 540
 Fluctusque rumpit pectore, & navem morant
 Complexus in se trahit, & cæco mari
 Collucet Ajax omne resplendet fretum
 Tandem occupata rupe, furibundum intonat
 Superasse nunc se pelagus, atque ignes juvat 545
 Vicisse cœlum, Palladem, fulmen, mare
 Non me fugavit bellici terror Dei,
 Et Hectorum una solus & Martem tuli
 Phœbea nec me tela pepulerunt gradu
 Cum Phrygiis istos vicimus tene horream
 550
 Aliena meriti tela mittis deverte
 Quid si ipse mittat? Pluri cum auderet furens,
 Tridente rupem subruit pulsam pater
 Neptunus, imis exerens undis caput,

the sea and the rapacious waters claim only those, that have dared nothing requiring courage? Will the cruel fates victimize as well, the only brave men amongst us? If so, then death will be deprived of all that was worth dying for! Oh! thou God, whoever thou art of the heavenly host, be satisfied with the great evils already inflicted upon us, and calm down thy anger! Even Troy, herself, would shed tears of condolence at the misfortunes that we are undergoing—if thy anger is to continue for ever, and if it pleases thee that the Grecian portion of the human freight is to be handed over to final extinction,

why should it be agreeable to thee that the Trojan captives should perish along with us and for whose revenge we are doomed to perish! Oh! ye powerful Gods bealm this troubled sea this same fleet is carrying the Greeks and likewise transporting the Trojans! Nor can we urge any thing more for the sea muffles our very voices! Behold another catastrophe! Pallas armed with the lightnings of angry Jupiter is trying all she can whatever her threatening spear her Ægis armed with the head of Medusa (striking terror from its well known powers), together with her father's lightnings can bring about! and fresh storms spring up in the sky. The invincible Ajax is the only one that shows overt resistance in this state of things and as he was hauling taut the rope that enabled him to furl his sails the lightning falling upon him simply grazed his body another more efficacious description of lightning is then determined upon by Pallas and to make things doubly sure she imitates her unerring father and with her whole strength hurls it forth from her right hand (great virtue resided in this right hand) The flash passes through Ajax and the body of the vessel carrying away Ajax and the hull of the craft with him! But Ajax not at all disconcerted starts up but

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lightnings At length landed on a rock which he had found he thunders forth in a furious voice that he had now conquered the seas and defied the lightnings! It gave him great satisfaction to have triumphed over the heavens Pallas the lightning and the sea—not even the terrors of the bellicose God (Mars) have been able to subdue him, and he had borne up aforetime single handed against the conjoint onslaught of Hector and Mars! Not even the arrows of Apollo had subdued him with their attacks! He had overcome them all as he once did with the Trojans and shall he learn at last what it is to be scared! Should he fear those imitation lightnings which had been sent forth with the unpractised hand of a woman No! and not even if Jupiter himself were to hurl them at him! Whilst in his swollen rage he was saying all this and a great many things too horrible for you to hear Neptune struck the rock on which he was resting with his trident suddenly raising his head from the ocean depths and causing the rock to disappear

Solvitque montem, quem cadens secum tulit	555
Terraque & igne victus & pelago jacet	
Nos ultra major naufragos pestis vocat	
Est humilis unda, scrupulis mendax vadis,	
Ubi saxa rapidis clusa vorticibus tegit	
Fallax Caphareus æstuat scopulis fretum,	560
Fervetque semper fluctus alterna vice	
Arx imminet prærupta, quæ spectat mare	
Utrinque geminum Pelopis hinc oras tui	
Et Isthmon, arcto qui recurvatus solo	
Ionæ jungi maris Phryæis vetat,	565
Hinc scelere Lemnon nobilem, hinc & Chalcidæ	
Tardumque ratibus Aulidæ hinc arcem occupat	
Pylæmedis ille genitor & clarum manu	
Lumen nefanda vertice e summo efferens,	
In saxa duxit perfida classem fœce	570
Hærent acutis rupibus fixæ rates	
Has inopis undæ breviter comminuunt vada	
Pars vehitur hujus prima, pars scopulo sedet	
Hanc alia retro spatium relegentem ferit	
Et fracta frangit iam timent terram rates	575
Et maria mœlunt, cecidit in lucem suorum	
Postquam litatum est Ilío, Phœbus recat,	
Et damna noctis tristis ostendit dies	
CLYTEMNESTRA Utinamne doleam, læter in redcem virum -	
Remeasse lætor vulnus at regni grave	580
Lugere cogor redde jam Grævis præter,	
Altisonæ quatiens regna, placatos Deos	
Nunc omne læta fionde veletur caput	
Sacrifica dulces tibi effundat modos,	
Et nivea magnas victimæ ante aras cadat	585
Sed ecce turba tristis incomitæ comas,	
Ilíades adfunt, quis super celfo gradu	
Effrena Phœbas entheas laurus quatit	

carrying with it, him to whom it had just before afforded a resting-place, and thus he fell conquered—by the earth—the lightning—and the sea! Another still greater calamity awaits us distressed, practically ship-wrecked mariners! There is a portion of the sea, when it is low water very deceiving with its rocky channels, where the treacherous Caphareus (a mountain of Eubœa) hides from the view the multitude of rocks in the rapid gulfy streams, over which it raises its majestic height! The sea rages with great severity round about these rocks, and the waves always observe the same angry attitude, whether the sea is ebbing or flowing! There is a lofty tower on the summit of a rugged mountain, which commands a view of the double sea, on both sides, from this coign of vantage, you can see the coasts of the land of Pelops,

and the isthmus which bending itself back with its narrow neck of land prevents the junction of the Ionian sea with the Hellespont from this point you have a view of Lemnos so notorious for the crimes committed there—here also you can spy Chalcis and Aulis which retarded the Grecian ships. The father of Palamedes (Nauplius) occupies a citadel here and displaying from its lofty heights a brilliant light to further his wicked ends has caused the ships to run aground upon the rocks misled as we were by his treacherous fires—the vessels in consequence were first bound by the sharp rocks and the shallow streams on account of the scanty waters caused the ships to fall to pieces on the sad rocks. The prow of one ship is in the water whilst its stern rests on a rock and then another vessel strikes against it just as it is making for another safer place and then a mutual crash! And now comes the time when the ships begin to dread the land and would rather have to do with the sea! The fury of the storms begins to abate when day light approaches and when Phœbus returns after Troy has been thus avenged and the light of day fully reveals to us the damage effected during the past sad night!

CLYTEMNESTRA Which really ought I to do after all thou hast told me? Ought I to grieve or rejoice at the return of my husband? No! I rejoice inexpressibly rejoice that he has come back but I am forced to grieve for the grave disasters which have visited our kingdom as it were. Grant this boon to the Greeks oh! thou father of the thunders which shake the heavens with its lofty echoes—grant that the angry Gods may be appeased at last! In the meantime let every head be adorned with the triumphal verdant foliage and let the sacred lute tune forth its most dulcet melodies and the snow white victim fall in sacrifice before the altars! But listen! look! a lugubrious collection of women the neglected look! the Trojan captives are
 the priestess of Apollo
 wearing the prophetic laurels which she is carrying in her hand!

CHORUS ILIADUM, CASSANDRA

Chorus Iliadum Trojæ fata casumque luget, Cassandra furore Phœbeio correpta, quæ Agamemnoni imminent, vaticinatur

HEU quam dulce malum mortalibus additum,
 Vitæ dirus amor cum patet malis 590
 Effugium, & miseros libera mors vocet,
 Portus æternæ placidus quiete†
 Nullus hunc terror, nec impotens
 Procella Fortunæ movet,
 Aut iniqui flamma Tonantis 595
 Pax alta nullos civium cœtus
 Timet, aut minaces victoris iras,
 Non maria asperis insana Coris
 Non acies feras,
 Pulvereamque nubem, 600
 Motam barbaricis equitum catervis,
 Hostica aut muros populante flamma,
 Urbe cum tota populos cadentes
 Indomitumve bellum perrumper omne
 Servitium contemtor levium Deorum, 605
 Qui vultus Acherontis atræ,
 Qui Styga tristem non tristis videt,
 Audetque vitæ ponere finem
 Par ille regi, par superis erit
 O quam miserum est nescire mori! 610
 Vidimus patriam ruentem nocte funesta,
 Cum Dardana tecta Dorici raperetis ignes
 Non illa bello victa, nec armis,
 Ut quondam Herculeæ cecidit pharetra,
 Quam non Pelei Thetidisque natus, 615
 Carusque Pelidæ nimium feroci
 Vicit, acceptis cum fulsit armis,
 Fuditque Troas falsus Achilles
 Aut cum ipse Pelides animos feroces
 Sustulit luctu, celeremque saltu 620
 Troades fummis timuere muris
 Perdidit in malis extremum decus,
 Fortiter vinci restitit annis
 Troja bis quinis,

CHORUS OF TROJANS—CASSANDRA

The Chorus of Trojans bewail the fates and the misfortunes of Troy Cassandra being seized with one of her prophesying paroxysms, foretells what dangers are threatening Agamemnon

CHORUS

AIAS! what a calamity however much it may be
 cherished has been fastened upon us poor mortals
 in the shape of our unfortunate love of life. When
 the way out of our misfortunes is open to us and kind
 Death summons the wretched and a tranquil harbour of
 refuge with eternal rest is given us in exchange for
 those troubles—No such terrors affect such a man then
 nor is he tossed about by the cruel storms of fate nor is
 he any longer the victim of the unjust fulminations of
 thundering Jove—he then enjoys peace in its plenitude!
 He fears no editious gatherings of disaffected citizens
 nor the angry scowl of a tyrannical conqueror! Nor
 does he then dread the sea lashing itself into fury with
 a tempestuous northwester nor does he go in fear of
 the sanguinary battlefield nor is he disturbed by the
 clouds of dust stirred up by the war steeds of the bar-
 barian horsemen as they gallop about the plain during
 their hostile incursions! Nor is he terrified by the
 enemy's fires laying waste his homestead nor does he
 fear the entire downfall of the population with their
 entire city destroyed! Not even the ceaseless prolong-
 ation of war will disturb the man who is a despiser of
 the frivolous gods will trample on every kind of bondage
 —the man who with mental composure can gaze upon
 the lugubrious Styx (in imagination) and who as a view
 of the black Acheron is pictured to his mind can sum-
 mon up the courage to put an end to his own existence
 is on a par with very kings y.e with the actual Gods
 above! Oh! what a wretched thing it is this not knowing
 how and when to die! Here are we! We see our very
 country ruined in one dreadful night—when the Crecean
 flames seized upon the Trojan habitations our Troy was
 —————
 were
 when
 neither
 oclus

that dear friend of the extremely ferocious Achilles really
 conquered not even when he stalked forth accoutred
 with his borrowed arms and when that sham Achilles
 did rout us only for a time or even when Achilles roused
 himself from grieving for his friend and all his angry
 ferocity returned the Trojans were certainly scared, when
 he appeared suddenly on the lofty walls and to observe
 him being so swift in the leap he took! The very last
 honorable satisfaction has been denied us of being con-
 quered by arms overpowering valor! Our Troy resisted
 —successfully resisted for ten long years and then oh!

Unius noctis peritura furto	625
Vidimus simulata dona molis immensæ, Danaumque fatale munus diximu, nostra Creduli dextia tremuitque sæpe Limine in primo sonipes, caveinis Conditos reges bellumque gestans	630
Et licuit versare dolos, ut ipsi Fraude sua capti caderent Pelasgi Sæpe commotæ fonuere parmæ, Tacitumque murmur percussit aures Et fremuit male subdolo	635
Parens Pyrrhus Ulyssi Secura metus Troica pubes Sacros gaudet tangere funes Hinc æquævi gregis Astyanax, Hinc Hæmonio desponsa rogo,	640
Ducunt turmas hæc femineas, Ille viriles Festæ matres votiva ferunt Munera Divis festi patres Adeunt aras unus tota est Vultus in urbe	645
Et, quod nunquam post Hectoreos Vidimus ignes, læta est Hecube Quid nunc primum, dolor infelix, Quidve extremum deslere paras?	650
Mœnia Divûm fabricata manu, Diruta nostra? An templa Deos super uita suos? Non vacat istis lacrimare malis Te, magne parens, flent Iliades	655
Vidi, vidi, fenis in jugulo, Telum Pyrrhi vix exiguo Sanguine tingi CASS Cohibete lacrimas, omne quis tempus petit, Troades, & ipsæ vestra lamentabili Lugete gemitu funera æumnæ meæ Socium recusant cladibus questus meis Removete nostros ipsa sufficiam malis	660
CHOR Lacrimas lacrimis miscere juvat Magis exurunt, quos secreta Lacerant curæ juvat in medium Deslere suos nec enim, quamvis	665

sad, that she should perish at last, through the treachery enacted, in a single night! We had seen the pretended gift represented by that huge mountainous mass (the Trojan Horse) and in our confidingness, we believed in Sinon, we led along the fatal gift of the Greeks with our trusting right hand, and we observed that the horse, more than once, regularly trembled, just as it passed the thres-

hold of our gates carrying within its hollow cavernous interior armed kings themselves hidden up with all their implements of battle and it might have been permitted to have turned their treachery against its authors so that the Pelasgi themselves (Greeks) might have fallen as easy captives through that dreadful imposture! Their shields striking against each other very often gave forth a sound and even whispering noises would some times reach our listening ears and Pyrrhus whilst he sullenly obeyed the orders of crafty Ulysses groaned with disgust! The Trojan lads and young virgins without any fear delighted to handle those fatal ropes that hung about the horse There Astyanax played at soldiers and marched (military fashion) at the head of boys of his own age—there our virgins accompanied the engaged Princess Polyxena to the tomb of Achilles! Such and such a woman heading the females such and such a man the male portion of the retinue The matrons inclined to be joyous bring their votive offerings to the Gods The fathers of their children in a rejoicing mood approach the altars and there is one look of universal joy in the City and Hecuba even appears to be jubilant a thing we never before noticed since Hector's body had been ransomed and handed over to the funeral pile! Oh! miserable anguish! what will be the next what will be the last misfortune we are making ready to weep about? These walls built by the hands of the Gods and now destroyed by the hands of man! Or, (shall we weep about) our temples burnt and the debris immuring their own Gods? No! We have no time to weep over these misfortunes it is for thee that great Sire of our nation Priam that the Trojans weep! We have seen yes we have actually seen the sword of Pyrrhus plunged into the chest of that old man and when withdrawn to be scarcely tinged with blood!

CASS Oh! ye Trojans restrain your tears you will have plenty of time for that and grieve rather now for your own haracter
—my then to
grief without
needing sympathizing tears for my own calamities when they arrive!

CHOR 'Tis pleasant to mix our own tears with the tears of others they whom hidden troubles disturb suffer more from lack of companions in sorrow! It is much better for them to air their grievances! Nor could you although a harsh virago and capable of bearing ordinary mis

worthily the sad misfortunes of your dynasty! Nor would it be possible for the swan so bright amongst the other white swans which inhabit the waters of the Danube and the Ianaïs (the Don) to utter its last dying notes in its usual way if it thought of your troubles! (When the swan is dying its accents are considered quite musical) Let the kingfishers lightly sound forth their mournful notes in harmony with the fluctuating murmurings of the gentle waves for the death of CLYTEMNESTRA when although distrustful they muster up courage to risk the tranquil sea again and timorously cherish their tender broods in the unsteady net! nor if that mournful tribe of Corymbant priestesses imitating the effeminate men should bruise and mutilate their arms for your sorrows that tribe which after their parent whose head was crowned with rising turrets (refers to the mode of dressing their hair turret fashion) work themselves up into a state of frenzy and tear their breasts stirred up by the harsh screechings of their boxwood flutes so that they may sufficiently bewail their Phrygian Attila! Cassandra! there is no limit to our tears

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thrac

We suppose that the gods above ought to be specially honored with the strictest observances by the wretched suppliants who seek their aid!

CASS My misfortunes have effectually steeled me against all fears inasmuch indeed that I never endeavour now to soften the deities with any of my prayers nor if they wish to grow wrathful have they it in their power to injure me—Even capricious fate, you perceive exhausts its own capabilities in time! What country is there left to me? What father? What sister have I now? The dreadful tomb and the exacting altars have swallowed up the blood of all my race! What has become of my once happy brothers? They have perished away from life's scene! The Palace of Aged Priam is empty! deserted! and out of so many spouses that were domiciled there formerly there is not one sister left except Helen that is not a widow! That mother of so many kings and that Phrygian Queen Hecuba so prolific in her parturitions as regards the fiery elements (allusion is here made to her dream before the birth of Paris) has earned some experience of what novel decrees the fates are capable of ordaining and has now assumed the visage of a wild animal and barks aloud as she prowls about the ruins of her once own city! (Hecuba was turned into a

Circa ruinas rabida latravit fura
 Troja superstes, Hectori, Priamo sibi
 CHOR Silet repente Phœbas, & pallor genas 710
 Creberque totum possidet corpus tremor
 Stetera vitæ mollis horrescit coma
 Anhelæ corda murmure incluso fremunt
 Incerta nutant lumina, & verbi ratio
 Torquentur oculi rursus immixta rigent 715
 Nunc levat in auras altior solito caput
 Graditurque celsa nunc relucantes parat
 Referare fruces, verba nunc cluso marte
 Custodit ore, Metæ impatiens Dei
 CASS Quid me furoris incitum stimulis novæ, 720
 Quid mentis inopem sacra Parvassi iugæ
 Raptis recede, Phœbe iam non sum tua
 Exstingue flammæ pectori infixas meo
 Cui nunc vagor vestra cui brachior ferens
 Jam Troja cecidit falsa quid vites ago 725
 Ubi sum fugit lux alma & obtecurat genas
 Nox atra, & æther abditus tenebris latet
 Sed ecce gemino sole præfulget dies
 Geminumque duplices Argos attollit domos
 Idæa cerno nemora fatalis sedet 730
 Inter potentes arbiter pastor Deus
 Time te reges, moneo, furtivum genus
 Agrestis ille alumnus evertet domum
 Quid ista vecors tela femina manu
 Districta præfert quem petit dextra virum 735
 Læna cultu ferrum Amazonio gerens
 Quæ versat oculos alia nunc facies meos
 Victor feruum colla vexatus iacet
 Ignobili sub dente Marmaricus leo,
 Morsus cruentos passus audreis leæ 740
 Quid me vocatis sospitem solam e meis,
 Umbrae meorum te sequor, tota pater
 Troja sepulte frater, auxilium Phrygum,
 Terrorque Danaum, non ego antiquum decus

dog) A legacy to Troy! A reminiscence of Hector! A memento of Priam! A metamorphosis of her quondam self!

CHOR Cassandra is suddenly silent, and pallor seizes her cheeks and a frequent tremor pervades her entire frame! The very fillets around her head grow stiffened, and her soft locks stand on end, and have lost their well-combed appearance—her panting bosom resounds with smothered murmurs—her uncertain, (changing) gaze is cast in every direction, and her eyes roll about and sometimes seem to be turning back, as it were, into their very sockets,

and then they suddenly become stern and cruel! Then she raises her head and looks taller than usual and steps out with a lofty carriage—At one time she is preparing to open her reluctant mouth—at another she suppresses her words with difficulty and mutters with her lips closed. In short she looks like some Miniad struggling with the god that is inspiring her! In spite however of her resistance the God Apollo forces her to speak as follows. Why should I excite myself with any fresh prophetic impulses. Why dost thou drag me away to the tops of Iarissus (sacred to Apollo)? I leave me! I have I am no longer thine! I now belong to Agamemnon—extinguish the divine spirit thou hast caused to reside in my breast! For what am I now wandering about as a demented prophetess. For whom am I now raving like a frantic Miniad? Troy has now fallen! Why should I again act the part of a false prophetess. Cassandra whilst speaking is seized with some kind of fit and she goes on with her utterances still under its influence.) Where am I. The kind light of heaven has left me and the sombre blackness of night has blinded my eyes and the sky around is hidden from me through the obscurities that prevail—(She then has a vision and exclaims.) Behold the day is shining forth as it were with two suns (This is the *usus duplicatus* peculiar to drunkards and vulgarly called double vision and is a symptom also of some nervous affections of the optic apparatus) and a double Argos also raises two sets of palaces! I see the forests of Ida where dwelt that fatal shepherd who adjudicated upon the rival claims of the three goddesses (Paris) Go in fear of kings take my advice avoid their incestuous offspring (alluding to Agasthus) That rustic nurse child will overturn the palace! (The name of Agasthus was given him because he was suckled by a she goat) Why does that mad woman I see brandish a drawn sword in front of me in that feminine hand of hers? What man is she seeking to destroy that Iaconian woman attired in the garb of some bold Amazon? What other face too, is engaging the attention of my visual organs. Oh! the conqueror of all the other wild beasts—the lion suffered dishonour (C) ones! What all my kith and kin? I am following you with my eyes! Oh! rather mine buried away together with all Troy! Oh! Brother mine I see thee too the potent auxiliary of the Phrygian cause and the terror of the Greeks! (Hector) I cannot see that glorious ornament of the past

Video, aut calentes ratibus exustis manus	715
Sed lacerata membra, & faucibus vinclo gravi	
Illos laceratos te sequor, nimium cito	
Congresse Achilli, Troile incertos geris,	
Deiphobe, vultus, conjugis munus nova	
Juvat per ipsos ingredi Stygios lacus,	650
Juvar videre Tartari sævum canem.	
Avidique regna Ditis hac hodie ratis	
Phlegethontis atro regis animas vchct,	
Victamque, victtricemque vos, Umbra, precor,	
Jurata superis unda, te priter precor,	755
Referate prulum terga nigrantis poli,	
Levis ut Mycenæ turba prospiciat Phrygum	
Spectate miseri fata se vertunt retro	
Instant sorores squallidæ	
Sanguinea jactant verbera	760
Fert læva femustas faces	
Turgentque pallentes gena,	
Et vestis atræ funeris	
Exesa cingit illic,	
Strepuntque nocturni metus,	65
Et offra vasti corporis	
Corrupta longinquo situ	730
Palude limosa jacent	
Et ecce defessus senex	
Ad ora ludentes aquas	70
Non captat, oblitus sitis,	35
Mœstus futuro funere	
Exsultat, & ponit gradus	
Pater decoros Dardanus	
CHOR Jam pervagatus ipse se fiegit furor,	775
Caditque, flecto qualis ante aras genu	
Cervice taurus vulnus incisa gerens	
Relevemus aitus entheos tandem suos	
Victrice lauro cinctus Agamemnon adit,	
Et festa conjux obvios illi tulit	780
Gressus reditque juncta concordæ gradu	

and gone, nor the hands that waxed so hot with the burning of the ships, but I espy some mutilated limbs, and those arms wounded (bruised) by the heavy chains—I see thee, also Troilus, who contended with Achilles, too mighty for thy juvenile arms! Oh! Deiphobus, thou art showing a most indescribable appearance, but the especial gift of thy new spouse (Helen betrayed him to Menelaus who mutilated and slew him cruelly) It is really quite pleasant to stroll round about the Stygian lakes—it does one good to see the savage dog of Tartarus, and reconnoitre the domains of greedy Pluto! That craft

of Charon's which plies over the black Phlegethon this day will convey the souls of two royal individuals as
 ones (mine) and the con
 nplere you oh! ye shades and
 by which the gods above do

swear—open up to view the interior of thy black heavens that the gentle tribe of Phrygians may see Mycenæ and that the shades of the Trojans may have the consolation of seeing Agamemnon killed by his wife as a sort of acceptable sacrifice to their Manes! The fates are reversing themselves (changing the order of events) Then the hideous furies are coming upon the scene they are flourishing their bloodthirsty whips! Their left hands are holding the half burnt torches and their pale cheeks are puffed out and the habiliments of black death environ their emaciated sides! And those nocturnal sources of terror then give forth subdued noises and the bones of some vast giant are now paraded before my vision partially eaten away through their long continuance in a muddy marsh and I behold the wearied old man he cannot reach with his lips the tricky waters he is actually forgetting all about his thirst and he is sad on account of the imminent death of his great grandson but Dar danus our great great grandsire (Tritavus) chuckles with delight and steps about with a most dignified air of triu

spirit

fairly

bull that has received the well directed blow which has severed its neck trembles and falls with its bent knees before the altar Let us raise that body which till now was filled with divine inspiration! At last Agamemnon approaches those who are expecting his arrival with his head adorned with the victorious Laurel and his (apparently only) joyful wife going forth to meet him returns side by side with him to the banqueting Hall

ACTUS QUARTUS

AGAMEMNON, CASSANDRA

Agamemnoni reduci prædicit Cassandra fatum nec creditur
Iroind vers 31

TANDRÆM revertor sospes ad patrios lare-
O cara salve terra, tibi tot barbaræ
Dedere gentes spolia, tibi scilicet diu
Potentis Asiæ Trojæ submisit manus 785
Quid ista vires corpus effusa, ac tremens
Dubia libat cervice? famuli, attollite
Resovete gelido latice jam recipit diem
Marcente visu suscita sensus tuos
Optatus ille portus ærumnis adest 790
Festus dies est CASS Festus & Trojæ sunt
AGAM Veneremur iras CASS Cecidit ante aras pater
AGAM Jovem precemur priter CASS Herculum Jovem?
AGAM Credis videre te illum? CASS Et Priamum furul
AGAM Hæc Trojæ non est CASS Ubi Helenæ est Trojam puto 795
AGAM Ne metue dominam famula CASS Libertas adest
AGAM Secura vive CASS Mors mihi est securitas
AGAM Nullum est periculum tibi met CASS At magnum tibi est
AGAM Victor timere quid potest? CASS Quod non timet
AGAM Hæc fida, famuli, turbæ, dum excurrit Deum 800
Retinete, ne quid impotens peccet furor
At te, pater, qui sævæ torques fulmina
Pellisque nubes, sidera & terras regis,

ACT IV

AGAMEMNON—CASSANDRA

Cassandra, when Agamemnon returns, predicts his fate,
but she is not believed

AGAMEMNON

AT last, I have returned to my paternal dwelling!
Oh! my dear country! I hail you with joy—The
barbarian nations have rendered up to you many
valuable spoils! Troy, the capital of Proud Asia, so long
a flourishing Kingdom, has yielded to our valiant arms!
But, why is that prophetess on the ground in such a
state of bodily prostration? She is trembling, and seems
to raise her head with difficulty! Here! Quick, ye atten-

dants! Raise the princess up sprinkle ye her with some cold water! Ah! she is opening her eyes and recovering from her vacant look! Come! Cassandra dear! Do rouse thy senses! The long looked for haven out of thy troubles is now at hand! This is a day of rejoicing for all of us!

CASS And it was once a day of rejoicing at Troy

AG Let us prostrating ourselves offer up our adorations before the altar

CASS 'Twas at the foot of the altar that my father fell! (Priam)

AG Let us address Jupiter likewise with our prayers

CASS What Jupiter Dost thou mean Jupiter Herceus?

AG Dost thou still think Cassandra that thou art gazing at thy Troy

CASS Yes! and at Priam as well!

AG But I am telling thee this place is not Troy

CASS Where is Helen? I can think of nothing but Troy

AG Come Cassandra! don't like any common servant go in fear of a mistress! while thou knowest that thou art beloved by me!

CASS My liberty is not far off!

AG Live Cassandra in comfort and security

CASS Death will be my security

AG There is no danger that thou mayst fear

CASS But there is great danger for thee

AG What can a conqueror fear

CASS The very identical thing that he does not fear!

AG Here! trusty attendants take care of this prophetess till she shakes herself out of this horrible deity—inspiring business lest during one of these frantic moods she may do herself or some one else some bodily mischief—and oh! Father Jupiter who drivest away the clouds and hurlest forth the dreadful lightnings—who rulest the earth and the starry firmament to whom the conquerors are

Ad quem triumphī spolia victores ferunt,
 Et te sororem cuncta pollentis viri,
 Argolica Juno, pecore votivo libens
 Arabumque donis, supplice & fibra colam

805

CHORUS ARGIVARUM

Chorus Argivarum Herculis laudes canit, nutriti scilicet Argis, cujusque
 sagittæ fato poscebantur ad secundum Trojæ excidium

ARGOS nobilibus nobile civibus,
 Argos iratæ carum novercæ,
 Semper ingentes educas alumnos,
 Imparem æquasti numerum Deorum
 Tuus ille bisseño meruit labore
 Allegi cælo magnus Alcides,
 Cui lege mundi Juppiter rupta
 Roscidæ noctis geminavit horas,
 Jussitque Phœbum tardius celeres
 Agitare currus, & tuas lente
 Remerre bigas, pallida Phœbe,
 Retulit pedem, nomen alternis
 Stella quæ mutat, seque mirata est
 Hesperum dici, Aurora movit
 Ad solitas vices caput, & relabens
 Imposuit senis humero mariti
 Sensit Ortus sensit Occasus,
 Herculem raris, violentus ille
 Noctæ non una poterat creari
 Tibi concitatus substitit mundus
 O puer magnum subiture cælum,
 Te sensit Nemereus arcto
 Pressus licerto fulmineus leo,
 Cervique Parrhasis
 Sensit Arcadii populator agri
 Gemitque trurus Dictæa linquens
 Horridus ara
 Morte sacundum domuit draconem,
 Vctutque collo jereunte nasci
 Geminofque fratres pectore ab uno
 Irra monstra natos stipite incusso
 Iregit insultans duxitque ad ortus

810
815
820
825
830
835

bringing the spoils of their triumphant victory, and oh!
 Juno, thou especially protectrix of all Argos, and sister
 as well as spouse of thy all puissant husband, we will
 offer to thee, joyfully, in adoration our animal sacrifices,

and the perfumes and frankincense of Arabia, and with every fibre of our nature we will approach thee suppliantly with our adorations!

THE CHORUS OF ARGOS WOMEN

The Chorus of Argos Women sing the praises of Hercules especially as he was brought up at Argos and they maintain that his arrows were required by the fates for the second downfall of Troy

Oh! Argos celebrated for thy illustrious citizens! Oh! Argos dear even to an angry step mother (it was hateful to Juno on account of Jupiter's concubines who were in strong force there) thou always bringest up foster children that turn out something great thou now hast equalized the number of the Gods in that respect—thy great Alcides! he has fully deserved to be elected as a fit recipient of divine honors for his twelve labors—Alcides! for whom indeed the laws of the universe were set aside (Jupiter doubled the hours of dewy night and ordered Phœbus to drive his swift courses at a more moderate speed and pale Phœbe to come back at a slower travelling pace with her two horse chariot! And the star of Venus which changes her name alternately as she returned marvelled why her cognomen should be altered from Aurora to Hesperus! Aurora turned aside to her accustomed position and reclined on the shoulders of her aged Tithon—the Eastern Hemisphere ceased—the Western was born into created (ushere world under orders stood still awaiting his arrival! Oh! that little boy who was destined at birth finally to enter the kingdom of Jupiter's heaven! The angry Nemæan Lion that had been squeezed to death by his tight pressing arms knew him again! And the Parrhasian stag and the ravaging wild boar of the Arcadian plains knew him again! As well as the horrible bull that groaned so loudly when it quitted the Cretan pastures! And he effectually subdued the prolific Lernæan Hydra (with death) and by destroying its neck preventing its power of growing again (reanimation as one head was destroyed two were said to spring up) and the trigeminal brothers which from one vital centre common to all three were developed into a triple monster—whom Hercules with a sort of amused triumph promptly despatched with one well directed blow from his club and

Hesperium pecus, 840
 Geryonæ spolum tiformis
 Egrot Threicium gregem
 Quem non Strymonii gramine fluminis,
 Hebrive ripis pavit tyrannus,
 Hospitum dirus stabulis ciuorem 845
 Præbuit sævis, tinxitque crudos
 Ultimus rictus sanguis aurigæ
 Vidit Hippolyte ferox,
 Pectore in medio rapit spolum & sagittis
 Nube percussa Stympthalis alto 850
 Decidit cælo,
 Arborque pomis fertilis ameis
 Extimuit manus infueta carpi
 Fugitque in auras leviora ramo
 Audivit sonitum crepitante lamna 855
 Frigidus custos nescius somni
 Linqueret cum jam nemo omne fulvo
 Plenus Alcides vacuum metallo
 Tractus ad cælum canis inferorum
 Triplici catena, tacuit, nec ullo 860
 Latravit ore lucis ignotæ
 Metuens colorem te duce succidit
 Mendax Dardaniæ domus,
 Et sensit arcus iterum timendos
 Te duce concidit totidem diebus 865
 Troja, quot annis

ACTUS QUINTUS

CASSANDRA

Cassandra vel illa non videns vaticinatur, vel in proscenio stans
 quæ intus & in ἐξώστρο gerantur, de cæde Agamemnoni,
 narrat

RES agitur intus magna, pat annis decem
 Eheu, quid hoc est anime, confuge, & cape
 Pretium furoris vicimus victi Phryges
 Bene est! refurgis, Troja, transisti jacens

870

he drove the Hesperian flocks of this three-headed
 giant Geryon, to feed upon Eastern pastures! He set
 free the horses from Diomedes, the Thracian King, which
 their tyrant owner had not allowed to graze upon the
 pasture lands of Strymon, nor yet on the fertile banks
 of the Hebrus, but instead of that, the cruel owner gave

them the blood of his guests and the last human blood that moistened their lips was that of the barbarous Charioteer himself! The fierce Hippolyte was doomed to see her shield and girdle taken from her side and then given up to Hercules as the spoil of war! And the Styinphalides were struck down by his arrows from the very highest regions of the skies! And that tree which produced the golden apples unaccustomed to be robbed of its burden and feared the approach of designing hands he caused to resume its position but with its branches lightened of their load and the cold blooded dragon the guardian of the apples and ' was only heard the crepit

fruit	!
metal	safe exit from every part
of th	tarus was dragged to the
uppe	in preserved its silence
and	at all but feared the im

pression made upon him by that light (day light) which he had never experienced before! The lying perfidious dynasty of Troy has aforetime (Lomedons) under thy generalship felt that the arrows were to be dreaded a second time and when thou leddest the way as general Troy fell in as many days as it has just taken Agamemnon ten years to bring about!

ACT V

CASSANDRA

Cassandra, although she (actually) sees nothing and is only in the Proscenium foretells what is to happen and she narrates everything that is progressing in the banqueting hall to those outside concerning the slaughter of Agamemnon

A GREAT event is being enacted inside quite equal to anything that may have happened during the ten years war! Alas! What does it all mean? Oh! my soul rise to the occasion and receive the full reward due to thy inspirations! We the down trodden Trojans have now turned conquerors! It is well thus far! Oh! my Troy you are being resuscitated although fallen you have dragged Mycenæ into the mire with you! The conqueror is now retreating! And the inspiration of my foreseeing mind has never indicated anything more evident—more clearly to my perception for I actually

Pares Mycenæ terga dat victor tuus
 Tam clara nunquam providæ mentis furor
 Ostendit oculis video, & intersum, & fruor
 Imago visus dubia non fallit meos
 Spectamus epulæ regia instructæ domo, 875
 Quales fuerunt ultimæ Phrygibus dapes,
 Celebrantur ostro lectus Iliaco nitet,
 Merumque in auro veteris Assaraci trahunt
 Et ipse picta veste sublimis jacet
 Priami superbas corpore exuvias gerens 880
 Detrahare cultus uxor hostiles iubet,
 Induere potius conjugis fide manu
 Textos amictus horreo, atque animo tremo
 Regemne perimet exsul, & adulter viuum?
 Venere fata, sanguinem extremæ dapes 885
 Domini videbunt, & cruor Baccho incidet
 Mortifera vinctum perfidæ tradet neci
 Induta vestis exitum manibus negat,
 Caputque laxi & inui cludunt sinus
 Haurit trementi femivir dextra latus, 890
 Nec penitus adigit vulnere in medio stupet
 At ille, ut altis hispidus silvis aper,
 Cum casse vinctus tentat egressus tamen
 Arcuatque motu vincla, & incassum furit
 Cupit fluentes undique & cæcos sinus 895
 Difficere, & hostem quærit implicitus suum
 Armatus bipenni Tyndaridis dextram furens
 Qualisque ad aras colla taurorum prius
 Designat oculis, antequam ferro petat
 Sic huc & illuc impium librat manum 900
 Habet peractum est pendet exigua male
 Caput amputatum parte, & hinc trunco cruor
 Exundat, illinc ora cum fremitu jacent
 Nondum recedunt ille jam exanimem petit,
 Laceratque corpus illi fodientem adjuvat 905
 Uterque tanto scelere respondet suis
 Hic est Thyeste natus, hæc Helenæ soror
 Stet ecce Titan dubius merito die,
 Sumne curat, an Thyestæa via

see, am interested in what I do see, and I am now enjoying the fullest fruits of my prophetic power! This is not any doubtful vision or ignis fatuus, which is deluding my vision (mental) it is a reality! I positively see the banquet, that is going on, in the royal palace, such as the feasts of old were celebrated amongst the Trojans—the royal couch is resplendent with the purple coverings stolen from Troy, and they are drinking their wine out of the very golden goblets which belonged to the ancient Phrygian King Assaracus, and Agamemnon himself is lolling in his embroidered garments, and wearing about

his person the habiliments worn by Priam himself but his wife (Clytæmnestra) is (cunningly) persuading him to respect the susceptibilities of the Trojans to take off the attire of the enemy and to put on in preference some clothing actually woven by the dear hands of an affectionate wife! Oh! I dread what I am suspecting I am pausing in my mind whether this adulterous exile will dare to kill a King and that King the husband of his accomplice! The fates have come true! And the second course of the feast will witness the flow of blood and that blood will be shed just as the loving cup passes round (It was a custom with the ancient Greeks to pass round the loving cup—*philotesia*) That garment when it is put on will bind him fast and hand him (Agamemnon) over to a treacherous death. It shuts out all means of escape to the hands and the loose inextricable folds completely envelop the head (when any attempt is made to remove it is here meant) Then *that effeminate adulterer, Ægisthus stabs the King in the side with his right hand trembling the while but does not send the weapon home for he appears to be lacking in resolution whilst he is inflicting the wound!* But Agamemnon just as the bristly wild boar in the depths of the forest attempts to effect its escape whilst bound hard and fast by the hunter's net and merely tightens the cords which bind it through its frantic exertions and only rages in vain at its failure! In a similar way Agamemnon seeks to tear away this flowing robe which enveloped him and which permitted of no exit and thus imprisoned he looks round inquiringly to see who was his enemy! The daughter of Pyndarus raging with excitement takes a two edged sword in her right hand and as the sacrificing priest before the altar marks out with his eye measuring the distance before he takes his deadly aim at the neck of the bull as there so here Clytæmnestra (as it were) scientifically poises her wicked hand! She has it now! She has struck the blow and the head being divided hangs only by a small portion of integument—then the blood flows profusely from the wound and he dies with a groan! But the murderous couple do not go away—
 he is dead and mutilat
 him in the proc
 are
 taking after their family predecessors in this great crime—One is the son of Thyestes—The other the sister of Helen! Behold! Phœbus is in a quandary! Will he stop his chariot in celebration of such a meritorious day's work as he did in the case of the notorious supper of Atreus or will he go on with that chariot as usual?

ELECTRA, STROPHIUS, ORESTES
ET PYLADES, mutæ personæ

Electra fratri suo Orestæ subducto fugam suadet, eumque Strophio opportune occurrenti tradit abducendum, ipsa ad aram confugit

FUGE, o paternæ mortis auxilium unicum, 910
Fuge, & scelestas hostium evita manus
Everſa domus est funditus regna occidunt
Hospes quis iste concitos currus agit?
Germane, vultus veste furabor tuos
Quos, anime demens, refugis? externos fugis? 915
Domus timenda est pone jam trepidos metus,
Orestæ amici fida præſida intuo
STROPH Phocide relicta Strophius, Elea inclitus
Palma revertor causa veniendi fuit,
Gritari amico, cuius impulsus manu 920
Cecidit decenni Marte concussum Ilium
Quenam ista lacrimis lugubrem vultum rigat,
Paveſque mœſta? regium agnosco genus
Electra, fletus causa quæ læta in domo est?
LL Pater peremptus scelere materno jacet 925
Comes paternæ quæritur natus neci
Ægiſthus arces Venere quæſitas tenet
STROPH O nulla longi temporis felicitas!
EL Per te parentis memoriam obteſtor mei,
Per ſceptra terris nota, per dubios Deos, 930
Recipe hunc Oieſten, ac pium furtum occulte
STROPH Eiſi timendum caſus Agamemnon docet,
Aggrediari, & te, Orestæ, furabor libens
Poſcunt fidem ſecunda, at adverſa evigunt
Cape hoc decorum ludicri certaminis, 935
Inſigne frontis, læva victricem tenens
Frondem virenti protegat ramo caput
Et iſta donum præſentis Piſæi Jovis
Velamen eadem præſtet atque omen tibi

ELECTRA—STROPHIUS—ORESTES AND
PYLADES—MUTE PERSONAGES

Electra persuades her brother Orestes to take flight, and luckily encounters Strophius, and she hands him over to Strophius, to be carried away Electra flies to the altar for protection

ELECTRA

FLEE! oh! thou only hope of avenging a father's murder! Flee, and avoid the wicked hands of our enemies—The Palace is utterly overthrown! The

Kingdom has collapsed! Ah! what guest is it I wonder that is now approaching and driving those spirited coursers? Oh! my dear brother I will conceal thy face with some of my garments! Oh! my bewildered soul! From whom are we fleeing? Are we fleeing from strangers? Yet the Palace is to be dreaded it is no longer safe—Come Orestes put aside thy trembling fears—I can trust the safe protection of a friend!

STR (Election day and the day of the race) Who am I? I am S and am now having gained Games and the reason for my coming on hither was simply to congratulate an old friend by whose prowess shattered Troy has been finally overcome after a ten years campaign. And may I ask why thou art deluging thy face with tears and with such a sad look of terror about thee? I know thy royal race! What is the cause of all this weeping in thy joyful palace too!

EL My father is lying murdered through my mother's wickedness and now the Son Orestes is being sought for that he may follow his father as a companion to be murdered in a similar manner! Agisthus holds the seat of power now which he has attained by means of a lover's intrigue!

STR Ah! of what short duration is human felicity!

EL I conjure thee by the memory of my lost parent—by his sceptre which was acknowledged throughout all lands—by the uncertain Deities—let this boy Orestes receive thy protection and hide away this pious relic I have filched away!

STR Although	to be
on our guard—I	restes
—Prosperity en	puts
them to the test	iv left

hand—use it as an ornamental appendage to thy head it was awarded to me as the victor's prize at the chariot races—it will protect thy face with its ever green branch lets and this palm the gift of Jupiter Pisæus will serve alike the office of a sunshade as well as the trophy of victory and they will be to thee a significant memento as regards the revenge owing for the slaughter of thy

Tuque o, paternis affidens frenis comes
 Condifce, Pylade, patris exemplo fidem
 Vos, Græci nunc teste, veloces equi
 Infida cursu fugite præcipiti loca

EL, Excessit abiit currus effreno impetu
 Effugit aciem tuti jam opperitur meos
 Hostes, & ultro vulneri opponam caput
 Adest cruenta conjugis victrix sui,
 Et signa credis veste maculata gerit,
 Manus recenti sanguine etiamnum mordent,
 Vultusque prae se scelera truculenti ferunt
 Concedam ad aras potere me vittis tuis,
 Cassandra, jungi pariter metuentem tibi

99-

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CLYTÆMNES IRA, ELECTRA,
 ÆGISTHUS, CASSANDRA

Electram ab ara detrahi & in carcerem conjici jubet Cly-
 tæmnestra Cassandra jugulatur

H CLYT OSTIS parentis, impium aque audax caput,
 Quo more cætus publicos, virgo, petis?
 EL Adulterorum virgo deserti domum
 CLYT Quis esse credat virginem? EL Natam tuam
 CLYT Modestius cum matre EL Pietatem doces
 CLYT Animos viriles corde tumefacto geis,
 Sed agere domita feminam discas malo
 EL Nisi forte fallor, feminas ferrum decet
 CLYT Et esse demens te parem nobis putas?
 EL Vobis? quis iste est alter Agamemnon tuus?
 Ut vidua loquere vir caret vita tuus

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Father! And thou oh! Pylades, the companion now
 sitting in thy father's chariot, learn in earnest, the re-
 sponsibility attaching to the example of a father! And
 Greece! be now my witness, that you, my swift coursers
 fly with your headlong speed from these treacherous
 regions!

EL He has gone—he has left us, and his steeds are
 galloping away with a wild speed, from this battlefield of
 the enemy! Now, I am sufficiently protected from the
 foe! I will willingly offer my own head to the assassin's
 sword! The sanguinary conqueress of her slain husband
 is now approaching, and shows the traces of murder on
 her stained garments—her hands, even now, are moist
 with the blood only just shed, and her fierce visage car-

ries in its expression the very imprint of crime! I will betake myself to the altars for refuge and Cassandra allow me to wear thy fillets (the fillets thou wearest at thy supplications) when as a crowned prophetess thou fleddest to the altar as a suppliant to be associated with thee thus far I fear the same death is in store for thee as well as for myself!

CLYTÆMNESTRA—ELECTRA—ÆGISTHUS—
CASSANDRA

Clytæmnestra orders Electra to be dragged away from the altar and thrown into prison—she stabs Cassandra

CLYTÆMNESTRA

O H! thou enemy of thy mother thou wicked and audacious upstart by what new fangled custom dost thou a virgin pose as the frequenter of public gatherings?

EL It is simply because I am a Virgin that I have quitted the palace of an adulteress and her accomplice in adultery!

CLYT Who will believe that thou art a Virgin?

EL Those who know that I am thy daughter

CLYT Be then a little more respectful in addressing that mother

EL Thou teachest me the way to be affectionate

CLYT Thou hast the disposition of a Virago with thy inflated imagination but being tamed down by punishment thou wilt learn to act more like a woman

EL Unless I am mightily mistaken is it becoming or the usual thing for women to carry swords?

CLYT And dost thou suppose with thy insane notions that thou art on an equality with us?

EL With us! Who is the other Agamemnon that belongs to thee? whilst thou art speaking as a widow thy husband is lying dead

CLYT Thou shalt die this day!

EL No matter! so long as I die by thy hand I shall now remove myself from the altar whether it pleases thee or not to stab me with thy sword and for that purpose I will give my neck up to thee with all willingness or will it please thee more that my neck should be dealt with after the fashion of cattle slaughter! However that neck is only waiting for thy wounds—thy crime must be fully carried out—wash thy right hand besprinkled with my life blood—that hand which has already been stained with the blood of a husband!

CLYT Come! Ægisthus consort mine sharer of my dangers as well as my kingdom! This daughter is tiring her mother out with her theft in a most defiant manner too—she has actually hidden away the brother whom she has impudently stolen from us!

ÆG Furious virgin thou! restrain the accents of thy wicked tongue and desist from the utterances unfit for a mother's ear!

EL Even the very artificer of crime can now afford to admonish—a son actually born into the world as the direct result of crime with a doubtful name from his own parents—the same man who is a son of his own sister and the grandson of his own father

CLYT Dost thou hesitate Ægisthus to cut off her impious head with the sword? She shall give up that brother or die forthwith

ÆG No! she shall pass the remainder of her life in some dark dungeon dug out of a rock—tortured with every kind of punishment perhaps—starvation privation of every necessary close confinement with repulsive filth around her—and then perhaps she may be willing to tell us where she is now hiding him—a widow before being a wife—an exile—an odious sight for every one to behold and the air of heaven being denied her she must yield to these measures even if she is backward in doing so now!

EL Grant me death

ÆG If thou refusest I will punish thee that tyrant is a wretched novice who inflicts death as a punishment!

EL Is there anything more thou canst do than to visit me with death!

ÆG Yes! Life! if thou wishest to die

CLYT Abripite famuli monstrum & vectum procul
 Ultra Mycenæ ultimo in regni angulo
 Vincite septim nocte tenebroſi ſpecus,
 Ut inquietam virginem carcer domet 1000
 At iſta pœnis capite perſolvat ſuo,
 Captiva conjux, regni pellex tori
 Irabite, ut ſequatur conjugem creptum mihi
 CASS Ne irabite, veſtros ipſa præcedam gradus
 Perſerre prima nuntium Phrygiis meis 1005
 Propero repletum ratibus æverſis mare
 Captis Mycenæ, mille ductorem ducum,
 Ut paria ſita Troicis lucret malis
 Periſſe dono femine ſuppro dolo
 Nihil moramur rapite quin grates ago 1010
 Tantum juvat vixiſſe, poſt Trojam juvat
 CLYT Furibunda moreis CASS Veniet & vobis furor

CLYT Attendants, ſeize this monster and convey her far away from Mycenæ, ensure her confinement, immured in the perpetual gloom of ſome dark cave, in the remotest corner of the kingdom, ſo that a life of imprisonment may tame this lawleſs Virgin! But that captive wife Cassandra ſhall pay the penalty with her head, that concubine of the royal marriage bed Drag her forth that ſhe may follow my worthy husband!

CASS Do not drag me out! I will anticipate thee by walking out—I haſten to be the meſſenger of what has occurred to my fellow Trojans in Elyſium—the ſea has been filled with the wrecked ſhips of the enemy! Mycenæ has been captured (by the adulterer Ægiſthus) and the proud leader of the thouſand captains, in order that he might ſuffer the ſame fate, as that which he viſited upon the Trojans, has periſhed through the gift of a woman—adultery and treachery! I wiſh for no delay, ſeize me, I give myſelf up willingly, already, over and over again, it delights me ever to have lived at all, it delights me, that I have ſurvived the fate of Troy!

CLYT Die, thou furious harlot! (alluding to her prophetic ravings)

CASS And a furious end is in ſtore for thee, the vengeance of thy own family!

HERCULES CÆTÆUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HERCULES
 HYLUS
 ALCMENA
 CHORUS ÆTOLARUM MULIERUM
 NUTRIX
 DEJANIRA
 IOLE

PHILOCTETES
 CHORUS ÆCHALIARUM VIR-
 GINUM
 LICHAS muta persona
 IOLE ET CHORUS ÆCHALIDUM
 sunt *ῥητορικὴ προσωπα*

ARGUMENTUM

DEJANIRA, indigne ferens sibi prælata Iolen Euryti regis Æchaliæ filiam, Herculi tunicam mittit imbutam sanguine Centauri Nessi, sagitta Herculis hydræ felle tincta vulnerati, efficacissimum credens philtrum præsentissimumque amoris remedium, quod illam monuerat moriens Nessus. Quam simul ac induisset in Cenæo Eubœæ promontorio sacrificaturus Hercules, ignem concipit virus, vestisque corpori adhærentis æstus carnem, ossa interiora absumit. Nessi fraude intellecta sibi mortem consciscit Dejanira. Hercules, interfecto Licha, qui munus letale attulerat, mandat Philoctetæ (cui moriens arcum & sagittas tradit) exstrui sibi in monte Æta pyram, in qua se cum clava ac leonis pelle cremat. Alcmænæ denique matri apparet, ipsamque consolatur jam in cœlitum numerum adscriptus.

ACTUS PRIMUS

HERCULES

Scenæ hæc prima cum choro seq. in Eubœa statuitur, ubi Hercules, in Cenæo promontorio sacrificaturus, vota de cœlo, quod rebus gestis (quas enumerat) meruisse se gloriatur, concipit reliquæ Tragœdiæ scena est Trachinæ

SATOR Deorum cujus excussam manu
 Utræque Phœbi sentiunt fulmen domus,
 Secure regna protuli pacem tibi,
 Quacunque Nereus porrigi terras vetat
 Non est tonandum perfidi reges jacent,
 Sævi tyranni fregimus, quidquid fuit
 Tibi fulminandum sed mihi cœlum, parens,
 Adhuc negatur³ parui certe Jove
 Ubique dignus teque testata est meum
 Patrem noverca quid timen nectis moras³
 Numquid temetur³ numquid impositum sibi

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HERCULES	PHILOCTETES
HYLLUS	CHORUS OF CECALIAN
ALCMENA	VIRGINS
CHORUS OF ÆTOLIAN	LICHAS (Dumb Personage)
WOMEN	IOLE AND CHORUS OF
NURSE	CECALIANS ARE PRO
DEJANIRA	MINENT CHARACTERS
IOLE	

ARGUMENT

Dejanira suffering grievously at seeing that Iole the daughter of Eurytus King of Cechalia had been preferred before herself sends Hercules a coat which had been impregnated with the blood of the Centaur Nessus who had been mortally wounded by an arrow shot by Hercules which arrow had been poisoned by the virus (gall) of the Hydra believing it to be a most efficacious philtre as regards the means of bringing back to her the love of Hercules which Nessus as he was dying assured her, that it would prove to be The poison of which no sooner had Hercules put it on became ignited and the fire fastened on his body burnt the flesh and penetrated to the very bones This deception of Nessus being brought home to her Dejanira condemned herself to death Hercules (Lichas who had brought the lethal present being slain) gives orders to Philoctetes to whom when dying he bequeaths his bow and arrows that he should be placed on the funeral pile on Mount Ceta on which he was to be burnt with his club and the Nemæan lion's skin, Hercules appears afterwards to his mother Alcmena and consoles her that he has been enrolled amongst the Gods

ACT I

HERCULES

The first scene with the chorus following is laid at Eubœa where Hercules about to offer sacrifices on the promontory of Ceneum records his wishes concerning his pretensions to a place in the heavens and which he recounts and boasts he has deserved The rest of the Tragedy is laid at Trachine

Non poterit Atlas ferre cum cœlo Herculem?³
 Quid Astra, genitor, quid negas? mors me tibi
 Certe remisit omne concessit malum,
 Quod terra genuit, pontus, aer, inferi 15
 Nullus per urbes erit Arcadias leo
 Stymphalis icta est, Mænali nulla est fera
 Sparsit peremtus aureum seipens nemus
 Et hydra vires posuit & notos Hebro
 Ciuore pingues hospitum fudi greges 20
 Hostisque tuxi spolia Thermodontiæ
 Vidi silentum fata, nec tantem iedii,
 Sed trepidus atrum Cerberum vidit dies,
 Et ille solem nullus Antæus Libys
 Animam resumit cecidit ante aras furas 25
 Bufius una est Geryon sparsus manu
 Taurusque populis horridus centum pavor
 Quodcunque tellus genuit infesta, occidit,
 Meaque fufum est dextera natis Deis
 Non licuit esse si negat mundus feras, 30
 Animum noverca, redde nunc nato patrem,
 Vel astra forti nec peto, ut monstres iter
 Permite tantum, genitor inveniam viam
 Vel si times, ne terra concipiat feras,
 Properet malum quodcunque, dum teira Herculem 35
 Habet, videtque nam quis invadet mala?³
 Aut quis per urbes rursus Argolicas erit
 Junonis odio dignus? in tutum meas
 Laudes recepi nulla me tellus flet
 Me fenfit Urſæ frigidum Scythicæ genus, 40
 Indusque Phœbo subditus, Cancro Libys
 Te, clare Titan, testor occurrî tibi,

O H¹ Father of the Gods, by whose hand the lightnings,
 when hurled forth, are fully recognized in both of the
 dominions traversed by Phœbus—the East and the
 West—on his rising and at his setting! Oh! thou Deity,
 secure as far as thy Kingdom is concerned, I have
 by my labors, brought about peace for thee, wherever
 Nereus forbids the earth's surface to be covered with
 the Ocean which he controls—We need not thy angry
 thunders now! treacherous things and blood-thirsty tyrants
 have fallen! In fact, I have destroyed every thing that is
 worthy of thy thunder! But still, oh! my Parent, heaven
 continues to be withheld from me! And surely I have
 shown myself everywhere as worthy of Jupiter—even my
 step-mother, Juno, bears witness that thou and only thou
 couldst possibly be my father, judging from what I have
 done! Why, therefore, dost thou contrive thy delay in
 admitting me into Heaven? I wonder what there is now
 to inspire further fears! Is it, may I suggest, because Atlas

would never be able to support the heavens on his shoulders again if the weight of Hercules were superadded thereto? Why oh! my father dost thou deny me a place amongst the constellations? Why dost thou refuse me? Surely, when I visited the regions of Mors and was permitted to return therefrom it must be that it was for thee that I came back! Every monster and every thing objectionable have disappeared through my services whether brought forth on the earth the sea or the air or even in the infernal regions! There is now no wild stag at Mænalus to commit its ravages and the Stympthalides have fallen from their aerial abode above by means of my arrows—no lion now prowls about at large amongst the cities of Arcadia! and that dragon the vigilant custodian of the
 destroyed
 its power
 the banks

of the Hebrus the
 consuming the bl
 put to the rout! I
 queen of the Am

the fates of the wretched Manes nor did I return alone for I brought with me a companion but the astonished world had never beheld before such a sight as the fierce Cerberus any more than Cerberus had ever known before what Light was! There is now no Antæus of Ibya who gained fresh strength each time he alighted on Mother Earth—Busiris fell in front of his own altars and the three bodied Geryon yielded to my unaided strong arm and that terrible bull the terror of a hundred peoples and whatever else the cruel earth gave birth to succumbed and was dispersed by my right hand! And the Gods have no reason to be angry if Juno my step mother is withholding her wrath and if the world is now denying us any more wild beasts or monsters Come forward now and show thyself as a Parent towards a son and for my brave deeds receive me into heaven amongst the starry group not that I ask oh! my father that thou shouldst point out the way! give me the permission only and I will find out the means of getting there! Or if thou art in any doubt lest the earth might create fresh monsters let such calamities be hastened in their advent whilst the earth has Hercules upon it and can look to him to remove them for who is there except myself that could grapple with such monsters? Or who will be the next one in the Argolic cities deserving of the hatred of Juno? I have gained all my triumphs with perfect safety to myself in fact no land is silent in recording my successes! The people in the cold regions exposed to

Quacunque fulges nec meos lux prosequi
 Potuit triumphos Solis excessi vices
 Insuper nostras substituit metas dies 45
 Natura cessit terra defecit gradum
 Laxata per me nova & extremum chaos
 In me cucurrit inde ad hunc orbem redi,
 Unde retro nemo tulimus Oceani minas,
 Nec ulla valuit quaterere tempestas ratem, 50
 Quacunque pressa pars quota est, quam prosequor?
 Jam vacuus æther non potest odio tuæ
 Sufficere nuptæ, quasque devincam feras
 Tellus timet concipere, nec monstra invenit
 Feræ negantur Hercules monstri loco 55
 Jam coepit esse quanta nunc fregi mala,
 Quot scelera nudus³ quidquid immane obstitit,
 Solæ manus stravere nec juvenis feras
 Timui, nec infans quidquid est iustum, leve est.
 Nec ulla nobis segnis illuxit dies 60
 O quanta fudi monstra, quæ nullus mihi
 Rex imperavit¹ instituit virtus mihi
 Junone peiori sed quid impavidum genus
 Fecisse prodest² non habent pacem Dei
 Purgata tellus omnis in cælo videt, 65
 Quodcunque timuit transtulit Juno feras
 Ambit peremptus Cancer ardentem plagam,
 Libyæque sidus fertur, & messes alit
 Annum fugatæ tradit Afrææ leo
 Att ille jactans fervidam cælo jubam, 70
 Austrum madentem siccant, & nimbos trahit
 Invasit omnis ecce jam cælum fera,
 Meque anteceffit victor e terris meos
 Specto labores astra portentis prius

the blasts of the Scythian Bear have known of me, and the swarthy Indians, subject to the boiling heat under the tropical cancer¹ And thou, bright Titan, I call upon thee to endorse what I say, wherever thou hast shed thy rays, hast thou not encountered me² Nor could indeed, even thy penetrating luminosity follow me in some of my various triumphs! (Allusion is here particularly made to his visit to the Infernal Regions) Thus, I have exceeded the very limits of the Sun which has reached its goal, far within the transactions of my diurnal routine (Hercules here means that his day is so much longer than that of Phœbus) Nature (on every side) has yielded to me, the earth even has ceased to find me standing room for my exploits, and the regions of Tartarus were then opened through my exertions, and extreme chaos has been encountered by me, and after all, I made good my return to this orb, from that abyss, whence no one ever came back when once

engulphed therein! I have braved and withstood the ocean's wild tempests and no fierce storm was ever able to wreck the craft which I had pressed down with my weight! But all this that I thing only a part of what I the sky has been cleared of that (even) does not satisfy the hatred of thy Wife! I will undertake to conquer any wild beasts or monsters but the Earth dreads to introduce them nor has Juno been able to discover them, therefore wild beasts are now denied me! Hercules himself therefore must begin to pose as some wonderful monster! How many enemies of mankind have I not subdued? how many crimes have I not punished without the aid of weapons—whenever any huge or (apparently) insuperable difficulties have presented themselves my unaided hands have signally put them aside and rendered them harmless nor even as a mere child did I ever fear wild beasts nor as a baby boy did I dread the two serpents sent by Juno when I was in my cradle! In short whatever I have been commanded to do I have found quite easy of accomplishment! Nor has the light of day ever shone upon me that has been passed in an idle manner without some kind of victory! Oh! how numerous have been the monsters and such like that I have destroyed which no Eurystheus ever ordered me so to do. The fact is the invincible desire that possesses me always to be conquering something or other is far greater than the anger of Juno which suggests their being done but of what good is it to have made mankind on this earth to have their objects of fear removed when the gods above are not to enjoy a reign of peace! Juno has transferred all the monsters and wild beasts and whatever else was dreaded by man and the earth purged of their presence only sees them shining in the Heavens—the very crab I killed and which nipped my toe when I was despatching the Hydra describes its celestial course as the torrid Zone and serves as an especial constellation for the burning plains of Libya and ripens the harvests with the heat it gives out. The Lion (Leo) hands over the fleeting year to the Astræan Virgin (Virgo) who fled this earth in disgust at its wickedness. But he Leo tosses that angry mane of his round his neck and dries up the South winds charged away the clouds. Bel has taken up its abode been selected in prequeror am only permitted to gaze upon them from the earth below! Juno no doubt has given priority to wild

Ferisq̃ue Juno tribuit, ut cœlum mihi
 Faceret timendum sp̃rferit mundum licet,
 Cœlumque terris pejus, ac pejus Styge
 Iratr̃ faciat, dabitur Alcīdæ locus
 Si post feras, post bella, post Stygium canem,
 Nondum astra meiui, Siculus Hesperium latus
 Tangat Peloius, una jam tellus erit
 Illinc fugabo maria, si jungi jubes
 Committat undas Isthmus, & juncto salo
 Nova fiantur Atticæ puppes via
 Mutetur orbis vallibus currat novis
 Ister, novasque Tanais accipiat vias,
 Da, da tuendos, Juppiter, saltem Deos
 Illa licebit fulmen a parte auferas,
 Ego quam tuebor five glaciale polum,
 Seu me tueri fervidam partem jubes,
 Hac esse superos parte securos puta
 Cirrhæa Pæan templa, & ætheream donum
 Serpente cæso meruit at quoties jacet
 Python in hydra? Bacchus & Perseus Deis
 Jam se intulere sed quota est mundi plaga
 Quiens subactus? aut quota est Gorgon fera?
 Quis astra natus laudibus meruit suis
 Ex te & noverca? quem tuli, mundum peto
 Sed tu, comes laboris Herculei Licha,
 Præfer triumphos, Euryti victos lares,
 Stratumque regnum vos pecus rapite oculus,
 Qua templa tollens ara Cenæi Jovis
 Austro timendum spectat Euboicum mare

CHORUS ŒCHALIARUM VIRGINUM

Iole Choro Œchalidum mixta patræ excidium, suor
 onem, suam denique servitutem plangit

PAR ille est superis, cui pariter dies
 Et fortuna fuit mortis habet vices,
 Lente cum trahitur vita gementibus

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beasts and monsters as constellations that she might make the heavens a place to be dreaded by me, and although she has scattered the sky with them, will she, in her unbridled anger succeed in making the heavens more formidable than the earth, or worse than the infernal regions? If so, that place will have to be given up to Alcides! If after my triumphs over the wild beasts, after my successful wars, after subduing the Stygian Cerberus, I shall not have deserved my promotion to the starry firmament then I will join the Sicilian promontory Pelorus, with the coast of Hesperia, and they shall be joined as one land! With this

view I will dissipate the seas which separate them if thou orderest them to be united—the isthmus of Corinth shall be

shall flow by fresh channels and the Tanais shall shape a different course! Grant me oh! grant me at least oh! Jupiter the privilege of mounting guard over the safety of the Gods—it will then be in thy power to take away the lightnings altogether from that part of the heavens which I shall defend and whether thou commandest me to protect the icy Pole or the hottest part of the heavens make up thy mind that the gods above will be perfectly protected in such a part! Apollo was considered worthy to receive the Cirrhean temple and obtained an ethereal abode for one serpent slain the Python but what is that to my achievement with the Hydra? How many Pythons were there in one Hydra (As soon as one head was removed two appeared) Bacchus and Perseus have installed themselves amongst the Gods! But what an inconsiderable patch of a country out of the whole world is this India which was subdued by Bacchus! And of what great importance was that wild Gorgon (Medusa) who amongst all the sons thou hast had by Juno my step mother has gained the heavens by such triumphs as I have achieved? I am after all only asking for what I once carried on my shoulders (Hercules supported the heavens thus as he says) But thou Lichas (the companion of Hercules in all his labors) carry the report of my victory to my wife—all about the scattered household Gods and trophies of Eurytus and tell her his kingdom is completely wrecked—gather together then quickly the sacrificial animals and drive them on to the temple where an altar is raised to Jupiter Cœneus and which overlooks the Eubœan sea that is so much dreaded by the stormy South winds!

CHORUS OF CŒCHALIAN VIRGINS—IOLÉ

Iolè joining in with the chorus of Cœchaliens bewails the destruction of her country the slaughter of her father and kinsfolk and lastly her own position of servitude

CHORUS

THAT man is equal to the Gods above whose good fortune keeps pace with the days that are passing onwards whilst existence only enacts the roll of a living death when life has been slowly eked out by those

Quisquis sub pedibus fatis rapacia,
 Et puppem posuit fluminis ultimi,
 Non captiva dabit brachia vinculis
 Nec pompæ veniet nobile ferculum 110
 Nunquam est ille miser, cui facile est mori
 Illum si medio decipiat ratis
 Ponto, cum Boream expulit Africus,
 Aut Eurus Zephyrum, cum mare dividunt,
 Non puppis laceræ fragmina colligit, 115
 Ut litus medio speret in æquore
 Vitam qui poterit reddeere protinus,
 Solus naufragium non poterit pati
 Nos turpis macies, & lacrimæ tenent,
 Et crinis patrio pulvere fordibus 120
 Nos non flamma rapax, non flagor obruit
 Felices sequeris, Mors, miseros fugis
 Stamus nec patriæ est mœnibus, heu! locus
 At silvis dabitur, lapsaque fordidae
 Fient templa casæ jam gelidus Dolops 125
 Hac ducet pecudes, qua tepet obrutus,
 Stratæ qui superest Œchaliæ, cinis,
 Illo Thessalicus pastor in oppido
 Indocta referens carmina fistula,
 Cantu nostra canet tempora flebili 130
 Et dum pauca Deus secula contrahit,
 Quæretur, patriæ quis fuerit locus
 Felix incolui non steriles focos,
 Nec jejuna soli iugera Thessali
 Ad Trachina vocor, fava rigentia, 135
 Et dumeta jugis horridæ toiridis,
 Vix gratum pecori montivago nemus
 At si quas melior fors famulas vocat,
 Illas aut volucer transferet Inachus,
 Aut Dirceæ colent mœnia, qua fluit 140
 Ismenos tenui flumine languidus
 Hec mater tumidi nupserat Hercules
 Quæ cautes Scythiæ, quis genuit lapis?
 Num Titana ferum te Rhodope tulit,
 Te præruptus Athos, te fera Caspia, 145
 Quæ vincta tibi præbuit ubera?

who are perpetually groaning over their miseries! Whoever can manage to stamp under foot the greedy Fates, and who disregards that craft of Charon's which plies across that eventful river will never resign his arms, as a captive, to any sort of bondage—nor enrol himself as a contribution to the triumphal pomp of any conqueror) That man is never miserable, to whom death is quite an easy sort of business—for, if the craft of such a man should break down in mid-sea, (spring a leak or become otherwise disabled) when the South-West wind has got the

better of blustering Boreas or the East wind has triumphed over that blowing from the West and when these said winds as it were divide the sea against itself (producing what sailors would call a trough in the sea) (he is not bewildered) and does not collect together the shattered timbers of his craft that have been carried away) (to stop up the divided parts in the hope that he may find some snug shore (harbour) in the middle of the ocean, he who can at once give up his life when summoned is the only one that can with unconcern bear up against the horrors of a ship wreck! A repulsive emaciated (feature drawn) look and tears (in profusion) take possession of us and our locks are still soiled with the ashes of our country we are to prefer base slavery to honorable death! Neither the rapacious flames nor the crash of falling walls have been allowed to snatch us away! Oh! cruel Mors thou only seekest as thy victims those that are basking in the rays of happiness the wretched thou dost abandon to their cold despair! We live (that is true enough) but our country is without cities or walled towns—Alas! the land will be given up to forests and our fallen temples have subsided into contemptible huts and already the frozen out Dolops is conducting his flocks thither even where the cinders are spread about and still retaining their caloric and they are all that now remains of our overthrown Cechalia! The Thessalian shepherd in the times to come when he is rehearsing his unpolished sonnets on his primitive flute in that city of ours that once was will chant his tristful strains in sympathy with the history of our past! And when the Gods have brought our short career to a close the question will be asked! Is this the spot where that once glorious country flourished? I myself dwelt in a home with luxurious surroundings and the first fruits were yielded abundantly by the fields around—now forsooth I am brought to Trachine encompassed by barren rocks or else by dreadful thickets on the scorching mountain side the forests scarcely affording pasturage for the wild goats that wander and climb hither and thither in search of their pabulum But if any more favourable lot befalls some of the slaves then either the swiftly flowing Inachus will convey them to Argos or they will find some abode in the Dircæan city (Thebes) where that slowly flowing Ismenus glides along with its gentle streams—I was here that the mother of that puffed up Hercules married her Amphitryon! But I wonder whatever rock of Scythia whatever stony place gave birth to such a man? I wonder whether Rhodope brought him forth or that rugged Athos and what Caspian (Caucasian) striped wild beast gave the use of its

Ubi mœstra sonat Phaethontiadum Silva fororum me vel Siculis Addite saxis, ubi fati gemit Theffala Siren	190
vel in Edonas Tollite silvas, qualis natum Daulias ales solet Ifmaria Flere sub umbra formam lacrimis Aptate meis, refonetque malis Aspera Trachin Cypria lacrimas	195
Myrrha tuetur raptum conjux Ceyca gemit sibi Tantalus est Facta superstes fugit vultus Philomela suos, natumque sonat Flebilis Atthis cur mea nondum	200
Capiunt volucres brachia plumas ² Felix, felix, cum silva domus Nostra feretur, patrioque sedens Ales in agro referam querulo Murmure casus volucremque Iolen	205
Fama loquetur vidi, vidi Miseranda mei fata parentis Cum letifero stipite pulsus, Iota jacuit sparsus in aula Prô, si tumultum fata dedissent,	210
Quoties genitor quærendus eras ¹ Potuine tuam spectare necem, Nondum teneras vestite genas, Necdum forti sanguine Toxeu ³ Quid vestra querar fata, parentes,	215
Quos in tutum mois æqua tulit ² Mea me lacrimas fortuna rogat Jam jam dominæ captiva colos Fusosque legam prô, sæva decor, Formaque mortem paritura mihi	220
Tibi cuncta domus concidit uni, Dum me genitor negat Alcidaë, Atque Hercules socer esse timet Sed jam dominæ testâ petantur CHOR Quid regna tui clara parentis,	225
Proavosque tuos respicis amens ² Fugiat vultus fortuna prior Felix, quisquis novit famulum Regemque pati, vultusque suos	

banks of Eridanus, where the lugubrious groves resound with the plaintive sobs of the sisters of Phaethon, or place me on some Sicilian rock where the Thessalian Siren bemoans her fate (the Sirens were daughters of Achelous) or convey me to the groves of Edon¹ Or, let me be like the Daulian bird (Philomela) which is in the habit

of bewailing her lost son under the shady boughs of Ismarus and let me as some winged mourner—give me such a shape in which to shed my tears—cause the rocks of Frachine to resound with my cries of woe! Myrrh? that Cyprian offender, is allowed to record her repentance in shedding her tears (the gum escapes from the tree so called resembling tears) and Alcyon the bereft wife bewails her Ceyx and the Tantalus Niobe was made to survive her grief in the shape of a stone retaining her form, and is still seen to weep! Philomela has escaped from her former appearance (changed into a bird) and the dismal Atthis causes the air to resound with her cries after the son which she lost! Why then cannot my arms be covered with feathers and assume the shape of wings? Oh! happy I should be if the woods could become my habitation, and if perched upon some tree in my native soil I could warble forth my misfortunes in plaintive melodies and be able to go down to posterity as the Iole who was changed into a bird! I saw—I witnessed with my own eyes the shocking fate of my parent! He was struck down with that death dealing club of Hercules and his bodily remains were scattered on the floor of the palace! Alas! if fate had given him a tomb how often and much would my father have had to be searched for! (Alluding to the different parts which would require burial as they were collected See Hippolytus v 1256—1259) Nor could I bear to see thy death Toxæus, with thy tender cheeks still unbearded nor as yet arrived at full manhood! Why should I bewail thy fate oh! my parents whom death unsparing to me has taken into a safer place where ye cannot weep as I am doing! My downright misfortunes imperatively call forth my tears now and henceforward, and I as a captive shall have to hold the distaff and turn the spindle! Oh! the disastrous consequences of female comeliness! Oh! that fatal beauty of mine that was paving the road to my destruction! An entire dynasty has crumbled (into dust) in consequence of my beauty alone! When my father refused to give me to Alcides and dreaded that he should ever become the father in law of such a man as Hercules but nevertheless the palace of his wife now my mistress must be sought out!

CHOR Why dost thou in such a silly way hark back upon the charming palace of thy parent and quote thy grandfathers and great grandfathers? The thing is absurd! Let all thy former surroundings vanish from thy mind's eye blessed is that individual who knows how to lead the life of slave or monarch and can assume the

Vivare potest vires pepulit
 Pondusque mali casus animo
 Qui tulit æquo

230

ACTUS SECUNDUS

NUTRIX, DEJANIRA, LICHIAS *muta personæ*

Furens zelotypia Dejanira conspecta Iola vindictam meditatatur
 vestemque venenatam Herculi mittit

O QUAM cruentus feminæ simulat dolor,
 Cum prout una pellici & nuptæ domus!
 Scylla, & Charybdis Sicula contorquens freta 235
 Minus ut timenda nulla non melior ferra est
 Namque ut reluxit pellicis capte decus,
 Et fulsit Iole, qualis innubis dies,
 Purumve clavis noctibus sidus micat
 Stetit furenti similis, ac torvum intuens 240
 Hercules conjux facta ut Armeniæ jaceas
 Sub rupe tigris, hoste conspecto exsilit
 Aut iussa thyrsum quatere, conceptum ferens
 Mænas Lyæum, dubiæ quo gressus agat,
 Hæsit parumper tum per Herculeos lures 245
 Lymphata rapitur, tota vi satis est domus
 Incurrit, errat, sistit in vultus dolor
 Proceffit omnis pectori pæne intimo
 Nihil est relictum stetus insequitur moras
 Nec unus habitus durat, aut uno furit 250
 Contentæ vultu nunc inardescunt genæ,
 Pallor ruborem pellit, & formas dolor
 Errat per omnes queritur, implorat, gemit
 Sonuere postes ecce præcipiti gradu
 Societa mentis ore confuso exserit 255
 DEJAN Quamcunque partem sedis æthereæ premis,
 Conjux Tonantis, mitte in Alcidem feram,
 Quæ mihi satis sit si qua fecundum caput
 Palude tota vastior serpens movet,
 Ignara vinci si quid excessit feras, 260
 Immane, dirum, horribile, quo viso Hercules
 Avertat oculos, hoc sinu immenso exeat
 Vel si feræ negantur, hanc animam precor

character appertaining to each position as chance occurs!
 That man, who bears his troubles with an unruffled mind
 deprives misfortune of its sting and materially lightens
 the burdens which it imposes!

ACT II

NURSE—DEJANIRA—I CHAS (Dumb Personage)

Dejanira furious with jealousy when she sees Iole meditates revenge and sends a poisoned garment to Hercules

NURSE.

Oh! how bitter jealousy will work upon a woman's feelings when the same domicile is made to hold a wife and the concubine of her husband—Scylla and Charybdis when there is a whirlpool in the Sicilian sea are much less to be dreaded—no wild beast could be worse and in proportion too as the attractiveness of the captive concubine shines forth conspicuously and Iole's really did thus shine forth!—she was like unto the serene day itself and as the unsullied (spotless) star sparkles brightly on a cloudless night! Dejanira stood like some fury and stared with a savage expression even as the tiger with her cubs reposing beneath some Armenian rock leaps forth furiously directly she spies the hunter or like some Menad acting under the inspiration of the God Lyxus hesitates for a time undecided what she shall do before she sets herself the task of flourishing the Thyrsus after the usual wild fashion—so Dejanira after the first burst of surprise becomes transported with rage and rushes through the rooms belonging to Hercules—the whole palace seems scarcely big enough for her—she rushes on—she wanders without purpose then stops still and every lineament of her visage is the concentration of anger, every other feeling has left her—almost nothing else dominates in the deepest recesses of her soul! Violent weeping then succeeds to this display of anger—nor does one train of mind last nor does her rage content itself with any fixed expression—at one moment her cheeks are burning—then pallor takes the place of the flushed face and thus her anger passes through a succession of phases—she wails—she begins to implore (wildly) and then finishes off with a groan—the doors are creaking and as she advances with hurried steps she betrays the secrets of her mind in the look of utter confusion revealed by her countenance!

DEJ Oh! wife of the Thundering Jove in whatever part of thy ethereal dominions thou mayst now be do send some wild beast to Alcides as the representative of my anger something commensurate with what I am now

Converte in aliquid quodlibet possum malum	
Hac mente fieri commoda effugiem mihi	265
Parem dolori non capit pectus minor	
Quid excutis telluris extremæ sinus,	
Orbemque versas? quid rogas Ditem mala	
Omnes in isto pectore invenies seras,	
Quas timuit, odius accipe hoc telum tuis	270
Ego sum noveior perdere Alcidem potes	
Profer manus quocunque quid cassas, Dea?	
Utere furente quod jubes fieri nefas?	
Reperi quid heres? ipsa jam cessas licet,	
Hæc ira satis est NUTR Pectoris tui parum,	275
Alumna, questus comprime, & flammæ domæ	
Frena dolorem conjugem ostende Herculis	
DEJAN Iole meis captivæ germinos dabit	
Natus? Jovisque fiet e famula nurus?	
Num flammæ cursus pruriter & torrens ferent,	280
Et urset pontum sicca cæruleum bibet?	
Non ibo multa, gefferis cælum licet,	
Totusque pacem debet mundus tibi	
Est aliquid hydra potius, iræ dolor	
Nuptæ Quis ignis tantus in cælum furit	285
Ardentis Ætnæ? quidquid est victum tibi,	
Hic vincet nimus capta præripiet toros?	
Adhuc timebram monstræ jam nullum est malum	
Cessere pestes in locum venit seivæ	
Invisa pellex summe pro rector Deum,	290
Et clare Titum, Herculis tantum fui	
Conjux timentis vota quæ superis tuli,	
Cessere captæ pellicis felix fui	
Illi meas audistis, o superi, preces	
Incolumis illi remeant o nulla dolor	295

undergoing (thy own hatred outweighed the wild beasts in its ferocity)—if there be any repullulating Hydria, too vast for any marsh to contain, one that is incapable of being overcome—or if there be aught else, any thing that exceeds in fierceness the ordinary wild beast—one of huge dimensions terrifying to behold and of such horrifying aspect, that at the bare sight of which Hercules would be glad to avert his gaze—if so, let it at once, emerge from the bowels of the earth, or if wild beasts should not be forthcoming, I implore thee to transform me into something of the sort so that, whatever mischief my anger may meditate, can be carried out to the full, allow me something, the very fac-simile of my anger, for I feel that this breast of mine is not large enough for my wrath! Why should I have to search out the extremities of the earth for my revenge, or even be under the necessity of so industriously calling this orb into requisition

at all for that revenge. Why should I appeal to Iuto for any instrument of mischief? I will find plenty of wild beasts in this bosom of mine something too which Hercules will have reason to fear! Let this anger of mine unite with that of thine. Oh Juno! I am a step-mother as well! (Dejanira here alludes to the prospect of offspring by Iole) thou couldst destroy Hercules stretch forth thy power whatever it may be! Why! Oh Goddess dost thou hesitate use me as the vehicle of thy anger whatever crime thou orderest shall be perpetrated by me! Ah! I have thought of something why dost thou hesitate? well mayst thou thus hesitate! for my own anger will be sufficient to accomplish what I desire!

ANT. Oh! my nursing there's too little discretion in that bosom of thine cease thy complaint and quench the flames of thy wrath and curb thy jealousy—let every body see that thou art the wife of Hercules!

DEJ. This captive Iole will be furnishing brothers for my own children and the worst of all is that a sister-in-law is to be manufactured out of a captive maiden imported by this son of Jupiter! I wonder whether the (running) flames and the flowing river can mix their streams in cordial partnership (that is will fire and water mix) (as Iole and myself are as likely to do) And will the Arctic Bear who likes to keep her fur dry descend from the sky and dip herself in the blue blue sea? (Yes! when Iole and myself amalgamate)—I shall not go unrevenge'd Master Hercules although thou once didst carry the heavens on those broad shoulders of thine although the world owes a large amount of its peace and comfort to thy achievements! There is still a something left more potential than any Hydra and that is the jealousy of an outraged wife! What flames from burning Atna ascending angrily into the sky are so great? What ever has been conquered by thee this anger of mine shall surpass! Shall a captive maiden forestall me in my marriage bed? Formerly I was somewhat afraid of monsters but now that there are none to fear and plagues have gone out of fashion in lieu of wild beasts (and plagues) a hateful concubine has been introduced! Oh! thou exalted ruler of the Gods and thou oh! bright Ixchubus I find that after all I have been the wife of Hercules only as long as he was in a position to apprehend disasters from his exploits! After all the vows I have registered with the Gods above they have only redounded to the benefit and exaltation of a captive maiden and I have been consoled in the person of a

Contente pœna quæ supplicia horrida, Incognita, infanda Junonem doce, Quid odia valerint nescit irasci suis Pro me gerchas bella propter me vagra Achelus undas sanguine infecit suo	300
Cum lenta serpens fieret in trurum truncum Nunc flecteret serpente deposita minas, Et mille in hoste vinceas uno seras Jam displicemus capta preclara est mihi Non praesentetur qui dies thalami ultimus	305
Nostri est futurus, hic erit vita tua Quid hoc? recedit animus & ponit minas Jam cessit ira, quid miser linguas dolor? Perdis suaviem? conjugis trahit fidem Mihî reddis iterum quid velas strammis ali-	310
Quid frangis ignis? hunc mihi serua impetum Pares eramus non erit votis opus Aderit noverca, quæ manus nostras regat, Nec invocata VIRI Quod patris demens scelus?	315
Perimes maritum, cujus extremus dies Primusque ludæ novit, & calo tenus Erecta terras fama suppositas habet Rogos in istos terra consurget parens, Domusque soceri prima, & Ætolum genus	320
Steinetui omne, sua jundudum & fices In te ferentur vindicem tellus suum Defendet omnis una quot pœnas dabis? Effugere terras cede, & humanum genus Te posse fulmen genitor Alcidae gerit	325
Jam jam minaces ne per cœlum fices Specta, & tonantem fulmine excusso diem Mortem quoque ipsam, quam putas tutam, time Dominatur illic patruus Alcidae tui Quocunque perges, misera, cognatos Deos	330
Illic videbis DEJAN Maximum fieri scelus	

concubine! Oh! ye gods above, thou hast listened to my prayers for him, that he might return to me in safety! Oh! for my jealousy satisfied with no punishment, let me now seek for some terrible penalties, some never dreamed of before—let me give Juno herself a lesson on anger, that is to say, what anger is capable of! Juno does not know the way to be angry enough for me! Hercules, thou once wagedst war for me, and on my account! Achelous tinged with his blood the wandering streams, so that he might become a trailing serpent, whilst at another time, having laid aside his serpentiform transformation, thou, Hercules, wouldst be turning thy angry onslaught on a savage bull, and thus, thou wast encountering a thousand wild beasts, whilst engaged with one enemy (Achelous

was a suitor of Dejanira's and possessed the power of changing himself into any thing he liked) Now forsooth I displease thee a captive maiden is now preferred before me but she shall not be preferred for long for when that day arrives on which she usurps my marriage bed, that day shall be the last one in thy earthly career! What possesses me? Is my resolution giving way? And is my anger displacing itself And has my indignation begun to hesitate? Why does my wretched hatred appear to be declining Indeed I am relaxing in my wrath and do feel to be returning to the old paths of conjugal devotion and uncomplaining wifeliness! Why do I thus impose any check upon the nurture of my burning anger? Why do I seek to quench the fires raging within me? (Rage and Indignation) I let me preserve all this energy for my own ends My anger makes me feel quite equal to Hercules in strength and which if it continues will not necessitate the invocation of any divine aid but Juno who will direct my plans is sure to come upon the scene nevertheless without any invitation of mine!

NEU What mad crime art thou devising Wouldst thou dare to sacrifice a husband whose triumphs are blazoned forth from East to West and that fame which he has earned for himself on this earth below reaches to the very skies above—that earth which cherished his existence (the people on it) would rise up en masse and avenge such a death! And the first to suffer would be the palace of his father-in-law thy own father and the entire Aitolian race would be exterminated and the moment after such a deed the indignant rabble who idolize him would stone thee and brand thee with their torches! Every known land would rise up and proclaim itself as an avenger and thou alone wouldst suffer the penalty! Dost thou believe if thou couldst escape the vengeance of every land and the whole of the human race does not the father of Alcides Thundering Jove still wield the lightnings Now at this very moment look at the angry flashes passing along the heavens the light of day itself trembles in awe at the thunders which follow those repeated discharges of lightning! Go in fear too of that death which thou fanciest would ensure thee future security! Bear thou in mind that down below an uncle of Hercules (on the father's side) rules in this third kingdom and oh! miserable child wherever else thou mightest go thou wouldst be sure to encounter some of his family connections!

DEJ I must be candid and freely acknowledge that

Et ipsa fatcor, sed dolor fieri jubet	
NUTR Morire DEJAN Moriar Hercules nempt incliti	
Conjux nec ullus nocte discussa dies	
Vidurum notabit, nec meos pullex toros	
Captiva capiet ante ab Occasu dies	335
Nascetur Indos ante glaucis polus	
Scythiasve tepida Phœbus inficiet rota,	
Quam me relictam Thessalæ aspiciant nurus	
Meo jugales sanguine extinguam facies	
Aut pererit, aut me perimat elisis feris	340
Et conjugem addat inter Herculeos lecti	
Me quoque labores numeret Alcide toros	
Moritur certe corpore amplectar meo	
Ire, ire ad umbras Hercules nuptam libet,	
Sed non multam si quid e nostro Hercule	345
Concepit Iole, manibus evellam matris	
Ante, & pœ ipsas pellicem inuadem facies	
Me nuptiali victimam feriat die	
Insestus, Iolen dum supra exanimem ruram	
Felix jacet, quicunque, quos odit, premit	350
NUTR Quid ipsa flammis pascis? & vastum foves	
Utro dolorem miser? quid casum times?	
Dilexit Iolen, nempe dum staret hares,	
Regisque matram peteret in famulæ locum	
Reginæ cecidit perdidit vires amor,	355
Multumque ab illo trahit infelix status	
Illiciti amantur, excidit, quidquid licet	
DEJAN Fortuna amorem pejor inflammât magis	
Amat vel ipsum, quod caret patrio hœre,	
Quod nudus auro crinis & gemmæ jacet	360
Ipsas misericors forsan ærumnas amat	
NUTR Hoc uisatum est Herculi, captas amat	
Dilecta Priami nempe Dardani foror	
Concessa famulo est adice, quot nuptas prius,	

a crime of enormous magnitude would be perpetrated, but my jealousy insists on my committing it

NUR But thou wouldst have to die!

DEJ It is true, but I should then die as the wife of the renowned Hercules, nor would any forthcoming day mark me as a widow, when the shades of night had been dispelled, and before any concubine could ensconce herself in my marriage-bed—the sun shall first learn to rise in the West and set in the East! The North Pole shall become the country of the dusky Indian, and Phœbus shall darken the cold Scythian with his burning rays rather than that the Thessalian Matrons should behold in me, the deserted wife! I would extinguish

their nuptial torches with my own blood and either he should perish or he should kill me and then he could add a wife to the number of wild beasts that he had slaughtered and he would be able also to sum me up amongst his other Herculean labors! At all events when in the arms of Death I should like to embrace with my hands the nuptial couch of my husband! (This is said to indicate her desire at the last that the couch had not passed into other hands whilst she lived) Let me however if it be so willed go to the shades below, but let me go as the wife of Hercules but not unrevenge^d! And if Iole has become pregnant by my Hercules I would tear the fetus out of her very womb with my own hands rather than that it should arrive at maturity and I would attack that concubine in the middle of the marriage ceremony if that cruel man should strike me down on that nuptial day when I should be able to fall on the lifeless form of Iole! Whoever drags down any one that she hates to meet the same fate as herself dies a happy woman!

NUR Why dost thou fan the flames which are thus devouring thee? And obstinately encourage that overwhelming jealousy which aggravates thy misery? Why dost thou conjure up tears which are to no purpose? It is true that Hercules has been smitten with Iole but this probably was when her worldly surroundings were on a better footing—he then sought the hand of a king's daughter but that young princess has now sunk to the level of a mere captive thou knowest that all love loses its ardour in time and her unfortunate position as a captive may now neutralize much of that infatuation—things that are forbidden are often the more eagerly sought after whatever is easy of being arrived at sooner escapes from the longing desire of being retained by us!

DEJ Thou art mistaken—her fallen fortunes only serve to kindle the imagination of Hercules and he even loves her the more inasmuch as she has lost her parental home and because her locks are no longer bedecked with jewellery of gold and priceless gems perhaps pity is prone to strengthen love and he may love her more on account of her misfortunes, this kind of thing always was the case with Hercules he has a weakness for loving those that he has made captives

NUR But think of this —
of the sister of Trojan
her did he not hand

Quot virgines dilexit erravit vagus	365
Arcadia nempe virgo, Palladios choros	
Dum nescit Auge, vim stupri passa excidit,	
Nullamque amoris retinet Herculei notam	
Referam quid alius? nempe Thespiades vacant,	
Brevique in illis irsit Alcides face	370
Hospes Timoli Lydiam fovit nurum,	
Et amore captus, ad leves sedit colos,	
Udum feroci stramen intorquens manu	
Nempe illa ceivix spoliū deposuit fere,	
Crinemque mitra pressit; & famulus stetit,	375
Hirtum Sibarī mīrcidus myrrhā comam	
Ubique caluit, sed levi caluit face	
Hærere amantes post vagos ignes solent	
Famulamne & hostis præferet nātum tibi?	
DEJAN Ut alta silvas forma vernantes alit,	380
Quis nemoie nudo primus investit tepor,	
At cum solutos expulit Boreas Notos,	
Et sæva totas bruma decussit comas,	
Desolime solis aspicias truncis nemus	
Sic nostra longum formā percurrens iter,	385
Deperdit aliquid semper, & fulget minus,	
Nec illa Venus est quidquid in nobis fuit	
Olim petutum, cecidit & partu libat,	
Materque multum rapuit ex illo mihi	
Ætas citato senior eripuit gradu	390
Vides, ut altum famulū non perdat decus?	
Cessere vultus penitus, & pædor sedet,	
Tamen per ipsas fulget ærumnas decor,	
Nihilque ab illi casus & fatum grave	
Nisi iegna travit hic meum pectus timor,	395
Altri, laceffit, hic rapit somnos pavor	
Pæclari totis gentibus conjux eram,	

chums? and in addition to this, reflect on the number of wives, and the multitude of virgins, that man has fallen in love with? Why! He is a most fickle inconstant lover! For example, the Arcadian Virgin Auge, whilst she was officiating as a priestess at the choral celebrations of Minerva, after having been positively ravished by him, soon fell out of his memory, and he speedily showed no traces of this Herculean love affair! Why should I speak of other intrigues? Yes! I must mention, however, the Thespiades, the daughters of Thespius—Alcides burned with amorous passion towards the whole fifty at one time, and impregnated forty-nine of them in one night (brevis face) Then, as a guest of Timolus, he cherished an affection for the Lydian Queen, (Omphale) and captivated by her, he sat down in front of the frivolous distaff and directed with those ferocious fingers of his, the threads

in the spindle making it more easy to be worked with the occasional use of his own saliva! (Udum No doubt in those antiquated periods saliva was more likely to be used than water and conforms largely with modern usage) and then to crown the whole he removed from his shoulders the Nemæan lion's skin and covering his rude locks with a mitre he stood before the Queen like some serving man his shaggy hair being smoothed (flat tened) down with a thick layer of Sabrean Myrrh! (a greasy compound used by the ancients and scented with Myrrh and other perfumes) He fell in love everywhere but he always loved with a brief and inconstant passion! And (what is more) lovers after such indiscriminate indulgence of their passions are expected to waver and canst thou suppose that he will prefer for long a captive maiden and the daughter of an enemy too before thyself?

DEJ How the lofty beauty of the forest trees contri-
butes its share to the grace imported to them by the
advent of spring (what a transcendent loveliness pervades
the verdant woods)! A little before nothing but a naked
grove which the first heat of glorious spring transforms
into branching trees with densely foliated boughs! But
when rude Boreas has by its force driven back the mild
South winds and harsh winter has nipped off from the
trees their foliaceous clothing thou beholdest naught but
an unsightly wood with an array of naked trunks! In
like manner our beauty although passing through a long
career is always losing some of its pristine attractiveness
and shines forth less and less brilliantly till at last all pre-
tensions to vie with Venus are at an end! (That is to say
all the elements to constitute beauty are wanting) and
what was once mostly prized by us slips away from our
possession and is lost for ever through the trials of child
bearing! And as a mother myself I may say a great deal
has been taken out of me from that cause and advancing
age has stolen in upon me with a somewhat quickened
step! Canst thou not see for thyself that this captive maiden
has not lost her transcendent loveliness whilst my good
looks have completely left me and comparative plainness
has taken their place! And notwithstanding her captivity
and misfortunes this beauty of hers shines conspicuously
and her trials and grievous destiny seem to have robbed
her of nothing but her royal rank! This circumstance
my dear Nurse troubles my mind and it is this source
of vexation which interferes with my sleep because
I must tell thee I was once myself a particularly hand-
some wife more so I may safely say than the general
run of so called beauties and every matron with an

Thalamosque nostros invido voto nurus-
 Optabat omnis quo nimis quisquis Deo
 Orabat illos nurbus Argolicis sui 400
 Mensura voti quem Jovi socerum parit n
 Altrix, habebor quis sub hoc modo mihi
 Dabitur maritus? ipse, qui Alcides imperat
 Fratribus suis me jungat Eurystheus, licet,
 Minus est toro caruisse regnantis leve est 405
 Alte illa cecidit, qui viro caret Hercule
 NURR Conciliat animos conjugum partus fera
 DIJAN Sic ipse forsitan dividet partus toro
 NURR Famula illa trahitur interim donum tibi
 DIJAN Hunc quem per urbes ire praeclatum vides, 410
 Et viva tergo spolia gestantem fera
 Qui regna miseris donat & celsis rapit
 Vasta gravatus horridam clava manum
 Cujus triumphos ultimi Seres canunt,
 Et quisquis illius orbe conspecto praet 415
 Levis est, nec illum gloria stimulat decor
 Errat per orbem, non ut requetur Jovi,
 Nec ut per urbes magnus Argolicus erit
 Quod amet, requirit virginum thalamos petit
 Si qua negata, rapitur in populos furit, 420
 Nuptias ruinis querit & vitium impotens
 Virtus vocatur cecidit Aechalia melita,
 Unusque sitan vidit atque unus dies
 Stantem & eridentem causa bellandi est amor
 Toties timebit, Herculi natam parens 425
 Quoties negabit hostis est, quoties socer
 Fieri recusat si gener non est, furit
 Post haec quid istas innocens servo manus,

envious regret, only longed that they had but made such
 a marriage, as I had done, through my beauty! And
 to obtain something of a like character, every woman
 prayed fervently to any deity that she thought would be
 able to further her matrimonial aspirations! I was held
 up as a sort of pattern-model, by which they could
 regulate their vows, by all the marriageable women round
 about, and I can assure thee, Nurse, the common cry was
 —“I wonder whether I shall ever be able to get a father-in-
 law to compare with Jupiter! What husband, under heaven,
 could have been provided like mine (for any woman?)
 Although, Eurystheus himself, who issued his commands
 to Alcides would have wished to have been joined in
 marriage with me, but such a match was not desirable in
 my eyes! And it would not be a trifling matter to be
 debarred from the marriage-bed of the king (meaning
 Eurystheus), but that woman would fall from a great height
 who would lose a husband like Hercules!

NUR As a general rule the fact of having children (by a husband) tones down conjugal squabbles (animosities)

DEJ But in like manner Iole's having children might perhaps be the means of putting me out of court (Aside)

NUR In the meantime at all events that captive is delivered over to thee as a present

DEJ That man whom thou seest passing through the cities exalted before all and wearing on his shoulders the skin of the Nemæan lion a trophy taken from something that had possessed life—a living foe (viva a living spoil in contradistinction to any spoil of an inanimate nature) He who e high and mighty ones and and miser able poisoning in lub whose triumphs are sung by the Iarion Dæres—and by whom soever else that pass their lives in some hedged in country or another is nothing more than a frivolous and inconstant love maker! Nor does the distinction arising from his triumphs spur him on to noble things—he wanders about the earth not that he may be thought equal to Jupiter (I give him credit for that) nor that he may show off as the "great one" of the earth amongst the Argolic Cities! No! he simply demands as an absolute right whatever he takes a fancy to and is always on the hunt after the couches of virgins! And if any such one be refused to him she is forthwith taken by force! he storms and raves at all the people she is mixed up es by first creating their down debauchery is euphonomously of valour! The illustrious and one Sun! (one day) has glory and that same Sun has witnessed its fall! And love so called was the origin of this warlike deed! And as often as a Parent denies his daughter to Hercules so often will that father have to go in fear and Hercules to become his deadly enemy! And as often as he declines the honor of being his father-in-law so often does he storm and rage at the honor which he offered in being a son-in-law having been declined! (with thanks!) How can I keep my hands from mischief after all such things as these? Until I suppose he feigns madness again and draws his bow with that murderous hand of his and kills me and my son! (alluding to the case of Megara) Thus it is that Alcides gets rid of his wives! These are his sort of divorces! (with a vengeance!) Nor can he

Donec furentem simulet, ac fura manu
 Intendat arcus, neque ratumque opprimat? 430
 Sic conjuges expellit Alcides furas
 Hæc sunt repudiæ! nec potest fieri nocens
 Terris videri sceleribus cruentum suis
 Fecit novercam quid stupes, segnis furor?
 Scelus occupandum est peige, dum seruet manus 435
 NUTR Perimes maritum? DIJAN Pellicis certe mæ
 NUTR At Jove cieatum DEJAN Nempe & Alcmenæ fratrum
 NUTR Ferrone? DIJAN Ferro NUTR Si nequius? DEJAN
 Perimam dolo
 NUTR Quis iste furor est? DIJAN Quem meus conjux docet
 NUTR Quem nec noverca potuit, hunc perimes virum? 440
 DEJAN Cœlestis ira quos premit, miseros facit,
 Humanæ nullos NUTR Preece, miserandæ, & time
 DEJAN Contempsit omnes ille, qui mortem prius
 Libet ire in enses NUTR Major admissio tuus,
 Alumna, dolor est culpa pro odium exigit 445
 Cur sæva modicis stratus? ut læsa es, dolo
 DEJAN Leve esse credis pellicis nuptæ malum?
 Quidquid doloiem præsicit, hoc nimium putæ,
 NUTR Amorne clari fugit Alcideæ tibi?
 DEJAN Non fugit, ultrix remanet, & penitus sedet 450
 Fixus medullis, crede sed magnus dolor,
 Iratus amor est NUTR Artibus magicis fere
 Conjugis nuptæ precibus admixtis ligant
 Vernæque jussi frigore in medio nemus,
 Missumque fulmen stare concussi fretum 455
 Cessante vento turbidum explicui mare
 Et sicca tellus fontibus patuit novis

ever be made to appear as a criminal! he makes out to the world, that Juno, his step-mother, is the cause of all his crimes committed in the various countries! But oh! that dilatory anger of mine, art thou dumb-founding my faculties? The crime I contemplate must be done, so let me push on, and strike whilst the iron is hot! (whilst my inclination is eager for action!)

NUR Wilt thou kill thy husband?

DEJ Without doubt thou meanest the husband of my concubine rival!

NUR But one of the race of Jupiter!

DEJ What dost thou mean? One springing from Alcmena, through Jupiter's adultery?

NUR Shalt thou use the sword?

DEJ Yes a sword!

NUR But if thou art unable to do it with the sword?

DEJ Then I will kill him by some stratagem!

NUR Whatever can this madness suggest?

DEJ The example which he has given me when he slaughtered Megara in his rage!

NUR And thou thinkest thou couldst kill that man whom no step-mother could succeed in doing!

DEJ When celestial anger is brought to bear it makes its objects miserable only but the anger of mortals substitutes annihilation

NUR Forbear! Although thou art to be pitied and go in fear of consequences

DEJ That man who is always ready to meet the sword's attack looks with contempt upon all men who have not learned to treat death with indifference—I myself am ready to do so!

NUR Thy anger nurse child is greater than circumstances justify a crime only deserves to be visited with the vengeance that is due! Why dost thou determine upon such a severe punishment for such small sins? Grieve only in proportion as thou art injured

DEJ Dost thou regard this grievance of a marriage with a concubine as a trivial one? Dost thou suppose that any thing can be excessive which only keeps alive that indignation which is called forth

NUR And has all love for the renowned Alcides left your bosom?

DEJ It has not fled Nurse it remains and rests permanently rooted even in the very marrow of my bones believe me as to that, but remember excessive resentment is only outraged love

NUR Very often wives make the marriage knot more binding by magical devices conjoined with fond entreaties A grove for instance has by such means been made to look verdant in the middle of winter and lightning itself

Habuerē motum sŕva discuŕŕi fores Umbre ŕetistis & mea iuŕŕi prece Manes loquuntur ŕonuit infernus carnis	460
Mare, terra, cœlum, & Tartarus ŕeruit mihi Nox media ŕolem vidit, & noctem dies Nihilque leges ad meos cantus tenent, Flectemus illum carminā inuenient iter	
DEJAN Quas Pontus herbas generat, aut quas Thessaliā Sub iupe Pindus? aut ubi inueniam malum, Cui cedit ille? carmine in terris mago Descendat aŕtris luna deŕertis licet Et bruma meŕŕes viderit, & cantu fugax Stet deprehenŕum fulmen, & verŕa vice	465
Medius corcŕtis ŕerveat ŕtellis dies Non ŕlectet unum NUTR Vicit & ŕuperos amor	470
DEJAN Vincetur uni forŕan, & ŕpolium dabit, Amorque ŕummuŕ ŕiet Alcidaŕ labor Sed te pei omne cœlitum numen precor, Per hunc timorem, quidquid arcini apparo, Penitus recondas, & fide tacitŕ premas	475
NUTR Quid iŕtud eŕt, quod eŕŕe ŕecretum jubes? DEJAN Non telŕ ŕunt, non arma, non ignis minax NUTR, Præŕŕire ŕateor poŕŕe me tacitam fidem, Si ŕcelere carent interim ŕcelus eŕt fides	480
DEJAN Circuŕŕpice, agedum, ne quis arcina aucupet, Partemque in omnem vultus inquirens eat NUTR En locus ab omni tutus arbitrio vacat DEJAN Eŕt in remoto regiæ ŕedis loco	485

in its transit through the sky, has been intercepted in its progress—I have myself set the sea in commotion, when there was a total cessation of wind, and on the other hand, I have caused the troubled waves to appear as a calm lake, and a dry soil has been brought into view, displaying the most unexpected fountains—rocks have been endowed with motion—I have broken open the portals leading to the infernal regions—and oh! ye shades, ye have stood forth, and commanded through my invocations, the Manes have spoken—the dog of hell has barked at my solicitation—the sea, the earth, the heavens, and even Tartarus are ever ready to wait upon me! The Sun has been seen in the middle of the night, and the day has been converted into night—nothing is regulated by its usual laws, when I employ my incantations! Let us turn the heart of Hercules, my magical strains will find their way even into the soul of a Hercules!

DEJ Whatever poisonous herbs are grown in Pontus (celebrated for poisonous plants and castors), or whatever plants may flourish at the foot of the Thessalian moun-

tains or wherever else I may discover something deadly to which Hercules might succumb let the moon be induced to descend upon the earth and desert the companionship of the stars by my magical incantations! and let the cold winter behold the ripened corn and let the swift lightning stand still arrested by my magic strains and the entire course of things being utterly reversed let there be the heat of mid-day with the stars shining in the firmament at one and the same time but all this magical business would not move the heart of one particular man and that man is Hercules! to abandon his love for Iole!

NUR Cupid's fortune thou knowest has conquered the Gods above and may conquer even Hercules!

DEJ Perhaps Cupid himself may be conquered by this one particular Hercules and despoiled of his arms (Cupid may yield up his bow and arrows to Hercules as a trophy) and this love's representative Cupid thus conquered by Alcides may be converted into the last and greatest of his labors. But I entreat thee Nurse by every Deity amongst the Gods above by the fear thou mayst have of displeasing me that whatever secret design I may get ready to carry out thou wilt hide away in the innermost recesses of thy soul and conceal it with the strictest fidelity

NUR What is it may I ask that thou enjoimest me to keep so profoundly secret?

DEJ They are not darts nor weapons of destruction nor threatening flames!

NUR I tender my willingness to observe the strictest secrecy so long as there is no crime with it for some times a promise of that kind might assume the proportions of a crime

DEJ Come this way mind and be circumspect lest a single soul should be listening and catch at my secret and then some inquisitive eyes might be casting searching looks towards every spot

NUR Look! yonder is a snug place secure against any prying lookers on!

DEJ There is an unfrequented cave in the region of the royal domain taking care of my secret—the place does not admit the light of early morn nor even at

Αἰσάνη tacitus nostra defendens specus
 Non ille primos accipit soles locus,
 Non ille feros, cum ferens Titan diem
 Laffam rubenti mergit Oceano rotam
 Illic amoris pignus Herculei latet 490
 Ἀλτρίη, fitebor, Nessus est αὐτοῖσι μάλι,
 Quem gravidά Nephelē Theffalo genuit duci,
 Qua celsus astris inserit Pindus caput,
 Ultraque nubes Othrys eductus iugēt
 Namque ut subactus Herculis clava horridi 495
 Achelous, omnes facilis in species dari,
 Tandem peractis omnibus patuit fenis,
 Unoque turpe subdidit cornu caput
 Me conjugem dum victor Alcides habet,
 Repetebat Aigos soite per campos vagus 500
 Evenos altum gurgitem in pontum ferens
 Jam pæne summis turbidus ripis erat
 Transire Nessus vorticem solitus vadis
 Pretium poposcit meque jam dorso ferens,
 Qua jungit hominem spina deficiens equo, 505
 Frangebat ipsas fluminis tumidi minas
 Jam totus undis Nessus exierat ferox,
 Medioque adhuc erabat Alcides vado,
 Vasto rapicem vorticem scindens gradu
 Ast ille ut esse vidit Alcidem procul, 510
 Tu præda nobis, inquit, & conjux eris
 Prohibetur undis, meque complexus ferens
 Gressum citabat non tenent undæ Herculem
 Inside vector, inquit, immixti licet
 Gangēs & Ister vallibus junctis eant, 515
 Vincemus ambos consequar telo fugam
 Precessit arcus verba tum longum ferens
 Arundo vulnus, tenuit hærentem fugam,
 Mortemque fixit ille jam querens diem
 Tibum fluentem vulneris dextra excipit, 520
 Traditque nobis ungula infertum suæ,
 Quam forte seivā sciderat vulsam manu
 Tum verba moriens addit Hoc, inquit, μάγæ
 Dixere amorem posse desigi malo
 Hoc doctά Mycālē Theffalῶς docuit nurus, 525
 Unam inter omnes Luna quam sequitur μάγαν,
 Astris relictis illitis vestes dabis

any later portion of the day, either when Titan par-
 amountly rules that day, or when he sinks down with
 his weary chariot below the ruddy ocean (the reddened
 horizon) In that spot, lies concealed what will be a
 crucial test of Hercules' love for me (a poison having
 the property of reclaiming the lost love of Hercules)—
 I will confess to thee, Nurse, Nessus is the author of
 this innocent fraud, he whom Nephelē, made pregnant

by Ixion bore to that Illyrian kin where the lofty
 Lindus in minutes a peak as high as the stars—
 where Othrys too runs itself above the clouds is
 covered with its perpetual mantle of ice and now—for
 as soon as Achelous was eluded by the club of that
 terrible Hercules he was ready for transformation into
 any shape and at last presented himself as a bull after
 all the wild beasts whose forms he had assumed had
 been disposed of by Hercules and sank down his hum-
 ous head (with one of his horns gone) in one of his
 familiar streams—while the conquering Alcides looked
 upon me and my wife he was fond of a run Arc and
 on one occasion the Euenus river pursued its wander-
 ing course through the plains around it in forwards a
 very whirlpool of its deep waters towards the ca-
 ree in its (well-known) bottom ne almost to the level of its
 highest bank and Nessus the Centaur resorted to
 this vortex required some reward for carrying me across
 these wild waters on his back while that part of his back
 representing a horse broke off abruptly and became
 joined to the remainder which assumed the form of a
 man (the half man half horse). All on a sudden the
 ferocious Nessus got completely out of the middle of the
 stream cutting his way through the rapid vortex at
 a great pace when Nessus saw that Hercules was some-
 distance off exclaimed 'You are my property and shall
 be my wife—Hercules is being kept back by the water
 and embracing me Nessus flew on at a terrific rate but
 the water did not detain Hercules long and he shouted
 out 'Oh thou treacherous porter although the Canges
 and the Danube mixing their stream should flow over
 the intermediate valley as over one river bed I would
 overcome both and follow up thy retreat with one of my
 arrows!' The bow was drawn before Nessus could have
 heard the word and the arrow causing a deep wound
 arrested his flight and sealed his doom and whilst his
 eyes were wandering and trying to distinguish the light
 of day he gathered up with his right hand some of his
 poisoned blood as it flowed and handed it to me depo-
 sited in one of his hoofs which he violently tore off with
 his savage hand then his dying words were with this
 poison (a magic aphrodisiac) he went on to say the
 magicians have declared to me that love can be implanted
 (in the bosom of those brought under its influence)
 Myrtil so learned in the magic art told this to the The-
 ssalian matrons—she was the only magician out of all the
 others by whose incantations the moon could be made
 to come down upon this earth and quit the compan-
 ship of her fellow luminaries (the stars). Then he went

Hac, inquit, ipsa tace, si pellex tuos
 Invisa thalamos tulerit, & conjux levis
 Aliam parenti dederit altifono nuium 530
 Hoc nulla lux aspiciat, hoc tenebræ tegant
 Tantum remotæ sic potens vires suas
 Sanguis tenebit verba deprendit quies,
 Mortemque lassus intulit membris sopor,
 Tu, quam meis admittit arcibus fides, 535
 Perge, ut nitentem virus in vestem datum,
 Mentem per artus aderit, & tactu intimas
 Intret medullas NUTR Ocius iussa exsequai,
 Alumna precibus tu Deum invocatum advoca,
 Qui certa tenebra tela dimittit manu 540
 DEJAN Te, te precor, quem mundus & superi timent,
 Et æquos, & qui fulmen Ætæum quatit,
 Timende matri teliger sævæ pueri,
 Intende certa spiculum velox manu,
 Non e sagittis levibus ex humero, precor, 545
 Gravioris profer, quod tuæ nondum manus
 Misere in aliquem non levi telo est opus,
 Ut amare possit Hercules rigidus manus
 Intende, & arcum cornibus junctis para
 Nunc', nunc sagittam piome, qua quondam horridus 550
 Jovem petisti fulmine abjecto Deus
 Cum fronte subita tumuit, & rapidum mare
 Taurus puellæ vector Assyriæ scidit
 Immitte amorem vincat exempla omniū
 Amare discat conjugem si quis decor 555
 Ioles inussit pectori Herculeo faces,
 Exstingue totas perbibat flammæ mei
 Tu fulminantem sæpe domuisti Jovem,
 Tu furæ nigro sceptræ gestantem poli,
 Turbe ducem majoris, & domum Stygis 560
 Tu, qui noverca es gravior matris Deus,
 Cape hunc triumphum solus evince Herculem
 NUTR Proletæ vis est quæque Palladiæ colu
 Lassavit omnem teatra simulacrum manum

on to say, with this poison rubbed on their garments, (for example) if some odious concubine should usurp thy marriage-bed, or if some unfaithful husband should bring into thy presence another daughter-in-law, for that Jupiter who sends forth from above his mighty peals of thunder—It must not be exposed to the air, but darkness be it ever so far off, must shield it from the smallest access of light, and by that means this potent specific (blood) will preserve its virtues His last end followed these words, and the sleep of death stole over his powerful frame! And thou, Nurse, whom my sincere trust in thy fidelity, has admitted into my secret, proceed with thy task so that the virus shall thoroughly penetrate every

filament of the handsome robe which I shall give thee—and in its travel it will enter his very soul whilst it traverses the innermost marrow of his bones!

NUR I will carry out thy commands with all despatch my dear nurse child but invoke thou the invincible God Cupid with thy prayers that god which sends forth his certain arrows with such a gentle hand

DEJ I pray thee thee of whom the gods above and the world below (the celestial terrestrial and marine animals) go in dread and thee who rulest the sea and who shakest the universe with the lightnings of Ætna and oh! thou dart bearing boy to be feared even (with anxious regard) by thy morose mother send forth with thy unerring arm the swift arrow but I pray thee not one of the lighter sort which thou carriest on thy shoulder but come to my aid with a heavier kind one of greater power the like of which thy hand has never yet hurled at any one for it is more than a gentle dart that will be required to make Hercules love in earnest! Stretch thy hands firmly till thou makest the very cornua of the bow nearly meet (that is to say the extreme ends of the bow approximated to the utmost by drawing the string to its maximum) Now! Now is the time to get the arrow ready in the way thou didst—
at what thou wast doing wh
nings aside and suddenly

and as a bull with the Lyrian damsel on his back (Europa) he cut his way through the waves of the tempestuous sea! Instil thou love into the obdurate heart of Hercules—let it outstrip all thy former successes! Let Hercules learn to love his wife and destroy at once and for ever any passionate flames by which the loveliness of Iole have burnt their way into the breast of Hercules and let him imbibe the tender passion for my benefit! Thou hast often aforetime subdued the heart of lightning hurling Jupiter thou hast likewise subdued him who wields that murky sceptre in the sombre heavens him who rules the largest portion of subjects (the majority) who dominates over the Stygian realms! Thou who as a deity canst make thyself more acutely felt than any anger of a step-mother—regard thou this as the triumph of triumphs and compliment thyself that thou art the only one that can conquer Hercules!

NUR The poison has been brought! and here is the specimen of the textile Palladian art turned out from the distaff which has tired out thou sayest the fingers of all

Nunc congeratur virus, ut vestis bibat 565
 Herculeæ pestem precibus augebo nilum
 In tempore ipso gurgus occurrit Lichas
 Celandra vis est dira, ne pateat doli
 DRJAN O, quod superbe non habent unquam domus
 Fidele semper regibus nomen Lichas, 570
 Cape hos amictus nostri quos necit manus
 Dum vagus in orbem fertur & victus meo
 Tenet feroci Licham gremio nutum,
 Nunc poscit Iolen sed jecum fors horridum
 Flectam meiando merita vicerunt malos 575
 Non ante vestes induit conjux jube,
 Quam thure summas præstat, & placet Deo.
 Cæta rigentem populo vinculus comam
 Ipsi in penates regios grassus feram
 Precibusque amoris horridi matrem colam 580
 Vos quis paternis extuli comites socis
 Calydoniæ, deslete lugendas vias

CHORUS AEIOLARUM MULIERUM

Mulieres Calydoniæ Desununt fortem desunt ambitionem
 avaritiam, luxum, ceteraque mortaliū studiū amant
 detestantur privatum fortunam laudant

FLEMUS casus, Cneci, tuos,
 Comitum primos turba per annos
 Flemus dubios, venerandæ, toros 585
 Nos Acheloi tecum solite
 Pulsare vadum, cum jam tumidas
 Vere peractis poneret undas,
 Gracilisque gradu serperet æquo
 Nec precipitem voleret amnem 590
 Flavus rupto fonte Iycornas
 Nos Palladis ne per aras,
 Et virgineos celebrare choros
 Nos Cadmeis origi ferre
 Tecum solite condita cistis, 595
 Cum jam pulso sidere biuæ
 Teitur soles evocat æstras,
 Et spiciferæ concessit Deæ
 Attica mystas claudit Eleusin

the females who have been working at it! Now the magic aphrodisiac (virus) must be collected carefully, and this Herculean robe must soak it all in, and I will increase its efficacy by my incantations—at that moment, the never-failing Lichas is putting in an appearance, (aside) but the fatal secret of this plot must be concealed from Lichas or it may become known to Hercules!

DEJ Oh! Lichas thou ever faithful confidant of the kings thou servest under a reputation which not every one serving in a proud palace can boast of—take charge of this garment which was woven by my very own hands whilst my husband was roaming about the World—at this moment (Dejanira is soliloquizing aside) he is sitting at his table in a maudlin mood and in his flights of fancy is hugging to his bosom his darling Omphale (the Lydian Queen) under the influence of his vinous potations—in another minute he is mumbling inquiringly for Iole but the chance still exists that I shall prevail upon him to conquer this morbid passion by showing that I am deserving in his estimation for downright merit has always got the better of unworthiness in the long run—But let this injunction Lichas be faithfully observed before my husband enrobes himself with this tunic let him ply the altar fires liberally with frankincense and when he offers up his prayers to the Gods let him be sure to encircle those harsh locks of his with the white poplar I myself will betake my steps to the Royal Palace and lose no time in devoutly approaching the Goddess mother of that cruel deity who countenances the reproachable amorousness of my husband with my most urgent prayers and ye Ætolian (Calydonian) women whom I have brought as attendants from thy paternal homesteads bewail in concert my miserable lot!

CHORUS OF ÆTOLIAN WOMEN

The Ætolian women bewail the lot of Dejanira they express their dislike of ambition avarice luxury and other frivolous pursuits of mankind and praise the inferior conditions of life

OH! Dejanira thou much adored daughter of Ceneus we bewail thy unhappy lot as the assembled companions of thy early years we deplore the precarious aspect of thy marriage outlook (divorce desertion) we who were accustomed to wade in the shallow streams of Achelous in company with thee when the spring was over and the swollen waters had subsided and when with a graceful flow they would glide along at a moderate pace nor would the muddy Lycormas its fountain sources being interrupted roll on as heretofore is a boisterous river—we would then repair to the altars of Minerva and celebrate the dances of the virgins as we were accustomed with our mystic Bacchanial symbols triennially hidden away in our Theban baskets in honor

Nunc quoque etiam quemcumque time	600
Idem comites accipe fatis	
Nam rura fides ubi iam melior	
Fortuna iuit	
Tu quicumque es, qui sceptrum tenes	
Licet omne tur vulgus in aula	605
Centum prout liminum pulset	
Cum tot populis stipatus es	
In tot populis una tua fides	
Tenet iuratum limen Erinnys	
Et cum magnæ prout fore,	610
Intrant fraudes, erutique doli	
Ferrumque latens cumque in populos	
Prodire prout comes invidiæ est	
Noctem quoties sommolet Fos	
Regem toties credite nasci	615
Pauci reges, non regna colunt	
Plures fulgor concitat aula	
Cupit hic regi proximus ipsi	
Clarus latis ire per urbes	
Urit miserum gloria pectus	620
Cupit hic gravis implere sinem	
Nec tamen omnis plaga gemmiferi	
Sufficit Isti, nec tota sitim	
Lydia vincit, nec, quæ Zephyro	
Subdita tellus, stupet iurato	625
Flumine clarum ridere lagum	
Nec si totus serviat Hebrus,	
Rurique dives cingat Hydaspes	
Intraque suos currere fines	
Speculet toto flumine Gringem	630
Avidis, avidis natura prout est	
Colit hic regem, regumque lures,	
Non ut presso vomere semper	
Nunquam cesset curvus arator	
Vel mille fecent una coloni	635
Solas optat, quis donet, opus	
Colit hic reges, calcet ut omnes,	
Perdatque aliquos, nullumque levet	
Tantum ut noceat, cupit esse potens	
Quota pars moritur tempore fatis	640
Quos felices Cynthia vidit,	

of Bacchus in company with thee! When the star of winter disappeared and the third summer would arrive, we would invoke the presence of Phœbus, (summer heat) and Attica having served up its offerings, as being consecrated to the harvest producing Goddess, Ceres, Eleusis would witness the Athenian priestesses, shut up in their temples with their mystic paraphernalia! Now, verily, thou art fearful of some disaster, depend upon us, as faithful com-

panions in thy troubles! For fidelity is a rare commodity enough when our better fortunes forsake us and whosoever thou art that wieldest a sceptre although all thy fawning subjects throng the hundred entrances of thy palace at the same time and with the same objects thou simply goest forth oppressed by the presence of so many people for amongst that large concourse of human units there is scarce
 mounts I can trust! Erinnyes
 spacious old and when the
 their entrance is well as the concealed dagger and when the kings make ready to show themselves in person amongst the populace envy accompanies their footsteps and as often as Aurora dispels the night (early morn) believe in thy own mind that thou mayst be said to be coming forward at day light as some fresh king (is often as a king has escaped the snares and perils of the night not to say death itself let him believe that a new king is born so much danger hanging over kings every night) Few kings do not love and venerate their kingdoms the glitter of the palace enraptures so many whilst another man sighs to be the nearest to that very king when he sallies forth in all his splendor amongst the cities far and wide and this, in order to raise his own importance—that thirst for glory fairly inflames their miserable minds another longs to satisfy his craving hunger for riches—not even the entire land of the gem producing Danube is sufficient for him nor does the wealth of all Lydia assuage his longing thirst for gold nor any land blown upon by the mild Zephyr but he is dazzled somewhat with the thought that the bright Tagus shines for him with its golden streams nor would he be satisfied if the entire Hebrus were placed at his disposal and the rich fields whose banks are laved by the fertilizing Hydaspes—not even, if he could behold the Ganges itself with its numerous tributaries passing through his own territories Nature is quite a niggardly arrangement on the part of Providence for the greedy—for the ambitious! One man will worship a king and every thing that belongs to that king! not that the ploughman with his stooping back, will ever cease to force his way through the soil with his diligent ploughshare or the husbandman ever relax from gathering in the harvests from his thousand fields! He only desires the riches which they will yield him—another is addicted to king worship so that he may trample down every one else destroy and ruin some and give a helping hand to none—such a man desires to wield his power only that he may be able to oppress others! How large a proportion of ambitious mortals meet their fate before their

sleep from apprehensions—the gilded ceilings (roof) often disturb the rest, and those clothed in their purple only pass wakeful nights! Oh! if the hearts of the rich could be laid bare what an amount of misery we should discover that elevated fortune brings in its train! The Sicilian sea is not so rough when the North West wind is contending against its waves a poor man possesses a serene mind as he holds in his hand the rude drinking cup carved out of the wide spreading beech tree nor does he raise it to his lips with that hand in a trembling condition! He gathers in his daily food either that which costs him nothing at all or what is of the very cheapest kind but he does not know any thing about the sword of Damocles and blood (that is the price of it) does not mix up with the contents of his golden goblet! The wife married to the humble man does not bedeck herself with a necklace mounted with the bright ornaments yielded up from the Red Sea! Nor does the Oriental pearl sound at the bottom of the ocean weigh down the lobes of her ears as a gemladen pendant! Nor does the soft wool of the poor man's wife imbibe the red dyes from such repeated immersions in the Sidonian copper vessel! Nor does the Mæonian matron carefully ply with her embroidery needle the delicate threads which the Ser living under an Oriental Sun gathers from the trees in those Eastern Woods—any common plant suffices to yield up its colors to the materials issuing from the poor woman's distaff which too have been spun by the very roughest of hands but such a woman as that does not harass her mind by dwelling upon the unfaithfulness of the marriage bed! Erinnys follows up with her unrelenting torch the people who celebrate with pomp and public demonstrations their natal days nor is even a poor man satisfied in his own mind that he is a happy man till he sees some of the high and mighty fall from their lofty eminence! Whoever eschews the paths of moderation can never proceed on his way along a track to be depended on for its safety! When the boy Phaethon madly asked that one day should be granted him to drive the horses of the Sun and settled himself down in his father's chariot it was not allowed to travel the usual path but with the eccentrically driven Chariot he cut his way through those regions in space altogether strange to the fiery steeds of Phœbus and he might have destroyed the earth as well as himself! Dædalus preserved his serenity of countenance when he ploughed the middle way in the sky and gave his name to no sea! But when Icarus had the temerity to outstrip the birds themselves in his aerial flight and whilst that conceited boy totally disregarded

Sed dum volucres vincere veras
 Icerus audet, patriasque pueri
 Despicit alas, Phœboque volat
 Proximus ipsi, dedit ignoto
 Nomina ponto 690
 Male pensantui magna ruinas
 Felix alius, magnusque sonet,
 Me nulla vocet turba potentem
 Stringat tenuis litoris puppis
 Nec magna mors aurum phaselos 695
 Jubeat medium scindere pontum
 Transit tutos Fortuna sinus,
 Medioque rates quærit in alto,
 Quarum feriunt supparum nubes
 Sed quid pravo territi vultu,
 Quis Baccho fructa Mænarum, 700
 Festum rapido regina gurgitu
 Quæ te iustus fortuna rotat,
 Miseranda, refer licet ipsa neges,
 Vultus loquitur, quodcunque tegis 705

ACTUS TERTIUS

DEJANIRA, CHORUS

Dejaniram, periculo veneni ad solem expositi flammæque
 concipientis fracto, consilium suum pernitet

VAGUS per altus erat excussos timor
 Erectus horret crinis impulsis adhuc
 Stat terror animis, & cor attonitum solit,
 Pavidumque tepidis palpitat venis jecur
 Ut fractus Austro pontus etiamnum tumet, 710
 Quamvis quiescat languidis ventis dies
 Ita mens adhuc vexatur excusso metu
 Semel profecto premeie felices Deus
 Cum cœpit, uiget hos habent magna exitus
 CHOR Quis tam impotens, o miser, te casus rotat? 715
 DEJAN Ut missa palla est, tibe Nessæa illita

the unaspiring wings of his father's, and flew quite near to the Sun which melted the wax of his wings, and falling gave his name to an unknown sea¹ A lofty condition does not compensate for the ruin involved therewith—another man, more fortunate and rejoicing in his greatness, may fly about (sometimes with impunity) but let no flattering crowd call you great! A fragile skiff may graze the shore unharmed, but a heavy breeze should

never tempt that craft to cut its way to the middle of the ocean! Good fortune only attends upon those who hoist easy canvas and goes on a vain errand in quest of those crafts doomed to destruction that venture into the middle of the deeps with their topsails made to strike the very clouds! (that is to say they come to grief) But why is the Queen coming on (advancing) with such a rapid step? Why does she look so terrified in her expression like some wounded Mænad full of her inspiring God Bacchus? Tell us oh! miserable Dejanira what capricious turn of Fortune's wheel has again affected thee thus? Although thou mayst deny the accusation thy very face reveals that whatever thou art fancying thou art hiding from us!

ACT III

DEJANIRA—CHORUS

Dejanira repents of her design when she is acquainted with what danger the poison has brought about and which calamity is predicted from its exposure to the sun had now taken place

DEJANIRA

A WANDERING tremor travels all over my convulsed frame my hur stands erect from my fright and (inward) terror still possesses my agitated soul! I am so bewildered in my mind and my natural sensibilities are so much wrought upon that my terrified heart leaps and throbs and my very liver beats against my side with its blood vessels in tremulous commotion—as the sea still remains swollen and angry after it has been vanquished by the South wind although the tempest has quieted down the winds having become more gentle so my inward soul is harassed from the effects of the fears which had been left behind—of a truth when once the angry deity tries to oppress those that were once happy he perseveres with the task he commenced with (great undertakings generally have anxious and calamitous endings)

CHOR What terrible calamity oh! miserable princess causes thee to shake thus?

DEJ When the cloak was sent to me with the Nessus poison rubbed into it being cast down by my sorrows I

Thalamisque mœrens intuli gressum meis,
 Nescio quid animus timuit, & fraudem fuit
 Libet experiri solibus virus ferum
 Flammisque Nessus sanguinem ostendi acuit 720
 Hic ipse fraudes esse præmonuit Deus
 Et forte nulla nube respersus jubar
 Lavabat ardens servidum Titan diem
 (Vix oia solvi patitur etiam nunc timor)
 Medios in ignes solis, & claram fidem 725
 Quo tincta fuerat palla, vestisque illita,
 Abjectus horret sanguis & Phœbi coma
 Tepesactus ardet vix quo monitum eloqui
 Nives ut Eurus solvit, aut tepidus Notus,
 Quas vere primo lubricus perdidit Mimas, 730
 Utque involutos frangit Iomio salo
 Opposita fluctus Leucas, & lassus tumor
 In litore ipso spumat, aut cœlestibus
 Aspersa tepidis thura lavantur focus
 Sic languet omne vellus, & perdit comam 735
 Dumque ipsa minor, causâ mirandi perit
 Quin ipsa tellus spumeos motus agit,
 Et quidquid ille tæbe contactum est, labat
 [Tumensque tacita sequitur, & quassat caput]
 Natum paventem cerno & ardenti pede 740
 Gressus ferentem prome, quid poites novi

HYLLUS, DEJANIRA, NUTRIX

Intellecto ex Hylo funesti muneris malo, Dejanira sibi
mortem consciscit

I HYL, PROFUGE, quære si quid ulterius patet
 Terris, freto, sideribus, Oceano, inferis
 Ultra labores, mater, Alcidae fuge
 DEJAN Nescio quod animus grinde præfagit malum 745

wended my steps towards my bed-chamber, and I know not, why I had my fearful misgivings and I somehow suspected that some fraud had been planned out, I thought, however, I would give it a trial, Nessus laid great stress on the precaution, that his blood, which was a virulent poison should not be exposed to the light nor brought under the influence of heat, my good genius forewarned me there was some fraud intended, but Titan, (the Sun) by chance, with no clouds hanging about, as he let loose the burning day, must have shed his rays on it, my excessive timidity, even now, will scarcely allow me to find utterance for my thoughts—The blood, with which the cloak was impregnated, and the other garment, which

was rubbed with it also, exposed to the heat of a mid day sun and the glaring light of the bright day began to tremble visibly (the calorific and luminous rays combined to cause a bubbling up as if in boiling from the augmentation of temperature) and thus beginning to be made hot by the rays of the sun soon began to burn fiercely. I can scarcely express myself with regard to this prodigious occurrence. As the East wind or the warm South wind which dissipates the snow in early spring on the slippery Mimas that snowy Ionian mountain and as the coast of Leucas exactly opposite breaks up the waves which are rolled against it by the Ionian sea and the swelling of such waves becoming exhausted leaves only a mass of foam on its shores or as the frankincense scattered upon the celestial altars when they are heated soon becomes evaporated in like manner do the entire *woolly materials composing the substance of the cloak* and the other garment disappear altogether through the heat of the flames and at last become self-extinguished (By this passage is meant the whole of the combustible carbonaceous matter being consumed nothing is left for the active flames to operate upon and thus the flames die out) And whilst I ponder wonderingly over all this the cause of such wonder soon vanishes when I think of every thing. But the ground itself becomes agitated and sets up a frothy appearance from its disturbed condition whilst every thing that is brought into contact with that virulent poison is instantly destroyed and although swelling with pent up anger without saying a word she ponders over the situation and merely shakes her head significantly! I now perceive my terrified son Hyllus approaching with rapid steps tell me Hyllus what news hast thou brought?

HYLLUS—DEJANIRA—NUKSI

The mischief brought about by this fatal gift being ascertained from Hyllus, Dejanira resolves to kill herself

HYLLUS

Go mother flee seek out if there is any spot open for thy reception more remote than even this earth—the sea—the heavens—the Ocean or even the infernal regions—beyond those regions which have witnessed the labors of Alcides!

DEJ A presentiment of some great calamity I know not what has taken possession of my mind

HYL Regna, triumpha, templū Junonis pete
 Hæc tibi patent delubria præclufa omnia
 DEJAN Effare, qui me casus infontem premat
 HYL Decus illud orbis, atque præsidium unicum,
 Quem fata ternis in locum dederant Jovis, 750
 O mater, abiit membra, & Herculeos toros
 Urit lues nescio qua qui domuit feras,
 Ille, ille victor vincitur, mœret, dolet
 Quid quæris ultia? DEJAN Miferias properant suas
 Andire miferi fare, quo positi in statu 755
 Jam nostra domus est o lares, miferi lures!
 Nunc vidua, nunc expulsa, nunc feror obiuta!
 HYL Non sola mœres Hercules toto jacet
 Mundo gemendus fata ne, mater, tua
 Privata credas jam genus totum obstrepit 760
 Hunc, ejulatu quem gemis, cuncti gemunt
 Commune terris omnibus pateris malum
 Luctum occupasti prima non solū Herculem
 Miseranda mœres DEJAN Quam prope a leto tamen,
 Ede, ede, (quæso) jaceat Alcides meus 765
 HYL Mors refugit illum, victa quæ in regno suo
 Semel est nec audent fata tum vastum nefas
 Admittere ipsa forsitan trepida colos
 Clotho manu projecit, & fatum Heiculis
 Timet peragere prò diem! infandum diem! 770
 Hocne ille fummo magnus Alcides erit?
 DEJAN Ad fata & umbras, atque pejorem polum
 Præcedere illum dicis? an possum prior
 Mortem occupare? fare si nondum occidit
 HYL Euboica tellus vertice immenso tumens 775
 Pulsatur omni latere Phryæum mare
 Scindit Caphareus servit hoc Austro latus
 At qua nivosi patitur Aquilonis minas,
 Euripus undas flectit instabilis vagas,
 Septemque cursus volvit, & totidem refert, 780
 Dum lassæ Titan mergat Oceano iuga

HYL Seek for some kingdom, for some fresh triumphs,
 aye, the temples of Juno—they will be open to thee, but
 all other fanes will be closed against thee

DEJ Express thyself more explicitly Who is there that
 can rail at me, one that is entirely innocent of this
 calamity!

HYL That ornament of the world and its only safeguard
 one which the Fates had presented to the Earth in the
 place of a Jupiter—Oh! mother, he has gone! I know
 not what destructive agent has burnt up the limbs and
 muscles of Hercules, and he that subdued the wild beasts
 is grieving and mourning, and he, the proud conqueror

has lived to see himself conquered! What more dost thou want to know than all this?

DEJ Those in misery are always in a hurry to know the length and breadth of their miseries! Speak out! Oh! in what a sad position our palace is placed! Oh! my home! my now wretched home! but now I am a widow and am utterly overwhelmed in ruin! Now I am a homeless woman!

HYL Thou art not the only mourner Hercules dies with all the world groaning at his loss—do not attach any importance mother to thy own personal loss—already the entire human race resound the air with their grief—all the peoples bewail him with the same moanings which thou thyself art evincing now—thou art suffering from a calamity which is felt by all the earth—thou art the first true to take on with grief but thou in all thy misery art not the solitary mourner for Hercules!

DEJ But how near death is he? Oh! tell me I beseech thee and will my dear Alcides really die?

HYL Even Mors does not like to face him—the Mors of that land which he once subdued as she reigned paramount in her own Kingdom nor even do the Fates dare to commit any impious offence (where Hercules is concerned) and Clotho herself most likely has arranged her distaff with a trembling hand and is fearing to issue her fiat with regard to the fate of Hercules! Alas! for such a day to arrive! Alas! for such a cruel day! And will that really be the last eventful day for the great Alcides?

DEJ Dost thou say that he is going before me to the Fates—the Manes and the worse dark sky below? Cannot I possibly meet my own doom first? Speak! if he has not yet departed this world

HYL The land of Eubœa swelling proudly with its immense mountain promontory is struck by the boisterous waves in every part of its insular sea board—Caphareus divides the Hellespont, (Phrygian Sea) and this side of Eubœa is under the influence of the South wind but where the same island suffers from the angry tempests of the North wind
Euripus whir
often (The
as many as eight are known to occur amongst some of the islands in the Eastern Archipelago) Where Titan sinks

Hæc iupe celsa, nulla quæ nubes fuit,
 Annoti fulgent templi Cæni Jovis
 Ut stetit ad aras omne votivum pecus,
 Totumque tauris gemuit auratis nemus, 785
 Spolium leonis sordidum tabo exiit,
 Posuitque clivæ pondus, & phœtra graves
 Lavavit humeros veste tunc fulgens tur,
 Cæni revinctus populo horrentem comam,
 Succendit iras Accipe hæc, inquit, socis 790
 Non false menses genitor, & iugo ficer
 Splendescit ignis thure, quod Phœbum colens
 Dives Sibiæ colligit truncis Arabs
 Præcæta tellus, inquit, & cælum, & frætra,
 Feris subactis omnibus victor rediit 795
 Depone fulmen gemitus in mediis præces
 Stupente & ipso, cecidit hinc cælum horrido
 Clamore complet quælis impieffa fugæ
 Trius bipenni vulnus & telum frens,
 Delubra vasto trepida mugitu replet, 800
 Aut quale mundo fulmen emissum tonat,
 Sic ille gemitus sidera & pontum ferit
 Et vasti Chalcis sonuit, & voces Cyclis
 Excepit omnis hinc petriæ Capharides
 Hinc omne voces reddit Herculeis nemus 805
 Flentem videmus vulgus antiquum putat
 Rabiem redisse tunc fugam famuli petunt
 At ille vultus ignem torquens face,
 Unum inter omnes quærit & sequitur Lichan
 Complexus nam ille tremebunda manu, 810
 Mortem metu consumsit, & prurum sui
 Poenæ reliquit dumque tremebundum manu
 Tenet cadaver, Hæc manu, hæc, inquit, ferri
 (O fata!) victus? Herculem perimit Lichan
 Ecce alia clades, Hercules perimit Lichan 815
 Facta inquinantur fuit hic summus labor
 In istra missus fertur, & nubes vago
 Spargit cruore talis in cælum exsilit
 Arundo, Geticæ visa dimittit manu,
 Aut quam Cydon excussit inferius tramen 820
 Et telus fugient truncus in pontum cecidit
 In frætra cervi funus ambobus præcet
 Resistite, inquit non furor mentem abstulit
 Furore gravius istud atque ira malum est
 In me juvat sævire vi pestem indicat, 825
 Et sævit utus ipse dilacerat suos,
 Et membra vasta capit avellens manu
 Evære amictus quærit hoc solum Herculem

his wearied chariot below the ocean, on a lofty hill, here, which no clouds ever obscure from the sight (envelope),

the ancient temple of Jupiter Cænæus shines forth radiantly. As all the cattle intended for the sacrifice are standing before the altars the whole forest around echoes to the bellowings of the bulls with their gilded horns! Hercules takes off the Lion's skin stained with the blood of that Nemean trophy and relieves his burdened shoulders of his ponderous quiver then looking very radiant with the robe thou hadst given him binds round his shaggy locks the white poplar (the tender flexible stems and leaves)—then he lighted up the altars and exclaimed Oh! my father receive as a sincere demonstration of my devotion these oriental aromatics on thy venerable altars and let the sacred fires grow bright with unstinted frankincense which the rich Arab who worships the sun gathers from the aromatic trees of Sabæa.—He then goes on to say Let the earth now be at peace and the heavens and the sea! As a proud conqueror I have returned from having overcome every wild monster in existence Oh! my father do away now with thy lightnings!—And with a sudden groan in the midst of his adorations he fell to the ground stupefied—then he filled the air with a terrific shout much in the same way as the bull effecting its retreat after it has received the blow from the sacrificial axe and the wound actually retaining the weapon itself fills the very temple and causes it to tremble again with its tremendous roarings or such as the thunder produces when the lightnings of Jupiter are shot forth from the heavens in like manner does the groaning of Hercules smite the heavens above and the sea beyond and the vast Chalcis resounds with his tremendous voice and in every one of the Cyclades is it likewise heard—as well as in the rocky Capharides—every forest near this place echoes to the voice of Hercules and now we behold him weeping the old attendants round about him thinking that his former madness had reappeared (when he killed Megara and his children) and under that impression his servants take to their heels! But in reality his face is only writhing from the agony arising out of the burning heat of the fire round about his body and he singles out one from amongst the number of those near him and pursues Lichas who clung to the altar with a trembling hand and half dead with fear already left very little scope for the vengeance of Hercules! And whilst Hercules held his quivering carcass in his hand he exclaimed Oh! my sad destiny that it should go forth to the world that I had been conquered by such a hand as this for a Lichas to kill a Hercules! Wait to hear of the others slaughter which follows Hercules kills Lichas exclaiming The deed is really an inglorious one and tarnishes my former exploits and to

Hercules could not effect that object the only thing perhaps he ever failed in. However he attempted to draw it (his clothing) from his body a second time and dragged away part of his body with it—for the cloak had become a part of that body and had adhered and connected itself so inseparably with the integuments—nor was the cause of this destructive work by any means brought to light but there the cause was evidently sufficient for the evil it had brought about, then being scarcely able to bear the pain any longer and being very exhausted he smote the earth with his face bent downwards and then he asked for water but the water did not quench his tormenting thirst he sought the shore which the noisy waves were beating against and got into the sea but his servants' hands prevented him from wandering far (they had hold of him) Oh! cruel lot we are all now on a par with Hercules then some craft brought him back to the Eubœan shore which a gentle South wind wafts shorewards with the ponderous Hercules on board to CETA!

DEJ All animation has left my body—my sight is quite dimmed! Oh! my soul! Why dost thou hesitate? Why art thou thus taken aback (astounded) the crime has indeed been worked out (committed) Jupiter is calling back his son! Juno will receive a rival! No! (this uttered in great despair) but Hercules must be given up to the earth again! But let me show what can be given up—let the pointed sword find its way through my body its legitimate due! Yes! Yes! this is what I must do cannot my hand though slight carry out this heavy punishment? Take me away by means of thy lightnings oh! my father in law (Jupiter) thy wicked daughter in law nor be thou not armed with one of thy light thunder bolts—let that lightning flash forth from the skies with which if there had been no Alcides as a son to thee thou couldst have burnt up even the Hydra! Destroy me as thou wouldst some extraordinary monster of the wild beast genus or as thou wouldst some monster even more dangerous than any mere angry step mother could make herself—send forth thy lightnings such as aforetime thou shottest forth against Phaethon! Hercules has been destroyed by me and I have thus brought misery upon mankind! Then why should I ask for lightnings from the Gods? let me at all events spare my father in law to grant me death as the wife of Alcides? No! This very hand of mine must be made to carry out my wish! Let me call the sword's point into speedy requisition—But why the sword necessarily? Whatever would annihilate me will be sufficient for my object—I will be hurled from

Hæc, hæc tenatum primæ quæ poscit diem
 Cæta eligatur corpus hinc mitti placet
 Abruptæ crutes scindat & pulsem mei
 Ferat omne saxum pendunt laccia manus,
 Totumque rubent asperi montis latus 865
 Levis una mors est levis at extendi potest
 Eligere nescis rume cui telo incubes
 Utinam esset, utinam fixus in thalamis meis
 Hercules ensis! huic decet ferro immori
 Una perire dextera nobis sit est 870
 Coite gentes saxa & incensas facies
 Jaculetur oïbis nulla nunc cesset manus
 Corripite tela vindicem vestrum abstuli
 Impune sævi sceptra jam reges gerent
 Impune jam nascetur indomitum malum 875
 Reddentur ire cinere assuetæ hostiam
 Similem colenti sceleribus feci vram
 Ego vos tyrannis, regibus monstros, seuis
 Sævisque, raptò vindice opposui Deis
 Cessas, Tonantis focis non spargis facem, 880
 Imitaris fratrem, & mutis ereptam Iovi
 Meque ipsa perdis? laus tibi erepta inclita est
 Ingens triumphus æmuli, Juno, tui
 Mortem occupavi NUTR Quid domum impulsam trahis?
 Erroris est hoc omne, quodcunque est nefas 885
 Haud est nocens, quicumque non sponte est nocens
 DEJAN Quicumque fato ignoscit, & parcat sibi,
 Errare meruit morte damnari placet
 NUTR Nocens videri, qui mori querit, cupit
 DEJAN Mors innocentes sola decipios facit 890
 NUTR Titana fugies? DEJAN Ipse me Iovis fugit
 NUTR Vitam relinques miser? DIJAN At Alciden sequar

some rock which raises its lofty peak to the skies, let
 Cæta then be my choice, which from it height is the first
 to catch a glimpse of the rising sun in the far distant
 horizon—from that I should like to be thrown—the craggy
 protruding rocks might perchance sever my body in its
 descent, and every sharp stone might filch a portion of
 that body—my lacerated hands might be caught, and I
 should be suspended by them, or the entire rugged moun-
 tain side might be tinged with traces of my life-blood—
 One death is easy to go through, it is a slight affair, but
 it can be prolonged—Thou knowest not, oh! my soul,
 upon whose weapon thou shouldst fall! But I wish that
 Hercules' own sword was hanging up in his bed chamber
 (its usual place) I do so wish it was! It would really be
 a worthy death to die, by such a sword as his! But is
 my own right hand quite equal to the task of inflicting

the death wound on myself Assemble oh! ye various
people let the hole in my coat be a sign to you

now any indomitable monster may be born and stride
the earth unopposed and the altars which were formerly
accustomed to claim the guests of Busiris as human
sacrifices will be restored to their original use— I have

against the cruel deities! Why dost thou hesitate oh!
thou sister and wife of Jupiter do not scatter fire and
wide thy own lightnings imitating thy brother's—but filch
some of Jupiter's lightnings and take upon thyself to
destroy me! Consider what glorious renown has been
achieved through my instrumentality what great triumph
for thee Oh! Juno inasmuch as I have caused the death
of thy rival!

NUR Why dost thou thus endanger the safety and
welfare of thy home and family? This so called crime
is after all whatever it may be regarded a mere error
on thy part that person is not a criminal who is not so
arising out of his own free will

DEJ Whoever glosses over or pretends not to see her
destiny so that she may deal sparingly with herself
deserves to suffer for her errors and thus I willingly
adjudge myself to die!

NUR He who is courting death wishes to be con-
sidered guilty

DEJ Death only considers those really innocent who
have sinned in error (deceived by circumstances)

NUR Shalt thou then avoid for ever the light of day?

DEJ The day thou shouldst say will not deign to
look at me

NUR Oh! miserable princess wilt thou really surrender
thy existence?

DEJ But I shall only be following Alcides

NUTR Superest, & auras ille cœlestes trahit
 DEJAN Vinci Hercules cum potuit, hinc cœpit mori
 NUTR Natum relinques, fataque abrumpes tua? 895
 DEJAN Quamcunque natus sepelit, hæc vixit diu
 NUTR Virum sequeus? DEJAN Piægiædî castæ solent
 NUTR Si te ipsa damnas, scelere te, misera, arguis
 DEJAN Nemo nocens sibi ipse pœnas abrogat
 NUTR Multis remissa est vitæ, quorum error nocens, 900
 Non dextia, fuerat fata quis damnat sua?
 DEJAN Quicumque fata iniqua fortitus fugit
 NUTR Hic ipse Megaren nempe confixam suis
 Stiavit fagittis atque natoium indolem,
 Lernæa figens telæ furibunda manu 905
 Ter parricida factus ignovit tamen
 Sibi nam furoris fonte Cinyphio scelus
 Sub axe Libyco terfit, & dextram abluit
 Quo misera pergis? quid tuas damnas manus?
 DEJAN Damnat meas devictus Alcides manus 910
 Placet scelus punire NUTR Si novi Herculem,
 Aderit cruenti forsitan victor mali,
 Dolorque fractus cedit Alcidae tuo
 DEJAN Exedit' altus varus, et famæ est, hydræ
 Immenso pestis conjugis membra abstulit 915
 NUTR Serpentis illi virus enectæ autumas
 Hæud posse vinci, qui malum & vivum tulit?
 Elisit hydram, dente cum infixo stetit
 Media palude victor, effuso obritus
 Artus veneno sanguis hunc Nessi opprimit, 920
 Qui vicit ipsas horridas Nessi manus?
 DEJAN Frustra tenetur ille, qui statuit mori
 Proinde lucem fugere decretum est mihi
 Vixit satis, quicumque cum Alcide occidit
 NUTR Per hæc aniles ecce te supplex comas, 925
 Atque ubera ista pæne materna obscio,

NUR Hercules still survives! but dwells, henceforward, in celestial regions

DEJ When Hercules' turn came to be conquered, from that time forth he commenced to die

NUR Wilt thou leave a son behind, and break away from all thy destined duties?

DEJ Whomsoever a son buries, (the mother for whom all affection has died away) such a woman has lived quite long enough!

NUR Then thou wilt follow thy husband

DEJ The chaste and good are apt to go first

NUR If thou condemnest thyself thus Oh! miserable Princess thou art deeming thyself guilty of the crime itself

DEJ No guilty man ought to withhold punishment from himself

NUR Life has been spared to many whose guilt was the result of error and not design—who therefore ought to be expected to sit in judgment on what was the result of some unfortunate error?

DEJ Yes! whoever had an unjust sentence passed upon him certainly would attempt to fly from it if he thinks it is unjust and it is to escape that injustice that such a man would do so

NUR Hercules himself for example struck down Megara pierced with his arrows as well as her family of sons wounding them with the shafts armed with the virus of the Hydra—his hands being brought under the control of his madness thus making of himself a parricidal sort of three fold murderer yet he found a way of forgiving himself and he washed out his crime committed whilst mad in the Cinyphian streams under the scorching Libyan sky and he in a simple manner enough cleansed his guilty hands But what plan art thou pursuing oh! miserable Dejanira? Why dost thou conclude that thy hands cannot be cleansed (of thy error) in like manner

DEJ Why The fact of Alcides being overcome is sufficient to condemn me (beyond pardon) and moreover it is my will and wish that my offence should be atoned by my punishment

NUR If my notions about Hercules are at all near the mark he would appear most likely to turn out the conqueror in the matter of the virus of that sanguinary monster Nessus and the pain thus overcome will yield to thy Alcides as all other difficulties have done before!

DEJ The virus of this Hydra has eaten away his very limbs so goes the report and this poison has well nigh consumed his immense body as well

NUR Dost thou think that the virus of that hydra which was killed could not be effectually guarded against by him who deprived that monster of life—he strangled this hydra and when the conqueror stood up in the middle of the marsh wounded by its fangs his body was covered

Deponc tumida pectoris laci manes
 Mortisque dire expelle decretaum horribum
 DIAS Quicunque misero forte d'fludet mo-
 Crudehs ille est interim poena est mori
 Sed sepe donum in pluribus veni fuit
 NUR Defende filiam dexteram infelix tuam,
 Traudisque brevis esse non nupto, teuit
 DIAS Defendat illic inferi absolvemur tu
 A me ipsa diuinor purget hic Pluton meum
 Stabo ante ripas immemor Telesae
 Et umbra tristis coniugem exequimur in am
 Sed tu morantis regna qui torque pol,
 Para laborem scelera que q' digne usu est,
 Hic vici error Juno non est Herculi meo
 Iripere tenis horribum poenam para
 Sisyphus cecis cessat & nostro hui
 Impellet humero me vagu fugiat lites
 Meumque fallax vnda deludet sum
 Merui manus prebere turribus tui
 Quicunque regem Thestium torque tota
 Effodiat avidus hunc & hunc vultu, fibres
 Vacat una Darius, has ego explebo me
 Inxate manes recipe ne comitem tibi,
 Phasiera conjux peior hoc p'ior tuo
 Utroque dextra est scelere seu mater nocens
 Seu dira soror es rede me comitem tui,
 Threici conjux sceleribus nam tuum
 Althra mater recipe nunc verum tuum

all over with the poison as it streamed off the monster!
 Will the blood of this Nessus then, suffice to destroy him
 who overcame the terrible power of Nessus himself?

DEJ That person is held back in vain, who has deter-
 mined to die!

NUR Look at me, an old woman! And I conjure thee,
 even as a suppliant, by these hoary, aged locks of mine,
 and by these now shrivelled up breasts, that during thy
 cradlehood were almost those of a mother's in affording
 thee the pabulum necessary for thy infantile sustenance!
 I conjure thee, to cast aside the swelling passions raging
 in thy wounded heart and abandon this terrible threat
 of self-destruction!

DEJ Whoever, perchance, dissuades a wretched mortal
 from dying, commits an act of cruel injustice, sometimes,
 to die is a punishment, although, oftentimes, death is
 awarded to us as a form of merciful pardon!

NUR Restrain thy hand at least Oh! unfortunate Princess and let all the world know that what has occurred has only been an offence springing out of the deception on the part of another and not in any way the outcome of a wife's design!

DEJ I myself plead guilty! Pluto will pacify these hands of mine the infernal deities will acquit me as a convict! I shall be defended there at all events I shall stand up with a clear conscience before thy banks Oh! thou Lethe that river of oblivion and as one of the tristful timid Manes will anxiously look out for my lost Alcides! But thou who governest that kingdom with its sombre sky prepare some penalty for me! This offence of mine (in its results) surpasses anything which the most audacious malefactor could ever have perpetrated even Juno herself would never have dared to seize away Hercules bodily from off the surface of the earth (as I have been the instrument of accomplishing) Get ready then some terrible punishment let for instance the shoulders of Sisyphus have a rest and the huge rock shall be thrust onwards by my (feminine) shoulders or let the baffling streams retreat from my eager approach and let the deceptions waters play maliciously at the expense of my thirsting lips! And Oh! thou wheel of Ixion which twirls round and round that Thessalian king I deserve to deliver up my body to thy revolutions! From all sides let the greedy vulture peck away at my liver and entrails! Or if there happens to be a Danaid short I can easily fill up the vacancy! Open thy dismal abodes Oh! ye Manes and let me join thy fraternity as a most desirable companion! Oh! The Phasian wife of Jason (Medea) I am a worse offender than thou art my hands have been much worse than thine in the commission of crime either in thy (of thy children) or Absyrtus) I let me criminal order! Oh! thou Thracian wife! (Iroene)—And consider me as thy daughter Althea and regard thyself as my mother (thou that slewest thy son) acknowledge me as one of the veritable offspring but what an unimportant proportion compared with mine however that thy hands were instrumental in removing out of the way! Let me be excluded from the temple of Eleusis whatsoever faithful wives ye are who are offering up thy adorations in the groves ye frequent in that sacred forest! Or if any one can be found who has besmeared her hands with the blood of a husband, or any cruel daughter of Belus altogether regardless of the marriage obligations

beast) In my desire to get rid of a concubine I have brought about my own downfall! Hide thyself from me oh! Titan thou grand luminary and thou my own vitality which clings to me and condemn not the wretched to behold the bland light of heaven against their will! (I would say that to thee any wife deprived of and sighing for her Hercules my husband that is as dear as Hercules) that the light of heaven is a thing of no value then! No! I must exact the punishment which is due to thee oh! thou life of mine! Shall I surrender my life by my own agency or shall I allow it to be prolonged (For Hercules to take it) Oh! my husband shall I reserve my death to be dealt with by thy hands? And does sufficient strength yet remain in thee that thy armed hands would be able to stretch thy bow and send forth thy arrows? Do thy arrows hesitate or does the bow not respond to the enfeebled hands? Oh! my courageous husband if thou canst give me that death I will look forward to thy kindly aid! Let my death by my own hand be deferred! (Lichas had no choice in his case) Kill me however as thou didst that innocent Lichas! Scatter me in my fall amongst different cities (places) and let me be cast forth into some world unknown to thee! Destroy me as thou didst that Menalian Boar, the pest of Arcadia or as thou didst whatever offered thee the slightest resistance but from which thou always camest off as my conquering husband!

HYL Spare thyself! Oh! my mother I pray thee throw no blame either on the irrevocable Fates—a mere error is exempt from the disgrace attached to a crime!

DEJ If true affection Hyllus is to be expected from thee now is the time to kill thy mother! Why do thy timid hands tremble so? Why dost thou turn thy face aside? Such an offence (as thou must look at it) would be absolute affection! Oh! dullsighted boy dost thou hesitate? I have taken Hercules from thee this—this very hand of mine has destroyed him to whom is thy father thou art so indebted inasmuch as thou possessest Jupiter himself as a grandfather! I have taken away a distinguishing ornament greater than the one I have introduced into the world in the shape of thyself! Learn from thy mother whether such a crime is to be ignored and pardoned by thee! either then let it please thee to plunge the sword into this neck of mine or if it please thee better into the very womb which gave thee birth—thy mother will show the most unflinching courage whilst thou dost so and if the act cannot be completely done

Invalere uterum mater intrepidum tibi Præbebit unum non erit totum scelus A te peractum dextera scinditur tua	995
Sed mente nostra natus Alcidae times- Ita nulli peragras iussu nec frangens mala Eires per orbem, si qua nascetur fera Referas prævientem dexteram intrepidum paræ	1000
Patet ecce plenum pectus cruminis ferri Scelus remitto dextera præceat tua Eumenides ipsæ verberum crepuit sonus Quarum ista torquens angue vipereo comam Temporibus atras squallidis pinnas quatit- Quid dura me flagrantem persequeris face	1005
Megariæ pœnas poscit Alcides, dabo Jamne inferorum, Diva sedere iudicis- Sed ecce, diris carceris video fores Quis iste frivum immixtum detritis gerit Jam senior humeris? ecce, jam vultus lapsus	1010
Quarrit retribui membra quis præbet rota Hæc ecce pallens dura Lysiphone stetit Causam poposcit præce verberibus precor, Megaræ, præce, sustine Stygis faces Scelus est amoris sed quid hoc tellus labat	1015
Et aula tectis crepuit excussis muræ Unde iste cœtus? totus in vultus meos Decurrit orbis, hinc & hinc populi fremunt Totusque poscit vindicem mundus suum Jam præcite, urbes quo fugam præceps agam Mors sola potius dabitur ærumnis moris	1020
Festoi nitentis flammæ Phœbi rotam Superosque testor Herculem teris adhuc Morituri linquo Hic Fugit attonita heu mihi! Peracta jam præce matris est statuit mori	1025
Nunc nostra superest mortis auferre impetum O misera pietas! si mori matrem vetas, Patri es scelestus si mori pateris tamen, In matre peccas surgit hinc illuc nefas Inhibenda tamen est peccata & cupimus scelus	1030

by thee alone, I will, assisted by thee, throw myself down on thy armed right hand, but I should think, as a son of Alcides, thou wouldst not exhibit such a thing as fear! But it is one of two things, either never attempt to carry out the orders of any future Eurystheus, and wander about the earth in search of monsters, if ever wild beasts of that kind are to be born again, or it is, imitate thy kind parent and get ready thy courageous right hand to kill me—behold, my breast lies open for thee, full as it is of grief and woe—Come! Strike! I forgive thee the crime! Here Dejanira works herself into a state of frenzy, and fancies she beholds various visions—the Eumenides,

even would deal lightly with thee for thy handiwork, the noise of their whips is now ringing in my ears then she exclaims Who is that woman with her hair twined round with serpents like so many vipers?—she is now shaking those ugly appendages which hang down round her repulsive temples! Oh! cruel Megæra why dost thou follow me with thy burning torches Ah! I will give myself up to punishment! I see! I see! Alcides demands it! Oh! thou fury goddess are not the judges presiding over the Infernal Tribunals already sitting to pronounce sentence upon me! But! Ah! look again I see the terrible portals of Tartarus—that huge prison house is now open before my eyes! Who is that old man bearing that immense rock on his bruised and worn out shoulders the stone no sooner carried forwards but it seeks to fall back again! Who is that too giving up his body to the revolutions of that ever turning wheel And there cruel Tisiphone of pale aspect is standing forth—she has demanded my punishment! I pray thee spare those blows from thy whips Megæra be merciful—hold back those Stygian torches! My crime arose entirely out of my love for Hercules! What shall I do next? The very earth
 seem as if she were in pain for and her palace is creaking
 this assemblage
 whole world of

human beings running about me and staring me in the face—everybody appears to be clamouring aloud for revenge! Be merciful to me oh! ye cities for to what place shall I make my headlong flight? No! Death alone will afford me a safe harbor of refuge in my overwhelming miseries! And I call the fiery chariot of bright Phœbus to witness my resolve and I call to witness likewise the whole of the Gods above that although I am about to die I shall still leave Hercules upon this Earth!

HYL Woe is me! my mother is rushing away quite delirious in her manner! Now the part my mother means to play has been thoroughly planned out by her she is determined to die! Now my part in this sad business is before me, to stave off this impetuous determination of courting death Oh! my natural affection! in what a miserable dilemma is it placed! If I forbid my mother to die I am acting criminally towards my father if however I suffer her to die I shall sin against her! On all sides nothing but crime—crime—surges up to my puzzled brain! Whatever I do however my mother must be restrained—hereupon I will set to work and will at all events prevent a fresh crime! (The suicide of his mother)

CHORUS

Summa ab Herculis robore labefacta occasione Chorus omnia
 intentui obnoxia, nihil natum iterum erant quam
 sententiam ab auctore Orpheo commendat, usque
 ritum obiter celebrat

VIRUM est, quod cecinit fœcer
 Thieffa sub Rhodopes jugis,
 Aptans Pieriam chelyn,
 Orpheus, Calliopæ genus
 Aeternum fieri nihil 1035
 Illius stetit ad modos
 Porientis rapidi fragor,
 Oblitusque sequi fugam
 Amisit liquor impetum
 Et dum fluminibus mori est, 1040
 Defecisse putant Geten
 Hebrum Bistones ultimi
 Advenit volucrum nemus
 Et silva residens venit,
 Aut si quæ terra pervolat, 1045
 Audius vagra cantibus
 Ales deficiens erdit
 Abrupit scopulos Athos,
 Centuuros obiter sciens,
 Et juxta Rhodopen stetit 1050
 Læta nive cantibus
 Et quicum fugiens suram
 Ad rem properat Dryas,
 Ad cantus veniunt suis
 Ipse cum latebris fœæ 1055
 Juxtaque imprudum pecus
 Sedit Marmaricus leo,
 Nec damæ trepidant lupos,
 Et seipens latebras fugit,
 Func oblitus veneni 1060
 Quin per Tænarus fœces
 Manes cum treitos ardit,
 Mœrentem feriens chelyn,
 Cantu Tutaræ flebili
 Et tristes Eiebi Deos 1065
 Movit nec temuit Stygis
 Juratos superis locus
 Hæsit non stabilis iora
 Victo languida turbine
 Incievit Tityi jecur, 1070
 Dum cantus volucres tenet
 Audito quoque narrat
 Inferni iatis æquoris
 Nullo remigio venit

CHORUS

The Chorus sings of everything as being subject to Death the occasion being so suggestive since the failing strength of Hercules— that nothing born or created is lasting which sentiment of Orpheus it praises and they intersperse the Chorus with celebrating his divine art

IT is a great truth of which Orpheus the sacred poet of the Muses and interpreter of the Gods and son of

Rhc

his

is e

the Hebrus have ceased enchanted by his melodious strains and that river has abandoned its usual impetuous

cians) actually suppose that the Getian Hebrus must surely have become dried up at its very source! The forest bringing together with it all its feathered inhabitants and the woods are drawn thither riveted by the enchanting melodies and whatever is on the wing in the air above directly his song is heard—whatever small bird is flitting about is overcome by his melodies and falls to the earth helpless! (That is their wings lose their nerve power) Mount Athos breaks away from its rocky foundations carrying with it the Centaurs dwelling here and there on its summits (Athos was the abode of the Centaurs) attracted to Orpheus and took up its stand close to Rhodope whilst the snow thereupon is being thawed by the sweet melodies of Orpheus! And every Dryad abandoned the watchful guardianship of her especial oak and hastens to listen to the musical poet! The wild beasts with their dens included come forward at the sound of his melodies and the ferocious Marmaric Lion crouches languidly by the side of the flock which do not go in dread of his presence for the nonce! Nor do the timid wild goats fear to have the hungry wolf in their very midst! And the serpent for once forgets all about its poisonous fangs and escapes from its lurking place! But when Orpheus passes in by the Tænarian Portals and meets with the silent Manes (thinking of the death of his Eurydice) and striking up some doleful strains upon his Pierian Lyre he moved Tartarus itself and the sad deities of Erebus with his mournful melodies nor did he fear to approach those Stygian lakes by which the Gods do swear! And the wheel

Iunc primum Phrygius senex	1075
Undis stantibus immemor	
Excussit aridam sitim,	
Nec pomis adhibet manus	
Sed cum linqueret inferos	1080
Orpheus carminum fundens,	
Et vinci lapsus improbus	
Et vatem potuit sequi	
Consumptis iterum Deo	
Supplent Eurydicea colos	1085
Sed dum respicit immemor,	
Nec credens sibi redditam	
Orpheus Eurydicen sequi,	
Cantus præmum perdidit	
Quæ nata est iterum, perit	1090
Tunc solaminum cantibus	
Quærens, flebilibus modis	
Hæc Orpheus cecinit Getis	
Leges in superos datas,	
[Et qui tempora digerens	1095
Quatuor præcipitis Deus	
Anni disposuit viccs]	
Nulli non avidas colo	
Parcis flaminum nectere	
Quod natum est, poterit mori	
Vati credere Thracio	1100
Devictus jubet Hercules	
Jam jam legibus obrutis	
Mundo cum veniet dies,	
Australis polus obruet	
Quidquid per Libyam jacet,	1105
Et sparsus Gaïamas tenet	
Arctous polus obruet,	
Quidquid subiacet axibus,	
Et siccus Boieas ferit	
Amissum tepidus polo	1110
Titan excutiet diem	
Cœli regia concidens	
Ortus atque obitus trahet	
Atque omnes pariter Deos	

of Ixion which never stopped before, stood still then, its feeble revolutions being overcome by Orpheus—and the liver and entrails of Tityus, had time to grow larger, whilst the songs of Orpheus held the vultures spell-bound, and that old pilot, Charon, when he heard the music was enchanted thereby, and the skiff of that infernal river, came to land without any help from him as its oarsman! Then, directly Orpheus was heard, the Phrygian veteran, Tantalus, became quite unconscious that the hitherto fuga-

cious streams in front of his lips were now standing still and he himself forgot all about his maddening thirst nor did his hands betray any eagerness to seize the apples though within his reach and showing no disposition to retreat—But as he was taking leave of the infernal regions still pouring forth his melodies that relentless time serving stone was willing to be overcome to yield up its duties and follow the musical poet! (the stone of Sisyphus) and the Goddesses (Parcæ) had already replenished the exhausted distaff and renewed the threads of life to Eurydice but Orpheus forgetting all about his promise to Pluto looked behind him and then bethinking himself no longer believed that his Eurydice just lately restored to him would now be able to follow him and thus he lost the reward and advantages of all his enchanting songs! And Eurydice who had been born a second time thus returned to her former state (dies again)! Then seeking consolation from his own melodies the Thracian Orpheus chanted forth these truthful measures to the Getæ (a Scythian tribe noted for their contempt of death) Certain fates have been decreed even for the Gods above and that deity who when he regulated the seasons has laid out with exactitude the four divisions of the year as it rolls onwards and it is of no moment that the greedy Fates should fail to weave threads from their distaff for whatever is born or created must die! Place therefore reliance on the Thracian Poet it was simply ordained that Hercules should be finally overcome! And when at length the very laws of the universe become overthrown the last day must come too to this world! The Southern Heaven will overrun whatever exists throughout Libya and whatever lands the nomad Garamantes wander over (now the desert of Zaara) The Northern Pole will overwhelm whatever is beneath its own sky and wherever the dry Boreas shows its power with its freezing cold and stormy blasts! And trembling Titan (the sun) will be dislodged from the sky and there will then be the end of Day! And the palaces of the heavenly regions falling pell mell will drag down in their train all traces of such distinctions as East and West! And some species of annihilation will alike destroy the whole race of Gods and Chaos will reign supreme! And Death even will establish for itself some new laws for its own future guidance! (That is to say after everything has been destroyed by death the destroying cause ipsissima causa will be eventually changed in its turn mutata mutabuntur!) But what place will receive the world? Will the entrances to Tartarus disappear or lie open in order to receive the scattered skies as they fall? And what space will serve to

Perdet mois aliqua, & chaos 1115
 Et mors fata novissimæ
 In se constituet sibi
 Quis mundum capiet locus?
 Discedet via Tutarî,
 Stratis ut præteat polis? 1120
 An quod dividit ætherea
 A teris spatium, sat est
 Et mundi nimium malis?
 Quis tantum capiet nefas
 Fati? quis superis locus 1125
 Pontum, sidera, Tartara,
 Regna unus capiet tria?
 Sed quis non modicus fragor
 Aures attonitas movet?
 Est, est Heiculeus sonus 1130

ACTUS QUARTUS

HERCULES, CHORUS

Ejulans Hercules conqueritur, indigne ferens, se indigna
 morte perire, femineis scilicet dolis

HERC CONVERTE, Titan clare, anhelantes equos,
 Emitte noctem pereat hic mundo dies,
 Quo moriat atia nube inhorrescat polus
 Obstâ novercæ nunc, pater, cæcum chaos
 Reddi decebat, hinc & hinc compagibus 1135
 Ruptis uterque debuit frangi polus
 Quid parcis astris? Herculem amittis, pater
 Nunc partem in omnem, Juppiter, spectâ poli,
 Ne quis gigas Thessalica jaculetur juga,
 Et fiat Othrys pondus Encelado leve 1140
 Laxabit atq; carceris jam jam fores
 Pluton superbus vincula excutiet patris,
 Cælumque reddet ille, qui pro fulmine
 Tuisque facibus natus in teris etiam,
 Ad Styga revertor surget Enceladus ferox, 1145
 Mittetque, quo nunc premitur, in superos onus
 Regnum omne, genitor, ætheris dubium tibi
 Mors nostra faciet antequam spolum tui
 Cælum omne fiat, conde me tota, pater,
 Mundi ruina frange, quem perdis, polum 1150

music was —

divide the skies from the earth, it is eternal river,
 cruel a destiny for this world to have to loads oarsman!
 What place can possibly receive these accursed veteran,
 of fate? What region above where the hitherto fuga-

could inclose the sea the firmament and the realms of Tartarus? Will one place suffice to contain all three? But what is that certainly not very mild noise which now assails our astounded auriculars? Ah! It is! Yes! it is the veritable sound of Hercules!

ACT IV

HERCULES—CHORUS

Hercules complains in a lugubrious strain about suffering undeservedly and that he should be doomed to die in ignominious death especially one arising out of a woman's treachery

HERCULES

TURN back oh! bright Titan thy panting steeds—send forth the night and on the day on which I die let the day light disappear for ever from the world—let the sky become terrible to behold obscured by one vast black cloud and stand in the way of my step-mother's hearty joy at my downfall! Oh! my father it will be an advantageous thing for thee that the heavens should resume the state of Chaos and every part of the heavens must be utterly destroyed the very bonds of union being severed why spare the stars? Oh! my father thou art losing Hercules! now look carefully oh! Jupiter to every assailable part of the celestial regions lest some giant should hurl forth the Ithacian mountain and Orithys be made a light burden for Ixionides and soon very soon proud Pluto would unlock the prison doors in the infernal regions and relieve thy father Saturn of the chains that are now binding him down and restore Heaven to him and I who was born into the world to serve thy cause in lieu of thunderbolts, and to spare thy lightnings am simply finding my way back to the regions of the Styx! As sure as fate that ferocious Encelides will rise to the occasion and will hurl forth that burden Aetna by which he is now being kept down at the gods above and my death will render the whole of the celestial kingdom oh! my father! a most uncertain possession for thee! But before such a catastrophe is being seized from thee should befall thy celestial dominions oh! my father bury me completely in the ruins of the world and rather destroy thou the heavens thou possessest than to be thus deprived of them!

CHOR Non vani times, nate Tonantis,
 Jam Thessalicam Pelion Ossam
 Priemet, & Pindo congestus Athos
 Nemus æthereis inferet ipsis
 Vincet scopulos inæ Typhoeus, 1155
 Et Tyrrhenam feriet Inarimen
 Feriet Ætnæos inde crinios
 Scindetque latus montis apertū,
 Nondum Enceladus fulmine victus
 Jam te cœli signa sequentur 1160
 HERC Ego, qui relictæ morte, contemptæ Styge
 Per media Lethes stragna cum spolio rediū,
 Cum pæne trepidis exiit litus equis
 Ego, quem Deorum regna senferunt tui,
 Mortui nec ullus per meum stridet latus 1165
 Transmissus ensis huius meæ telum necis
 Solum est, nec instat montis abruptū latus,
 Aut totus Othrys, non tuus ictu Gyges
 Pindo cadaveri obruit toto meum
 Sine hoste vincor quodque me torquet magis, 1170
 (O misera virtus!) summus Alcidae dies
 Nullum malum profectum impendo, heu mihi,
 In nulla vitam facta pro mundi vitæ,
 Superique, quondam dexterae testes meæ!
 Pro cuncta tellus, Heiculis vestri placet 1175
 Mortem perire? dirus o nobis pudor!
 O turpe fatum! femina Heiculeæ necis
 Auctori ferietur auctor Alcides quibus?
 Inventa si me credere femina manu
 Volucæ fata, perque tam turpes colos 1180

CHOR Thou art not setting up any silly fears, oh! thou son of the thunderer, very soon the giants would press down Ossa upon the Thessalian Pelion, and Athos piled up on Pindus would very soon intermingle their forests with the stars of heaven, then Typhœus would soon get the better of the rocks, where he lies buried, and he would bear on his shoulders the Tyrrhenian Inarime, and after that, he would bring to his aid Ætna itself with its blazing furnaces! And Enceladus, who, as thou knowest, has never been conquered, by the lightnings hitherto, would make an opening for himself in the side of the mountain, and then all the constellations throughout the heavens, would fall into ruin (if thou wert to die!)

HERC I, who left death behind me, when I quitted Hell and looked with contempt on the Styx itself! (although the Gods do swear by it) I threaded my way through the streams of Lethe, with my proud spirit, the dog Cerberus, which monster, when Titan saw, he nearly

failed to manage his affrighted steeds! I of whom the three kingdoms of the universe have had occasion to experience the prowess (the Stymphalides the Hydra and Cerberus) am doomed to die! nor is any pointed weapon piercing my side through and through bringing about my downfall! No huge rock is taking away my life nor as it were the side of some broken mountain or the whole of Orthrys crushing me down nor does any huge Gyges with his horrid grinning jaws overwhelm my carcass with the whole of Pindus I am simply conquered conquered as it were by no ostensible enemy and what tortures me more than any thing else alas! for my deplorably waning physical power is that the last days of Alcides are not signalized by the downfall of any monster! Woe is me! I am eking out my miserable remnant of life with no deeds to testify to my existence! Oh! thou administrator of the universe and oh! ye other Gods above once my own right hand was my witness! Oh! ye entire lands does it meet with thy approval that Hercules should die? Oh! what cruel shame is shared by both of us! Oh! ignominious destiny for a woman to be forthcoming as the bringer about of the death of a Hercules! For the deaths of how many have I Alcides been the cause monsters—giants—tyrants—wildbeasts! If the Fates had willed me to fall unconquered and only by a woman's hand and the predictions of such a fate had been duly decreed by the unrelenting distaff of the Parcae I might have fallen woe is me! long ago by the hatred of Juno! But I should have fallen nevertheless (methinks) by the cruel persecution of some woman having (at all events) some claims to a heavenly origin! If it had been so ordained oh! ye Gods above and I was not considered sufficiently worthy for Juno as an enemy some redoubtable amazon (Hippolyte) born under a Scythian sky might have overcome my strength and by a woman's hand am I the enemy of Juno conquered at last! In this way my dear stepmother thou art put to the blush more than myself why dost thou consider this a joyful day for thyself What monster so terrible could this earth have supplied for thy angry purpose more destructive than this Dejanira? Thou seest a poor earthly mortal in the shape of a woman has exceeded thy celestial anger! Up to a certain point thou posed as unequal to Alcides thou art now conquered both by myself and Dejanira! Is not that humiliation enough to anger thy fellow Deities? But I wish that the Nemæan monster had satiated his savage appetite with my blood or when surrounded as I was by a hundred serpents in that memorable marsh would that my corrupt body had

away the last spoil, Cerberus fate itself was taken aback at the exploit then I returned to the light of day from the infernal Styx I overcame every obstacle which Pluto put in my way! Mors avoided me at every turn and oh! that valiant as I have always been I should now lack a respectable kind of death! Oh! ye wild beasts! Ah! me! oh! ye wild beasts that I have been the means of conquering! and the triple headed dog which when he beheld the light and was scared thereby became recalcitrant but he could not drag me back to his Stygian kennel nor could that Iberian trio (Geryon, Orthos and Eurythion) which constituted the staff of the triple bodied monster that savage herdsman who dwelt under the Hesperian sky, subdue me nor the two serpents which Juno sent to destroy me whilst I was a poor little infant in my cradle! I could have died ah! so often! some some respectable sort of death! Woe is me! Oh! that I should perish at last by such an ignominious end!

CHOR Canst thou not perceive Hercules that true valour conscious of its own pretensions would never be scared at the sight of the Iethrean rivers. A man it is true may look down on himself with self pity when he reflects on the mean character of his destroyer but he does not grieve to have to face death itself! He would far rather finish his last days crushed by the immense weight of the giants and suffer at the hands of some of the mountain lifting Titans or owe his death to the deadly fangs of some wild animal! If the cause of thy death Hercules is to be commiserated simply because there is no wild beast nor any giant in the question why then what so dignified a mode is there of doing away with a Hercules than thy own veritable right hand?

HERC (Hercules is in great pain) Oh! dear what scorpion is inside of me? What crab recently imported from the fervid sky (the Zodiac) has lodged itself in my interior and burning away the innermost marrows of my body and the natural condition (*jecur*) of the *ur inflated* lungs once capable of transmitting blood through its veins now serves only to distend a collection of dried up fibres! My very liver burns within me the bile being dried up in its ducts and the insidious heat of the poison has drained away all my blood—it has burnt away all the external skin of my body (*epiderma*) and has made its cruel way towards my extremities—my tissues have left my ribs—they are now devoid of integuments—my body seems entirely eaten away and the horrible virus has exhausted all the more fluid secretions it has taken up

of Hercules as he used to be! Dost thou thyself oh! my father, recognize me in my present plight? Was it I ask with such arms as these (he raises them as he calls attention to their attenuated condition) that I squeezed the throttled neck of the Nemean lion? Was it with a hand like this that I stretched my bow and brought down with my arrows (from their aerial fastnesses) the Stymphalides from the lofty skies? Was it with such feeble steps as these legs of mine could now attempt that I outstripped in flight the wild stag wearing the golden horns on its glistening forehead? With these hands aforetime have I not set the sea free by breaking through Calpe (opposite Abyla here were the pillars of Hercules he thus joined the Mediterranean with the Ocean of the West) Are these the hands too by which so many wild beasts have fallen? So many wicked crimes received punishment and so many cruel tyrannical kings have met their death? Are these the shoulders on which the heavens have once rested? And is this all that is left of my once massive body? And is this the miserable remnant of my once huge head? And is it these wretched hands that I once employed with which to prop up the tottering heavens? I ask thee (oh! my father) by whose hands will Cerberus be dragged again to this earth from beyond the Styx? Oh! my whilom strength! Now buried away before my very eyes! Why do I call thee Father oh! Jupiter? Why do I advance my claims to a position in the heavens unless it be through thee the thundering Jove? Now surely the whole world will believe after all that Amphitryon is my real father and not thyself! (Addressing the poison Hercules exclaims) Come forward and show thyself whatever poison thou art that lies concealed in my viscera! Why should I be thus persecuted by some hidden wound? What Scythian sea beneath a frigid sky? What whimpering mother of the Nymphs or sluggish inlet of the sea can have generated thee oh! thou maleficent enemy! Or what Iberian Calpe the shore which overlooks the country of the Moors? Oh! cruel poison! Or is it some crested serpent shaking its repulsive head and emitting its salivary virus? Or is it some agent of which I can form no conception? But whether thou art produced from the gore of the Lernean Hydra or whether the Stygian Cerberus left thee behind him as a legacy to the earth (above) thou art indeed an unmistakably powerful evil from the effects thou hast wrought on me and yet thou art invisible! I wonder what thou art like! only permit me to know at least by what malign agency I am perishing whether thou art a plague-germ or whether thou art some rabid animal

Viscera manus detexit ultro totumque
 Inventa lachrya est o meliora tunc! Hic
 Unde iste fletus unde mihi? Deum
 Invictus olim vultu & nunquam mihi
 Lacrimas suis probare consuevit
 Jam flere dedit qui diu fletum Heros
 Que terra vidit secus erant
 Tibi illa virtus, quæ tot elisit illa
 Tibi cessit uni primo, & ante oant
 Iletum abstulisti durior saxo horrido
 Et chalybe vultus, & vultu sumptu
 Rictus meos infregit & hanc me
 Fletum pementem summe pro rebor
 Me terra vidit quodque me tanget
 Noverat vidit uti ecce iterum
 Incaluit ardor unde nunc fulmen
 Quid non possit superare dolus
 Quondam Getico durior Ima
 Nec Parrhasio lentior ara,
 Sevo cessit membra dolori
 Tessumque movens per colla caput
 Latus alterno pondere flectit
 Fletum virtus sæpe resorbet
 Sic Arctoris lavare mænes,
 Quamvis tepido sidere litat
 Non tamen rudet vincitque facies
 Solis adusti glaciæle jubar

HERCULES, ALCEIA

Lamentantem Herculem solatur Alceia

HERC CONVERTE vultus ad meas clades, pater
 Nunquam ad turas confugit Alcides manus
 Non, cum per artus hydra sacundum meos
 Caput explicaret inter infernos heus
 Possessus atræ nocte cum Fato fletu,
 Nec invocavi tot feris vici horridas,

concealed within me—thou dardest not attack me, in open
 fight so thou hast secured for thyself, some safe fighting
 ground within my body to carry on thy irresistible
 warfare! Behold! my skin being broken through, my
 hand can touch my very entrails, however, thy hiding
 place will be found much farther off than that! Oh! thou
 indomitable poison, thou art like Hercules once was,
 unconquerable! Whence this weeping? Whence the tears

on these cheeks? A face invincible and never addicted to tear shedding whatever evils were in the way! Oh! ashamed I am that I have learned at last to weep! What day ever beheld Hercules weeping? What region on earth ever beheld such a sight? No! I bore my troubles with tearless eyes! Is this thy valour which has destroyed so many monsters and has yielded at last to thee (the poison) the first and above all others thou hast drawn tears from me—with a face harder than the ugly rock or steel itself or the wandering Symplegades—thou hast relaxed this hard visage conquered my self control and drawn forth these tears! The Earth has now seen me weeping and groaning! Oh! thou chief ruler of the skies what angers me the more is my step mother has seen me! (again in excruciating agony) Oh! dear my inside is burning again awfully and the heat seems to be getting more unbearable! Why not send thy lightnings at once oh! my father to finish me off so that I might perish by them!

CHOR Why cannot Hercules conquer his pain? He was once harder than that (Thracian) mountain the Getic Æmus nor was he more gentle than the austere Parrhasian sky! Moving his weary head supported by a tired neck he turns his once ponderous body first on one side and then on the other and his wonderful endurance often restrains his weeping! much in the same way that Titan even with his hottest rays fails to thaw the hardened arctic snows and succeeds no better with his strongest solar heat brought to bear upon the once clear waters now hardened into pellucid ice!

HERCULES—ALCMENA

Alcmena consoles Hercules whilst lamenting his sad fate

HERCULES

TURN thy face, oh! my father towards me and behold my sad downfall! Never before this has Alcides flown to thee for assistance not even when the Hydra intertwined its repullulating head round my body nor when amongst the dark lakes of Hell enveloped as I was in black hideous night when I stood forth in the hands of Fate! neither did I call upon thee when I was overcoming so many terrible wild beasts—Kings—tyrants! Never did I turn my face towards heaven in a supplicating manner! This hand of mine has always hitherto

SENECA'S TRAGEDIES

[Lines 1296—1332]

Reges, tyrannos, non tamen vultus meos
 In astra torſi ſemper hæc nobis manus
 Votum ſponſondit nulla propterea me facio
 Miculare cœlo fulmina hic aliquid dies
 Optare juſſit primus audierit preces,
 Idemque fummus unicum fulmen peto,
 Giganti ciede non minus cœlum mihi
 Aſſerere potui dum patrem verum puto,
 Cœlo peperiſſe ſive crudelis præter,
 Sive es miſericors, commodum nato manum
 Properi ante mortem, & occupare hanc ludem tibi
 Vel, ſi piget, manuſque detrahit nefas,
 Emitte ſiculo vertice aidentes, pater,
 Titinas in me, qui manu Pindum ſerant,
 Aut te, Oſſa, qui me monte projecto opprimant
 Abiumpit Erebi clauſura, me ſuſcito petat
 Bellona ferro mitte Girdivum tuum,
 Aimetur in me dirus, eſt frater quidem,
 Sed ex noveſca tu quoque Alcida ſoror
 Tantum ex parente, cuſpidem in fratrem tuum
 Jaculari, Pallas ſupplices tendo manus
 Ad te, noveſca ſparge tu ſaltem, precor,
 Telum perire feminæ poſſum manu
 Jam ſiacta, jam ſatirata, quid paſcis minas?
 Quid quaeris ultra? ſupplicem Alciden vides
 Et nulla tellus, nulla me vidit fera
 Te deprecantem nunc mihi irati quidem
 Opus eſt noverca nunc tuus ceſſat dolor
 Nunc odia ponis prucis, ubi votum eſt mori?
 O terriæ & urbes! non facem quiſquam Herculi,
 Non una tradet tela ſubtrahitis mihi
 Ita nulla ſævas terri concipiat ſeris
 Poſt me ſepultum nec mors unquam manus
 Imploiet oibis ſi qui urſetur ſeris,
 Urſetur alius undique infelix caput
 Mactate ſævas, vincite triumphas mors
 Ingrate ceſſas oibis? excidimus tibi

1300

1305

1310

1315

1320

1325

1330

responded to my will! Owing to my labours, thy light-
 nings have been at a discount, they have never illumined
 the sacred skies! But this day compels me to invoke
 thy aid! This is the first occasion, that I have ever been
 heard to address thee, as a humble petitioner, and may
 this be the last! And even now, I only humbly ask thee
 for thy lightnings, that I may perish by them! Let me
 persuade myself that I am some terrible giant, and that
 I am laying claim for myself, upon nothing short of thy
 own celestial kingdom, and that I am only inclined to
 be forbearing in enforcing my pretensions, whilst I am
 hugging myself with the belief, that thou art my veritable

father! But whether thou art a cruel father or whether thou art a compassionate one oblige that son with thy fulminating aid hasten to do this before I die and arrogate to thyself the credit of having done me a good turn or if thou art chicken hearted over the matter and if thy hand be likely to shrink from inflicting what thou mightest consider a wrong act because I am thy son! Why! then let the savage Titans from Titans summits who could easily seize on Iridus and overwhelm me or who could crush me effectually with thee Ossa! with thy mountainous ponderosity brought to bear in being thrown down on me! Let Bellona burst forth through the entrances of Irebus and pursue me sword in hand—send me even that truculent Mars let that merciless fighting God take up arms against me—he is a sort of brother in a roundabout way that is to say my step mother became pregnant through smelling a certain flower and thou Pallas art a sort of sister to Alcides (by Jupiter's side only whose cranium cleft by Vulcan evolved an adult Minerva fully armed) Hurl Pallas one of thy spears at thy brother and oh! my step mother! I implore thee at least to scatter some of thy husband's lightnings over me—I am now perfectly reconciled to the idea of being destroyed even if it be by some feminine hand! Although thou hast been frustrated by me surely thou art now amply satisfied with what thou hast tried to do Why therefore continuest thou to cherish thy wrathful spirit? Thou art now beholding Alcides as a poor suppliant For there is no land and no wild beast that sees me facing them now deprecating thy interference in setting me on to destroy them but at this moment verily there is great need (to me) of an angry step-mother and just as this is the case thy anger has cooled down! Now do be merciful lay aside all thy ancient animosities when thou art reminded my one wish is only to be allowed to die! Oh! ye lands oh! ye cities will no one furnish a consuming torch for Hercules? Will no one supply him with some weapon? are ye withholding every instrument of destruction from me? If so may no land ever go in fear of wild beasts when I am dead and buried nor may the world ever have reason to implore my services again! If any fierce wild beasts should ever be born again let another Hercules be born to deal with them! Oh! ye populace why do ye not assail my head with stones and thus put an end to my miserable sufferings Oh! ungrateful world! Dost thou hesitate? Ah! I see! my services have fallen out of thy recollection—up to this time thou wouldst be exposed to monsters and wild beasts if thou couldst not have reckoned on me!

Adhuc malis ferisque suppositus fores,
 Nūc me tulisses vindicem vestrum malis
 Eripite populi tempus hoc vobis datum 1335
 Pensate merita mox erit pretium omnium
 ALCM Quis misera teras mater Alcidae petam?
 Ubi natus, ubinam est? certa si visus notat,
 Reclinis ecce corde anhelanti æstuat
 Gemit peractum est membra complecti ultima 1340
 O nate, licet spiritus fugiens meo
 Legatur ore brachia in amplexus cape
 Ubi membra sunt? ubi illa, quæ mundum tulit,
 Stelligeia cervix? quis tibi exiguum tui
 Partem reliquit? HERC Herculem spectas quidem, 1345
 Mater, sed umbræ simile nescio quid mei
 Agnosce, mater oia quid flectis retro,
 Vultumque moerens? Herculem dici tuum
 Partum erubescis? ALCM Quis sciam mundus novam,
 Quæ terra genuit? quodve tam dirum nefas 1350
 De te triumphat? Herculis victor quis est?
 HERC Nuptæ jacentem cernis Alciden dolis
 ALCM Quis tantus est, qui vincat Alciden, dolus?
 HERC Quicumque, mater, feminae iratae sat est,
 ALCM At unde in artus pestis aut ossa incidit? 1355
 HERC Aditum venenis palla femineis dedit
 ALCM Ubinam ipsa palla est? membra nudata intui?
 HERC Consumpta mecum est ALCM Tantane inventa est lues?
 HERC O mater, hydriam, & mille cum Lerna feras
 Errare medius crede visceribus meis 1360
 Quæ tanta nubes flamma Sicuriæ bibit?
 Quæ Lemnos ardens? quæ plaga igniferi poli,

Oh! ye populace, snatch thy avenger from the pain he is suffering, this opportunity is now offered to thee, compensate me for my meritorious services, and if thou canst give me that death, which I now ask, at thy hands, that shall be thy receipt in full! The price at which I value them all!

ALC In what lands shall I, the wretched mother of Alcides, prosecute my search? Where is my son? In what place is he? if my sight does not betray me, behold, there he is in a reclining posture struggling for breath, and in a high fever! He is groaning too! it is a desperate case, oh! my son, let me embrace the miserable remains of thy once noble frame, and let thy departing breath mingle with mine! (It was the custom with the ancients to kiss the face of the dear dying ones, and to intermingle their breath with their own, and the same observance was in vogue with the nearest of kin, closing down the eyelids) Let me take those arms into my em-

brace! Oh! dear where are those limbs that once existed? Where are the star bearing shoulders that once bore the heavens? What is it that has left to thee such a small remnant of thy quondam self?

HERC *Thou art indeed beholding Hercules but I know not mother what there is in me like my ancient self that thou art able to recognize me at all! Why dost thou avert thy gaze and hide thy grieving face is it that thou art blushing that such a poor specimen of a Hercules should ever have been said to have been brought forth by thee?*

ALC *What orb—what country has given birth to this new monster? (the poisoned cloak) what wickedness so dreadful to contemplate has triumphed over thee? Who is this conqueror of Alcides*

HERC *Thou art now beholding in Hercules a man laid low through the treachery of a wife!*

ALC *What treachery could ever be great enough from whomsoever arising that could overcome an Alcides?*

HEPC *What treachery mother was ever enough for an angered woman!*

ALC *But how has this destructive agent affected thy entire body and gone down to the very bones?*

HERC *A cloak has been the vehicle for effecting the entrance of this woman's poison*

ALC *Where on earth is this cloak I observe you are in a state of absolute nudity*

HERC *That has been burnt up with the rest of my integuments*

ALC *Has not this extraordinary poison been detected?*

HERC *Ah! mother dear believe me that the Lernean Hydra and a thousand other wild animals have been going the rounds of my unfortunate viscera! What flames ever so intense emerging from Ætna's summits and diffusing themselves in the Sicilian clouds above? What Lemnos ever burned so severely? What tract in the heavenly regions subjected to the maximum heat of the sun and on such account forbidding even the Chariot*

- Vetans flagranti cervice in zona diem?
 In ipsa me jactate, prô comites, freta,
 Mediosque in amnes qui sit est Ister mihi?
 Non ipse teris majori Occernus meos
 Fiangit vapores omnis in nostris malis
 Deficiet humor, omnis arescet latex
 Quid, ictor Erebi, me remittebas lovi?
 Decuit tenere redde me tenebris tuis
 Talem subactis Herculem ostende inferis,
 Nil inde ducam quid times iterum Herculem?
 Invade mors non trepida jam possum mori
 ALCM Compefce lacrimas sistem, & ærumnarum domum,
 Malisque tantis Herculem indomitum refer,
 Mortemque vince quod soles, vince inferos
 HERC Si me catenis horridus victum suis
 Præberet avidæ Caucasus volucri dajem
 Scythia gemente, flebilis gemitus mihi
 Non exstisset si virgæ Symplegades
 Utique premerent rupe, redeuntis minas
 Feriem iunæ Pindus incumbit mihi
 Atque Æmus, & qui Thiacios fluctus Athos
 Fiangit, Jovisque fulmen excipiens Minos
 Non ipse si in me, mater, hic mundus iurat
 Superque nostros flagret incensus iugos
 Phœbeus avis, degener mentem Herculis
 Clamor domaret mille decuriant feræ,
 -Pariterque laceant hinc feris clangoribus
 Ætherei me Stymphalis, hinc trivius montes
 Cervice tota pulset, & quidquid fuit
 Solum quoque ingens surgat, hinc illinc fremens,
 Aitufque nostros dius immitat Sinis
 Sparsus filebo non seia excutient mihi,
 Non arma gemitus nil, quod impelli potest

-of Phœbus to proclaim the day, by going beyond the limit of that burning zone, could give rise to the consuming heat which oppresses my breast? (It must have been somewhere beyond the limit here hinted at, that Phaethon attempted his disastrous journey, when struck down by Jupiter) Oh! ye, that are around me, cast me headlong into the sea itself or into the middle of some river—what Danube, though, would be equal to the task of cooling my heated body? Not not the entire ocean, which is larger in extent than the lands enclosing it, would counteract the burning heat, which has got hold of this wreck of my former self, any species of watery fluid would fail to relieve my tortures arising from this poison—every spring would be speedily dried up! Why

oh! ruler of Erebus dost thou pass me on to Jupiter to deal with me? It is only right for thee to hold me in possession take me back to thy realms of darkness! Thou canst exhibit with perfect safety such a miserable Hercules as I am at this moment to the dark regions I once conquered! I shall not take another Cerberus away with me this time! Why dost thou fear Hercules visiting thee again? Seize upon me Mors without any of thy trembling approaches—I am quite ready and only in a condition to die!

ALC Restrain at all events those tears of thine and get the better of thy misery and try and hark back to the Hercules who was never conquered by any obstacle and triumph manfully over death itself and dismiss this idea about the infernal regions with thy former characteristic courage!

HERC If the dreadful Caucasus should hold me down bound by its chains and offer me as a repast to some rapacious bird of prey! and even while the very Scythian lookers on commiserated me for my sorry predicament (Hercules rather despises being in a condition to be pitied) no weeping or groaning would escape from me—if the wandering Symplegades were pressing against my side at every turn I could bear up against the threatening aspect of the crash which confronted me without even a murmur or a groan! Pindus might fall upon me so might Æmus, and Athos which breaks up the Thracian waves and Mimas that comes on for the full force of Jupiter's lightnings! Not if the whole universe itself oh! my mother were to fall upon me and the chariot of Phœbus were to burn up the litter on which I lay stretched at length no unbecoming cry of mine should proclaim that I was a tamed down craven Hercules! A thousand wild beasts might be running around me at this moment run here run there and tear away at me one and all of them—some sky inhabiting stymphalis might attack me (announcing its approach) with its ferocious cries—some savage bull might rush at me with its butting head or any thing else capable of a furious onslaught—the expanded soil might rise as if I
 roaring there o
 tortures upon my
 abroad piecemeal
 wild animals at every side would not disturb my equilibrium nor sharpened swords extract a single groan—nothing in short that could be directed against me in order to crush me outright!

ALCM Non viuis aitus, nate, femineum coquit,
 Sed dura series operis & longus tibi
 Pavit cruentos forsitan morbos labor
 HERC Ubi mois? ubi illa? testis est aliquis mali
 Intendant acus, nuda sufficiet manus 1400
 In orbe mecum veniat huc aliquis mihi
 Procedat agendum, huc ALCM Hei mihi, sensum quoque
 Excussit ille nimius impulsus dolor
 Removete, quaeso, tela, & infestas, precei
 Rapite hinc sagittas igne suffusæ genæ 1405
 Scelus monentui quis petram lutebras unus?
 Dolor iste furoi est Herculem solus domat
 Cui deinde lutebras aut fugam vecois petram?
 Obvæ fortæ meruit Alcmenæ manu
 Vel scelestæ pereat, integram litem mihi 1410
 Ignavus aliquis mandet, ac turpis manas
 De me triumphet ecce lassatus malis
 Soporæ fessas dilugit venas dolor,
 Gravique anhelum pectus impulsu quatit
 Favete, superi si mihi natum inclitum 1415
 Misereæ negatis, vindicem saltem, precei
 Servate terris abeat excussus dolor,
 Corpusque vires reparet Herculeum suras

HYLLUS, ALCMENA, HERCULES,
 PHILOCTELES, mutæ personæ

Reversus Hyllus nuntiat Herculi, Dejaniram, postquam se Nessi
 dolo deceptam comperisset, sibi mortem conscivisse

P RO lux acerbæ, pio capæ scelerum dies!
 Nivus Tonantis occidit natus jacet 1420
 Nepos superum scelere mateo hic perit,
 Fraude illa capta est quis per annorum vices,
 Totoque in ævo poterit æumnas senex
 Referre tantas? unus eripiet dies

ALC Oh! my son, no woman's poisoning arrangements
 could have brought about all this, but the arduous round
 of thy numerous labors, and perhaps thy chronic exertions
 have thus contributed towards giving some cruel disease
 a stronger hold upon thee!

HERC Where is that kind of death, as thou describest
 it, or disease? Where is it? Is there any tangible proof of
 such a condition of system (chronic debility brought on
 as Alcmena suggests, by over-exertion and cachexia)? Let

such an enemy then stretch at once its bow (figuratively spoken) my weapons & arms will be sufficient for such a foe! If there be left any enemy as that in the world let it stand forth before me! Let it appear forthwith! Now Come on! Here! and I will try conclusions with thee!

etc. Woe is me! This excessive pain has made him more impulsive and has unsettled his reason! This (said aside) I pray thee Hercules remove these weapons and put from thence those dreadful arrows as he aims his cheeks are fairly slow —

sort of mischief! What woman go in search of?

a fit of madness sufficient of itself to conquer Hercules! Why should I after all a downy old woman have to seek a hiding place? Alas! I am worthy to die by his powerful arm! Let me perish then through his crime rather than some contemptible poltroon should have it in his power to kill me or some ignoble hand triumph over me. Behold! he is thoroughly worn out by his suffering and his exhausting pain has found a refuge in sleep to calm down his weary spirit and he is now heaving his panting chest with his labored breathing! Oh! be merciful oh! ye gods above if ye refuse to spare to me my noble this noble son of mine at least I pray keep one avenger on the earth for protection from henceforth. But let us hope that the pain being diminished may ultimately disappear entirely, and that this sleep may recruit the body of Hercules with its effects!

HYLLUS—ALCIBIA—HERCULES—THE OTHER PERSONAGE

Hyllus having returned tells Hercules that Dejanira after she found that she had been deceived by Nessus kills herself!

HYLLUS

Oh! what bitter things the light of day is constrained to bring forth in my view of this world! I the grandson am the only one remaining—Hercules has perished through my mother's agency but she herself was deceived by treachery! What aged person throughout a long series of years—in fact during a whole life time could tell of misfortunes so terrible! One day

Parentem utrumque cetera ut fileam mala, 1125
 Paucamque fatis, Herculem amitto patrem
 ALCM Compesce voces inclitum Alcidae genus,
 Miseraeque fato similis Alcmenae nepos
 Longus dolorem forsitan vincet sopor
 Sed ecce lassam deserit mentem quies, 1130
 Redditque morbo corpus, & luctus mihi
 HERC Quid hoc? rigenti cernitur Trachin jugo
 Et inter astra positus evasi genus
 Mortale tandem quis mihi coelum parat?
 Te, te, pater, jam video placitam quoque 1135
 Specto novercam qui sonus nostras ferit
 Coelestis iures? Juno me generum vocat
 Video nitentem regiam clari etheris,
 Phoebeque tutam flammam zonam tota
 Cubile video noctis hinc tenebras vocat 1140
 Quid hoc? quis aem cludit, & ab ipsis, pater,
 Deducit astus? oia Phoebeus modo
 Afflabat risum prope a caelo fui
 Trachinam video quis mihi terras dedit?
 Modo nempe me infra steterat, ac totus mihi 1145
 Sui positus oibis tam bene excideras, dolor
 Cogis fidei parce, & hanc vocem occupa
 Haec Hylle, dona matris hoc munus parat
 Utinam liceret stupite ingesto impiam
 Effringere animam, quale Amazonium malum 1150
 Cuius nivalis Caucasii domui latus
 O clara Megara, tunc, cum furerem, mihi
 Conjux fuisti? stupitem atque arcus date
 Dextra inquinetur lundibus maculam imprimam
 Summus legatur femina Herculeus labor 1155
 HYL Compesce diras, genitor, irarum minas
 Habet peractum est quas petis poenas, dedit
 Sua peremta dextera mater jacet
 HERC Caeci dolores manibus nati Herculis

alas! will deprive me of both parents! Oh! that I could be silent about other calamities, and that I may, myself, abstain from condemning the Fates, although I am now losing my father, Hercules!

ALC Cease thy doleful utterances, oh! thou illustrious off-spring of Alcides and grandson to a miserable Alcmena, who is similarly situated by the hand of fate—perhaps, a long sleep will overcome his pain, but behold! tranquillity has quitted his weary soul, and has handed over his body again, to the disease which oppresses him, and brings back afresh the grief to me

HERC (Is in a delirious state) What is this? I see Trachine before my eyes, with its rough rocky summits!

And myself placed amongst the stars—I have at length escaped from the race of mortals below! Who is it that is thus preparing for me the way to Heaven? I see thee already! Yes! thee thyself oh! my father and behold at the same time my step mother now reconciled to me! What celestial sound is reaching my ears? Juno is calling me her dear son in law! I see that shining palace in the bright heavens and the path traversed by Phœbus in his fiery chariot along the torrid zone—I see the resting place of Nox (it is at this point that Nox summons the conditions called Darkness) oh! my father that excludes me from the heavens and drives me away from the presence of the stars—it is only just now that the car of Phœbus whizzed by me how near I must have been to Heaven! I see Trachine again who has presented me with this sight of that land? It was only just this second that Ceta was below me and that the whole world was beneath me! Oh! my pain thou hast given me a temporary respite and it is well! Thy power (alluding to the poison) how ever compels me to make at once a confession—forgive me for the vow I now make and listen attentively to

nerates the various
ows the bow and
request of mine to
thy mother (this
has brought things
club (his attention

being brought suddenly to it) brought down on her body. I could beat out the impious life of thy mother as I broke down the savage Amazons with their indomitable spirit, round about the sides of the snowy Caucasus! Oh! my dear Megara thou wast a good wife to me when I was laid up with my fit of madness! Here! hand me my club and bow let my hands be soiled again (with the blood of Dejanira) I will imprint another stain upon my previous triumphs and a woman shall be chosen this time for the last of the labors of Hercules!

HYL Do control thy furious outbursts of anger oh! my father! the thing has already been done—my mother has received her punishment! She inflicted upon her self that punishment which thou art just now contemplating! My mother is now lying dead destroyed by her own suicidal hands!

HERC Oh! my purposeless wrath! thou art baffled! it is by the hand of outraged Hercules alone that she ought to have died! Lichas has been deprived of his companion (in guilt) and my anger would even force

Occidere meruit perdidit comitem Lichas 1460
 Sævæ in ipsum corpus exanime impetus
 Atque ira cogit cui minus nostris caret
 Ipsum cadaver præbulum accipiunt fera
 HYL Plus miser læso doluit hinc aliquid quoque
 Detrahere velles occidit dextra sua 1465
 Tuo dolore, plura, quam poscis tulit
 Sed non cruentæ secleribus nuptæ jaces
 Nec fraude matris Nessus hos struxit dolos
 Ictus sagittis qui tuis vitam exspuit
 Cruore tincta est palla semiseri prætei 1470
 Nessusque nunc hæc exigit pœnas sibi
 HERC Habet peractum est fura se nostra explicant
 Lux ista summa est queicunque sortem mihi
 Fatidica quondam dederat, & Parrasio
 Cirrhæa quatiens templi mugitu nemus 1475
 'Dextera perempti, victor Alcide viri
 'Olim jacebs hic tibi emenso fracta,
 'Teriasque & umbris, finis extremus datur
 Nil querimur ultia decuit hunc finem dari,
 Ne quis superstes Herculis victor soiet 1480
 Nunc mors legatur clara, memoranda, inclita
 Me digna prioris nobilem hunc facram diem
 Cædatur omnis silva, & Cætaum nemus
 Suscipiat ignis Herculem accipiat iocus
 Sed ante mortem tu genus Pœcuntium, 1485
 Hoc triste nobis, juvenis, officium præpara
 Hercules totum flamma succendat diem
 Ad te preces nunc, Hylle, supremas feio
 Est clara captis inter, in vultu genus
 Regnumque referens, Euryto virgo edita, 1490
 Iole tuis hanc sacibus & thalamis para
 Victor cruentus abstuli patriam, lares,
 Nihilque misere prætei Alciden dedi,
 Et iste rapitur penset ærummarum suas

upon me now a strong desire, to vent my wrath even upon her lifeless body! Why should she thus escape my wrathful revenge? May the wild beast have that carcass of hers with which to glut their stomachs!

HYL My mother has grieved, I assure thee, more than thou, who art the injured party! She perished by her own hand—she has put up with more things than thou wouldst ever have exacted even with thy angered spirit! But thou art not lying there, suffering from any crime of a cruel wife, at all, nor with any connivance whatever on my mother's part—Nessus simply concocted all this wicked treachery—it was the result of his wound at the hands of thy arrows which took away the life of

Nessus Oh! my father the cloak was impregnated with the blood of that Centaur half man and half beast and now Nessus has thus revenged the punishment that was inflicted upon him

HERC It is well! the thing is done! Enough! And now Destiny unfolds itself clearly to me this is my last day on Earth The prophetic oak once foretold my fortune to me and the grove fairly shook the Cithraean temples and the intense roarings which resounded all over Parnassus (the Oracles were always given out in loud noisy tones) and this is what the Oracle said Oh! Alcides thou art destined to be a mighty conqueror thy fate will be to die by the hand of some male victim killed by thy own self—and thus having scoured far and wide the seas—the earth and even the shades below with thy exploits the end of thy career will close with this final event I do not therefore complain of any thing more it is only in the nature of things that my end should be arrived at in this way in order that there should not be left behind him any one else to be able to say that he was the conqueror of Hercules! Now my death will be illustrious—memorable—renowned—altogether worthy of me! I will have this day rendered famous let the entire forest be cut down and let the flames light up the groves of Cithra and let the funeral pile welcome the arrival of a Hercules! But before I breathe my last oh! Philoctetes thou youthful offspring of Ians arrange this mournful business for me and let the flames on the pile of Hercules burn the whole of the day! To thee Hyllus I tender my last entreaties there is a beautiful girl among the captives here betraying in the very lineaments of her visage the unmistakable traces of her Cechalian origin and royal descent! She is a virgin sprung from the royal blood of Eurytus her name is Iole prepare her mind for the installation of thy nuptial torches and thy marriage bed! When I was a ruthless conqueror I ransacked her father's country and took away his household gods and belongings and in return I gave the miserable being (Iole) nothing but myself—an Alcides! But now that he is snatched away let some amends be made for her misfortunes—she will value and cherish a grandson of Jupiter and the veritable son of a Hercules and whatever she retains (within her womb) that has sprung from me she will duly bring forth for thee as if it were thy very own (that is if she is pregnant Hyllus must adopt her offspring) And I beseech thee oh! my illustrious mother to put away all thy funeral lamentation thy Alcides

Jovis nepotem soveat & natum Heculis
 Tibi illa pariat quidquid ex nobis habet
 Iuque ipsa planctus pone funderos, precor,
 O clara genitrix vivit Alcides tuus
 Virtute nostra pellicem fieri tuam
 Credi noveream sive nascente Hercule
 Nox illa certa est, sive mortalis meus
 Pater est licet sit falsa progenies mihi
 Mater culpa cesset & crimen Jovis
 Merui parentem, contuli caelo decus
 Natura me concepit in ludes Jovis
 Quin ipse quinquum Juppiter credi meus
 Pater esse gaudet prius jam herimus, parens
 Superbi matres mei Argolicas eris
 Quid tale Juno genuit, æthereum gerens
 Sceptrum, & Tonanti nupta² mortali tamen
 Cælum tenens invidit Alciden suum
 Dici esse voluit perage nunc, Titan, vices
 Solus relictus ille, qui vester comes
 Ubique fueram, Tauris & Minus peto
 Hanc tamen ad imos perferam ludem inclitam
 Quod nulli pestis vicit Alciden palam,
 Omnemque pestem vicit Alcides palam

CHORUS

Solem orat, ut toti mundo Heculis mortem nuntiet I
 apotheosim prædicit, Jovemque precatur, ut vel nu
 producantur tyranum fera, monstra, vel alius
 sufficiatur Hercules malorum vindex

O DECUS mundi, rediite Titan,
 Cujus ad primos Hecate vapores
 Lassa nocturnæ levat ora bigæ,
 Dic sub Aurora positus Sabæis,
 Dic sub Occasu positus Iberis,
 Quique ferventi quæsiuntur ære,

lives and will live eternally! For by my valor
 rendered thee, the reputed concubine of Jupiter
 considered now as thy legitimate step mother, and
 that report, about the night being prolonged wh
 cules was born, be true or not, or whether m
 after all, is only Amphitryon, a mortal, or Jupiter
 —and allowing that there is this mistake about my, p
 nal origin still hanging over me, let there be no mo
 reproaches levelled at my mother and no more immor
 accusations brought against Jupiter This must be acknow
 ledged, however, that I deserved on account of my valor

Nest a parent as Jupiter and that I have materially contributed to the glorification of the heavens—nature in short now eived one to add to the triumphs of Jupiter and influence than that if Jupiter himself rejoices in being regarded as my father why! the least thou canst do oh! my parent (Alcmena) is to spare the shedding of and more tears! Thou wilt henceforward figure as a proud personage amongst the rank and file of Argolic matrons! What indeed (or a pitch on it) at all like me—has ever Juno brought forth although she is the wife of the Thunderer and wields an ethereal sceptre But inhabiting the heavens Juno has always been jealous of any one boasting of only a mortal origin but she is now quite willing that Alcides should be treated as one of the family (as her own Alcides) And now Phœbus pursue thy solitary journeys I am now left alone he who has been thy companion everywhere! (Wherever the sun appeared there was Hercules that is everywhere) I now seek Tartarus and the companionship of the Manes However I shall be able to convey this self glorifying triumph to those below that no monster in those regions had ever conquered Alcides openly but on the other hand that Alcides always conquered every monster openly and in fair fight!

CHORUS

The Chorus beseeches Phœbus to announce to all the world the death of Hercules they predict the apotheosis of Hercules and implore Jupiter there may be no more Tyrants wild beasts or monsters brought forth in the future if so that another Hercules may be forthcoming as the avenger of such calamities

Oh! Titan with thy brilliant rays oh! thou bright ornament of the universe at the first appearance of whose morning beams Hecate loosens the bits from the mouths of the two wearied steeds attached to her nocturnal car proclaim thou to the inhabitants of Arabia Felix (Sabæa) who are blessed by thy morning rays smiled on by Aurora—tell it to those who dwell in the Western Hemisphere where thou finishest thy diurnal journey (thy setting) tell it to those who are tortured by thy heat as thou traversedst the torrid Zone in thy fervid course—tell it to those who suffer from the inclemencies prevailing just under the waggon of the Northern Bear—proclaim the fact that Hercules is hastening on to the eternal regions of the Manes and to that kingdom where

Laudis est, purum tenuisse ferum
 Dumque regnabris minimum clementis
 In turis urbes licuisse satis
 Sed locum virtus habet inter astra
 Sedis Alciderum spiritum tenetis 1565
 An gravis Titum ubi promit aëstus
 An sub Occasu tepido nitetis
 Unde commissio resonare ponto
 Audies Calpenon loca quæ sereni
 Deprimes cæli quis erit recepto 1570
 Tutus Alcider locus inter astra
 Horrido tantum procul et Leone
 Det patet sedes, calidoque Cancro
 Ne tuo vultu tremescant leges
 Astra conturbent trepidetque litum 1575
 Vere dum flores venient tepenti,
 Et comam silvis hiemes recident,
 Vel comam silvis revocabit aëstus,
 Pomaque autumno fugiente cedent,
 Nulla te terrens rumpet vetustas 1580
 Tu comes Phœbo, comes ibis aëstis
 Ante nascetur seges in profundo
 Vel fietum dulci resonabit unda
 Ante descendet glacialis Lixæ
 Sidus, & Ponto vetito fluetur, 1585
 Quam turis ludens populi quiescant
 Te, pater rerum miseri precamur,
 Nulla nascatur fera, nulla pestis
 Non duces feros miseranda tellus
 Horreat nulla dominetur vulva 1590
 Qui putet solum decus esse regni,
 Semper impensum tenuisse ferum
 Si quid in terris iterum timetur,
 Vindicem terræ petimus relicte
 Hem, quid hoc? mundus tonat ecce, mare,
 Mœiet Alcider patet in Deorum
 Clamor, in vox est timidæ novicæ
 Hercule an viso fugit astra Juno
 Lassus in pondus titubavit Atlas 1600
 An magis diri tremuere Manes
 Herculem? & visum crinis inferorum
 Fugit abruptis trepidus catenis
 Fallimur læto venit, ecce, vultu,
 Quem tulit Pœas, humerisque telus
 Gestat, & notis populis pharetras, 1605
 Hercules heres

with the waves beating on its shores, from its two seas?
 What is the lucky place, that thou wilt press down with
 thy weight, in the serene sky? What place will be free
 from anxiety in the firmament, to which Alcides will be
 consigned? His father must assign him a habitat as far

off as possible from that terrible Nemran Lion (I eo) and likewise from that terrible burning Cancer (The Torrid Zone) lest at the sight of thee the affrighted stars might capsize the very laws which govern their celestial movements and Iutin himself be made to tremble for the consequences! No! let the flowers joyfully bud in the warm spring and the winter as usual nip off the foliage from the forest trees and the ensuing summer recall the bright verdure to the grove and let the ripened fruit as heretofore fall from the trees when autumn wanes! But no length of time Hercules will snatch thee from the world's memory and the hearts of the people. Thou wilt go forth as the celestial companion of Ihabus now and as a companion to the stars and corn will be seen to grow

be full

Bear sh

the Ocean shall

frosty Northern

that dip in the

sea which it is forbidden to make before the peoples will cease to sing thy praises! And we poor wretched mortals beseech thee oh! thou father of all things let no wild beast be born again—no monster! Let not the miserable Hercules bereft earth grow wretched again with cruel kings! Let no palace intrigues exert an oppressive dominion and let no one exist who harbours the notion that the solitary glory of kingly power resides in the fact of always giving the sword abundance of employment! But whatever is an object of terror to the earth in the future we shall seek for thee again (that is we shall wish for thee again) is the wenger of that earth thou hast just quitted! Hark! What is that frightful noise Surely the thunder is being heard all over the earth! Let us think! Is it grieving that Hercules has left us? Or is it the father of Alcides who is grieving and repenting his rashness in raising Hercules to the stars? Or is it the voice of the terrified step mother? Or is it a factious clamour of dissatisfaction got up by all the gods in conclave Or has Juno fled from heaven when she saw Hercules arriving Or has Atlas stumbled with his load as he was trying what is the most likely solution it is the mournful Manes foot at the sight of Hercules rus of the infernal regions, dismay at seeing Hercules it is not we are in wrong! Be hold! it is Philoctetes whom Hercules has appointed his heir Seel with what a self satisfied countenance this son of Pæas got the very arrows trying that identical peoples of the earth!

ACTUS QUINTUS

NURSE—PHILOCTETES

Philoctetes Hercules' death and the last disposal

EPIAPI cæsus juveni, Herculeo præter
 Vultuque quoniam tulere Alcide necem
PHI Quo nemo vitam sciti. Iam adeo ultimus
 Invasit ignes. **PHI** Esse jam flammam nihil
 1610 Ostendit ille, qui sub hoc mundo Hercule
 Immense nil reliquit in domitu omni
NUR Inter vapores quis fuit forti locus
PHI Quod unum in orbe vicerat nondum molum
 Et flamma victa est hec quoque recessit feris,
 1615 Inter labores ignis Herculeos ibit
NUR Ediffere agendum, flamma quo victa est modo
PHI Ut omnis Olen moesta corripuit manus
 Huic fagus umbras perdit, & toto præter
 Succisa trunco flectit hic pinum seros
 1620 Astris mirantem, & nube de media vocat
 Rutila crutes movit, & silvam trahit
 Secum minorem Chronis quondam loquax
 Stat vasta late quercus, & Phæbum vetat
 1625 Ultrique totos porrigit ramos nemus
 Gemit illa multo vulnere impresso mirax,
 Frangitque cuneos resilit excussus chalybs,
 Vulnusque ferrum patitur, & truncum fugit
 Commota tandem est tunc cadens latam sui
 1630 Duxit ruinam protinus radios locus

ACT V

NURSE—PHILOCTETES

Philoctetes announces the death and the last disposal of
 the body of Hercules

NURSE

TELL me, youth, I pray thee, all about Hercules'
 last end, with what expression of countenance did
 Alcides face his death?

PHIL With that amount of equanimity which no man
 ever evinces, in dealing with even the commonest draw-
 backs of his daily life

ACH. Did he approach then the very thick of the flames with a joyous expression at all?

PHIL. He showed by his outward expression that the flames were nothing to him—that Hercules indeed who never did give up in this sublunary world any enterprise however weighty and considered that all things have been subdued by him.

ACH. What scope was there for showing any extraordinary bravery when surrounded by flames?

PHIL. The fiery elements were the only difficulties he had never conquered in this world before but he fairly vanquished them then and this achievement was quite equal to any of his wild beast exploits! Fire therefore must henceforward be included in the category of Hercules' labors!

ACH. Tell me, come be plain in what way dost thou mean that the flames were overcome?

PHIL. How every sorrowing hand has hastened to Eta—the lofty beech was made to part with its spreading protection and to be converted to his use and by there cleft at the very lowest part of its huge trunk—one forester rough and ready hewed down a pine that threatened the tranquillity of the stars with its lofty pretensions and he very soon lowers its pride and summons it from its proud place in the midst of the sky and as it fell it shook the very rocks around and dragged down in its tremendous fall a number of smaller trees of the forest around and the Chronian Oak which spreads its import
ance far and
and prevente
rays its den
branches rigl

a very angry manner as it was struck with a series of blows breaking the very wedges (which they use on such occasions) and the steel hatchet shivering to pieces bound ed back again and the edge of the axe was turned (blunt ed) and appeared reluctant to repeat its attack on the trunk of such a recalcitrant tree. At length however it was disturbed from its resting place then, when it did fall it brought about indescribable disorder with its downfall! the place hitherto shaded was instantaneously lighted up as it were by the free
had never penetrated b
being driven from their

Admisit omnes sedibus pulſa ſuis
 Volucres pererant nemore ſucciſo diem,
 Quærantque laſſis garrule pinnis nemus
 Imque omnis arbor ſonuit, & ſicere quoque
 Senſere quicquid horridam ferro manum, 1635
 Nullique priſcum proſuit ligno nemus
 Aggeritur omnis ſilva, & alternæ trabes
 In aſtra tollunt Herculi anguſtum rogam
 Rapit alta flammas pinus, & robur tenax,
 Et brevior ille ſilva contexat pyram 1640
 Popule ſilva, frondis Herculeæ nemus
 At ille, ut ingens nemore ſub Naſamonio
 Æger reclini pectore immugit leo,
 Fertur quis illum credat ad flammæ rapin?
 Vultus petentis aſtra, non ignes, erant 1645
 Ut preſſit Ceten, ac ſuis oculis rogam
 Luſtravit omnem, fregit impoſitus trabes,
 Arcumque poſcit Accipe hæc, inquit, ſite
 Pœante, donæ, munus Alcideæ cape
 Has hydra ſenſit his jacent Stympthalides, 1650
 Et quidquid aliud eminus vici malum
 Virtute felix juvenis, has nunquam irritas
 Mutes in hoſtem ſive de media voles
 Auferre volucres nube, deſcendent aves,
 Et certa prædæ tela de cœlo fluent
 Nec fallat unquam dexteram hic arcus turam 1655
 Librare telum didicit, & certam dare
 Fugam ſagittis ipſa non fallunt iter
 Emiſſa nervo telæ tu tantum, precei,
 Accommoda ignes & ſcem extremum mihi 1660
 Hic nodus, inquit, nulla quem capiet manus,
 Mecum per ignem flagret hoc telum Herculem
 Tantum ſequatur hoc quoque acciperes, ait,
 Si ſeſſe poſſes adjuvet domini rogam
 Tum rigida ſecum ſpolia Nemeæi mali 1665
 Aſſura poſcit latuit in ſpolio rogam
 Ingemuit omnis turba, nec lacrimas dolor
 Cuiquam remiſit mater in luſtum furens

at the light of day, the broken-up grove, and the birds
 all chattering in their own peculiar way, ſeek with wearied
 wings, ſome other grove, as their aſylum! And at length,
 every tree ſounded with the ſtrokes of the hatchet, and
 the ſacred oaks likewise experienced the terrible blows
 of the ruthleſs foreſter's axe, and in that grove of ſuch
 great antiquity, no log, even, available for purpoſes of
 conſecration, was left to record this tale of deſtruction!
 All the foreſt is heaped up, and the beams being arranged
 one above the other, ſoon raiſe the pile towards the ſky,
 although narrow for the body of a Hercules! The
 inflammable lofty pine attracts the flames the firſt, then

the tough oak and then the less pretentious holm oak which the forests had yielded up and lastly the poplar plantations surmounted the pyre—the very groves that had furnished Hercules with his poplar wreaths! But Hercules as he lay there although weak and subdued reclining on his broad chest reminded you of the huge Libyan lion that roared in the Nisamonian forest! He then mounts upwards and who to look at him would suppose for a moment that he was offering himself to the rapacity of the voracious flames. But even then his looks were directed only towards the heavens and he appeared utterly to disregard the flames around him. As he approached C111 he surveyed the whole of the pile with studious eyes and the beams which had been placed above broke down with his weight—he then asked for his bow. Take these presents he says oh! Son of P111 take them as the last parting gift of Hercules—The Hydra aforetime has had reason to be acquainted with these! (alluding to the arrows) and with them the Stymphalides were brought down from the lofty skies and whatever other annointed monster that required to be done away with were it never so far off! Oh! youth rejoicing in thy strength never use these arrows without effect upon thy enemy for whether it be that thou seekest to dislodge the feathered tribe from the middle of the skies the birds will all directly the cloud is struck and these arrows always sure of their prey will return to thee floating gently from out of the air above! nor will this bow ever suffer thy right hand to miss its aim the arrows themselves have acquired the knack of posing themselves with precision and to afford an assured direction in their flight—these arrows when they are shot forth from the string of the bow never mistake the path they are intended to take! But wilt thou I pray see to making this fire ready, and prepare these final (torches) flames for me! This club Hercules said is one which no hand but mine can wield and it must therefore be burnt with me in the same fire—this is the only weapon which will accompany Hercules but thou shouldst he continued if thou couldst to augment the funeral for that terrible looking skin of the Nemean Lion and sad that it should be burnt with him also and which trophy when spread out completely concealed the summit of the pile. All the people about gave a groan nor did any one fail to demonstrate his grief with copious tears and Alcmena the mother, raging frantically hands over her bosom eager to enter upon her task of grieving and beats her naked breasts and as far down as her very

Diduxit vidum pectus, atque utero tenuis	
Exserit vastos ubera in plinctus ferit,	1670
Superosque & ipsum vocibus pulsans Iovem	
Implevit omnem voce femineæ locum	
Deforme letum, mater, Herculeum facis	
Compesce lacrimas, inquit intorsus dolor	
Femineus abert Juno cur lætum diem	1675
Te sliente ducit ^d pellicis grudet fure	
Spectare lacrimas contine infirmum jecui	
Materi nefas est ubera atque uterum tibi	
Laniare, qui me genuit & dirum fremens,	
Quis per urbes duxit Argolicæ crinem,	1680
Cum victor Eiebi Dite contempto rediit	
Tremente Frto, talis incubuit iogo	
Quis sic triumphans lætus in curru stetit	
Victor ^d quis illo gentibus vultu dedit	
Leges tyriannus ^d quanta præ obitus tulit ^d	1685
Hæseie lacrimæ cecidit impulsus dolor	
Nobis quoque ipsis nemo morituro ingemit	
Jam fleie pudor est ipsæ, quam sexus jubet	
Mæereie, siccis hæsit Alcмене genis,	
Stetitque nato pene jam similis priens	16
NUTR Nullasne in æstra misit ad superos preces	
Arsurus, aut in votis respexit Jovem ^d	85
PHIL Jicuit sui securus, ind cœlum intuens,	
Quæsitiv oculis, arce in ex aliqua præci	
Despiceret illum tum manus tendens ut	169
Quicunque præte prospicis natum, pater,	
Te, te, pater, quem nocte commissæ dies	
Quæsitiv unus, si mors laudes eruit	
Utrumque Phœbi litus, & Scythiæ genus,	
Et omnis, ardens, ora, quam toriet dies	1700
Si pace tellus plena, si nullæ gemunt	
Urbes, nec uas impius quisurum inquirit	

flanks, her wailings being in concert with the heavy blows she is dealing herself (this passage is in harmony, with verse 82 in the Troades implying that weeping and beating the breasts was a sort of study amongst the ancients and the foregoing rendering is in conformity with this idea and the keeping of time as regards the wailings and blows), and attacking Jupiter himself and all the Gods above with her angry denunciations, she literally filled every distant place with her vocal efforts, although that voice was only that of a woman, after all! Thou art making my death, mother, Hercules said, to be quite out of keeping with what it ought to be! Restrain those tears of thine, let thy woman's grief be kept within thyself. Why, (he continued) thou shouldst make it quite a day's rejoicing, for Juno, to see thee weeping in this manner,

will chuckle at the tears of what she would call her rivals as regards the affections of Jupiter—rather strengthen thou mother any infirmity of spirit thou mayst have it is not the right thing at all for thee to be tearing away at the very breasts that once suckled an Alcides and to beat against the side of the very womb that bore me! Then giving out a terrific roar like that which occurred when he dragged Cerberus through the Argolic cities when the conqueror of Erebus returned from the Stygian realms at which yet even Fate itself which he had always held in such supreme contempt fairly trembled! And in such a mood he lay down on the pile—what jubilant conqueror ever sat so enwrapped in triumphant glee at witnessing his own regal pomp or what tyrant (king) ever dealt decrees to his subjects with so benign and calm an air of majesty! What a tranquil ending received him at last! The tears of all were stayed—the demonstrations of grief with which they were all affected ceased forthwith not one of us even gave forth a groan when he was about to breathe his last! Surely it to weep says Alcme only would seem to checked herself and and as a Noble Parent stood forth vying with her son in self possession!

NUR And as he was dying did he not send forth any prayers to the Gods and look up to Jupiter to ratify his vows?

PHIL No! He lay there self collected and self reliant and looking steadfastly at the heavens stared eagerly with his longing eyes to see whether his father would deign to look down upon him from some one or other of his lofty celestial palaces, then stretching forth his hands he said In whatever part of the heavens thou mayst be oh! my father! look down on thy son to thee thee oh! father whom one entire day sought for in vain afore time when night followed night I now appeal if my praises are sung on each shore visited by Phœbus east and west—if they are sung in regions traversed by the whole wandering tribes of Scythia and if every coast line records my fame which the mid day sun burns up with his scorching rays! If peace reigns throughout the earth—if no cities have any grounds for groaning under their oppressors hand nor any such impious specimen of humanity be found that would dare to defile thy sacred h tars! If crimes cease to be committed I pray thee admit his soul of mine to mix with the stars above but let not

- Si scelera defunct spiritum admittit hunc precor,
 In astra nec me mortis inferni locus
 Nec maesta nigri regni contemnent Jovis 1705
 Sed ne ad illos umbra quos vici Deos
 Pater erubescit nube discussa diem
 Pande, ut Decorum vultus ardentem Herculem
 Spectet licet tu sidera & mundum neget,
 Ultio, pater, cogere si voces dolor 1710
 Abstulerit ullis pande tum Stygios flatus
 Et redde Patris approbationum prius
 Ut dignus astus videar hic faciet dies
 Leve est, quod scitum est Herculem hic, genitor, diu
 Inveniet, aut demonstrabit hoc postque addidit 1715
 Noveret cernat, quo sciam flammis morbo
 Flammis poposcit hoc age Meride comes,
 Non segnis, inquit corripe Ostram faciem
 Quid dextra tremuit? num manus praevia impium
 Scelus refugit? redde iam phrygiis mihi 1720
 Ignave, incis, incimis an nostros manus
 Quae tendat arcus quis sedet pallor genis?
 Animo faces miride quo Meriden vides
 Vultu jecere respice arsurum miser
 Vocat ecce iam me genitor, & praeclit polos
 Veno, pater, vultusque non idem fuit
 Tremente pinum dextera ardentem impulit
 Refugit ignis & reluctantur faces,
 Et membra vitant ~~sed accedentem~~ Hercules
 Insequitur ignem Caucasum aut Pindum in Aethon 17
 Aidere credas nullus erumpit sonus
 Tantum ingemiscit ignis o durum jecur!
 Typhon in illo positus immanis rogo
 Gemuisset ipse, quique convulsus solo
 Imposuit humeris Ossin Faeclidus scrox 1735
 At ille medas inter exsurgens faces
 Semiustus ac laniatus, intrepidus, rubens,
 Nunc, o patens Hercules, sic stare ad rogam
 Te, mater inquit, sic decet fletu Herculem
 Inter vapores positus & flammis miris 1740

a place in the infernal regions be assigned for my destination not that the poor sorrowful kingdom of that sombre Jupiter (Pluto) would in any way terrify me, but I should really be put to the blush, that I should have to return as a miserable Umbra to those very gods, whom I once subdued, when I was a Hercules! No! Having driven away the clouds, open for me the avenues to thy celestial kingdom, that the faces of the Gods may look down and see Hercules burning in these flames! It is quite natural, that thou shouldst hesitate, under all circumstances to grant me admission amongst the stars, and to make me

a celestial denizen, but oh! my father thou wilt be constrained to do so some time of thy own free will and if my pain which I am now undergoing should extract a single syllable of a murmuring character consign me forthwith to the Stygian lakes and without compunction hand me over to the Fates But do allow me to prove that I am thy son first! This day will determine whether I can be a candidate for celestial honors—But what I have already done let all things be regarded as comparative trifles! This day oh! my father will be either the making or the marring of Hercules! He afterwards added these remarks— My step mother will see for herself with what composure I bear up against these flames — He then cried out for more fire Come hither thou companion of Alcides do not be dilatory but hasten thy steps to feed these Cætan flames—why is thy hand trembling in that way? Does thy hand shrink as from some terrible crime? Give that quiver back to me directly thou idle lazy useless fellow! Behold! My hands which can even yet stretch this bow—why that paleness which now shows itself on thy cheeks? Seize up the torches with the same courage that thou seest Alcides display in his look! Oh! thou miserable wretch watch me as I am burning all this time! Behold! Now my father calls me, and he is opening the gates of heaven! I am coming! oh! my father —and his face assumed quite a different aspect it was no longer the same countenance! I began to push on trembling all the pile with a burning pine but and the torches as it were and to avoid close contact with the body of Hercules but he moved close to the flames as they appeared to be receding and you really would have believed that Caucasus or Pindus or Athos was fairly in flames! No sound escaped from Hercules—the fire alone was heard to make its characteristic roaring noise! Oh! What unflinching endurance! Typhœus that immense giant placed on such a pile as that would have roared with a will and even that ferocious Enceladus who bore Ossa on his shoulders which he tore away from the earth from its very foundations would have groaned too! But Hercules rising up in the middle of the flames half burnt shockingly mutilated was courageous and only flushed with excitement as any animated conqueror would be! Now oh! thou parent of Hercules becoming on thy part to stand in way for Hercules to be unmoved in no way disc of smoke and rapaciou

Immotus inconcussus in neutrum latus
 Coniecti flectens membra adhortatur, monet
 Gemit aliquid ardens omnibus solem reddidit
 Animum ministris uocantem putes
 Stupet omne vulgus, non habent flammæ sedem 1745
 Tam placida fons est tantaque uero
 Nec properat uti cumque jam sortis datum
 Leto satis pensavit, igniferas trabes
 Hinc inde trahit, nuntius quas flammæ occupat
 Iotaque in ignem uoluit & qua plurimus 1750
 Exundat ignis, recipit intrepidus seors
 Nunc oia flammis implet ista illi gratias
 Luxuriare hinc cumque jam vultum mirari
 Appeteret ignis, lambere flammæ eripit
 Non prestat oculos sed quid hinc maxime intuetur 1755
 Sinu gerentem? reliquias magnum Hercules
 Cineremque iactans squallidum Alcmenæ gemit

ALCMENA, PHILOCELES

Suum ex Herculis morte cladem Alcmenæ dolet

TITMII superi, satis tam parvus cinis
 Hercules est huc ille decrevit gratias
 O quanta, Titmæ, in nihil moles abiit!
 Anilis, heu me, cepit Alciden sinus
 Hic tumulus illi est ecce non totam Hercules
 Complevit urnam quam leve est pondus mihi
 Cui totus æther pondus incubuit leve!
 Ad Tartarum olim regnaque, o mater, ultima
 Rediturus ibas quando ibi inferna Styge 1760
 Remerbis iterum? non ut & spoliū trahas

body to neither one side nor the other, and then he begins, to exhort, admonish, as if, whilst burning as he was, his mind must be occupied about something—he then tries to inculcate a brave bearing on the part of all those in attendance, and you would scarcely credit that any one could go, being burnt in such a way, amidst such flames, without suffering more than Hercules appeared to be undergoing! All the lookers-on are fairly stupefied, and they think that the flames must surely have lost all their calorific virtue—but, then, behold the face of Hercules placid, and so much majesty is revealed in the countenance of that man, nor does he seem to be hurrying on the process of combustion, but when he bethought himself, that he had given ample proof of his courage in meeting death, he then drew towards himself the beams, that were

burning freely those indeed on which the flames had taken tightest hold and he turns them all towards the fire and then moves himself intrepidly—defiantly towards the spot where the flames were the most active—at length those flames surround his face but his thick beard soon caught fire and when the threatening flames were already reaching his face and were playing round his

what sad woman
is she carrying
surely Alcmena
conveying alone
his of the Great

Hercules!

ALCMEŒNA—PHILOCLÆUS

Alcmena grieves about her own downfall arising out of the death of Hercules

ALCMEŒNA

OH ye gods above go in fear of thy own fate to come upon thee some day thou perceivest to what a small amount of ashes the great Hercules has been brought! (Holding up the article of clothing containing them) this is what that grant of a man has dwindled to! Ah! me! the clothes dangling about an old woman's body (thou seest) are ample enough to hold them! Here is a nice sort of tomb for him! (said jeeringly) Behold! the ashes of the once great Hercules scarcely fill this urn! What a light weight alas! it is for me to carry now! He too to whom the whole weight of the heavens was only a light burden! Oh! my son thou went formerly to Tartarus and the realms of Pluto when thou returnedst again in safety from the infernal Styx but thou wilt never again drag back with thee a dog Cerberus and never again will a Theseus be under an obligation to thee for restoring him to the light of day—But when wilt thou return even alone (without the dog Cerberus) No! the world placed above thee will leave thy shade in repose and the watch dog of Tartarus will prevent thee from ever escaping therefrom! When wilt thou be able again to force the doors of Penarus (entrance of Hell) Ah! to which entrance thy mother would fain be drawn but by what path are the realms of Mors to be approached? Thou that goest to inhabit those regions travellest by one irrepassable road never to be trodden again! Why should I therefore pass the day in useless complaints

Rursumque Ithacus debet lucem tibi
 Sed quando solus² mundus impositus tuas
 Compescet umbras, teque Iararcus eras
 1770 Inhibere poterit quando Tlenareis fores
 Pulsabis² ih, quas mater ad succes igrar
 Qui mox aditur vadis ad Mantes iter
 Habiturus unum quid diem questu tero²
 Quid miseri duras vitæ quid lucem hanc teneas
 1775 Quem parere iussus Herculem possum Jovi
 Quis me parentem natus Alcmenam suam
 Tantis vocabit² o nimis felix, nimis,
 Thebane conjux Futuri intraſti loca
 Florente nato, teque venientem inferi
 1780 Timuere forſan, quod præter tantum Herculis
 Vel falsus adeas quis petam terras amas,
 Invisa sævis regibus² si quis tamen
 Rex est relictus sevis heu miseri mihi¹
 Quicunque cæſos ingemunt nati patres,
 1785 A me petent supplicii me cuncti obruent
 Si quis minor Buſius, aut si quis minor
 Anteus urbes ſervidæ terret plagæ,
 Ego præda ducar si quis Iſmarios greges
 Thracis cruenti vindicat, erpent greges
 1790 Mea membra diri forſitan pœnas petet
 Irata Juno totus uetetur dolor
 Secura victo tandem ab Alcide vacat
 Pellex ſuperſum, supplicii de qua exigat
 Ne parere poſſem, fecit hic natus mihi
 1795 Uterum timendum quæ petam Alcmenæ loca²
 Quis me locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plaga
 Defendet² aut quis mater in lutebras igrar
 Ubique per te nota si patiam petam,
 Laiesque miſeros, Aigos Euryſtheus tenet
 1800 Orbata Thebas regnum & Iſmenum petam,
 Thalamosque noſtros, in quibus quondam Jovem
 Dilecta vidi² pi² nimis felix, nimis,
 Si fulminantem & ipſa ſenſiſſem Jovem¹
 Utinam meis viſceribus Alcides foret
 1805 Exſectus infans¹ nunc datum eſt miſeræ, datum,
 Videre natum laude certantem Jovi
 Et hoc daretur ſcite, quod fatum mihi
 Eripere poſſet¹ quis memoi vivet tui,
 O nate, populus² omne jam ingratum eſt genus
 1810 Petam Cleonas² Arcadum an populos petam²
 Meritisque terram nobilem quæram tuis²

Oh! my miserable life, why dost thou cling to me thus?
 Why am I thus spared to view the light of heaven?
 What Hercules shall I ever bring forth for Jupiter again?
 What so great a son will ever call Alcmena "Mother"
 again? Oh! too happy, my too happy Theban husband,

Amphitryon thou enteredst the regions of Tartarus whilst thy son was in the height and pride of glorious manhood! and perhaps the Gods below somewhat dreaded thy arrival amongst them inasmuch as thou appearedst as the supposed father of Hercules although not the real one what land shall I an old woman go in search of? I am an object of hatred to the cruel kings left behind, and whatever cruel king is left behind Woe is me! and whatever sons of such kings are bewailing the fate of their slain fathers will single me out as a target for punishment and revenge—one and all will rush forward eagerly to consummate my downfall—if there be an offshoot of Busiris or my descendant of Antreus be still holding in terror the cities that exist in that hot country—I shall be looked upon as their legitimate prey! Or if any be alive to revenge the destruction of the Ismarian cattle which belonged to that cruel Ithacan Diomedes and to let those savage horses feast upon my carcass—perhaps Juno in her anger may seek to vent her spleen upon me by some kind of punishment and thus all her long continued resentment may be expended upon me! At last she is left safe since Hercules has thus been conquered it is true I her rival hitherto am still spared but my son has caused my womb to be an especial object of alarm to me lest by any possibility I should be made a mother again! What refuge shall I an Alcmena seek? What place will protect me—what region—what country in whatever hiding place in this wide world? Everywhere I go I shall be recognized as thy mother on account of thy exploits! If I seek my own country the now sad home of my father Electryon Eurystheus is still in power at Argos! Being thus bereaved shall I seek the Theban kingdom washed by the waters of the Ismenus and the scene of my marriage amour where once a beloved one I first met with Jupiter! Oh! too happy for me if I had experienced the lightnings of Jupiter during that embrace as Semele once did I wish that the infant Alcides had been excised from my very womb! Now it has happened to my lot, it has not been brought about that I should live to behold a son vying with Jupiter in his pretensions to glory! But this has been given me to know that nothing can snatch me from my destiny! What people oh! my son will ever live to be mindful of thy services? The whole race of mankind is one mass of ingratitude! (Shall I seek Cleonæ? Or shall I fly for refuge to the people of Arcadia? I will at all events seek out some land rendered famous by thy meritorious deeds! Twas in one place the Hydra fell in another the Stymphalides met their end—here a cruel king was conquered—there

- Hæc dira seipens cecidit, hæc rictæ fera,
 Hæc rex cruentus, hæc tua factus manu,
 Qui te sepulto possidet cælum leo 1815
 Si grata terra est, populus Alcmenam tuam
 Defendat omnis Thracis gentes petram,
 Hebrumque populos? hæc quoque est meritis tuis
 Defensa tellus stabula cum regno jacent
 Hæc pax cuncto regi profluente data est 1820
 Ubi enim negata est? quod tibi infelix unus
 Quæram sepulcrum? de tuis totus iogis
 Contendit oibis reliquias magni Herculis
 Quis populus, aut quæ templum, quæ gentes colunt?
 Quis jam petet, quis poscet Alcmenes onus? 1825
 Quæ tibi sepulcra, nate quis tumulus sit est?
 Hic totus oibis fama erit titulus tibi
 Quid, anime, trepidas? Herculis emicet tenes
 Complectere ossa reliquæ auxilium dabunt
 Erunt satis præsidium terrebant tuæ 1830
 Reges vel umbræ PHYLL. Debitor nato quidem
 Compesce fletus, mater Alcidae incliti
 Non est gemendus, nec gravi urgendus nece
 Virtute quisquis abstulit satis iteri
 Æterna virtus Herculem fleui vetat 1835
 Fortes vetat mori, degeneres jubet
 ALCM Sedabo questus? vindicem misi parens
 Teræ atque pelagi, quæque purpurens dies
 Utrumque clivum spectat Oceanum tota
 Quot miseri in uno condidi natos parens 1840
 Regno crebrum, regni sed poteram dñe
 Unum inter omnes terra quis matres gerit,
 Votis perperci nil ego et superis peti
 Incolume nato quid duc Hercules mihi
 Non poterat ridere? quis Deus quidquam mihi 1845
 Negare poterat? vota in hæc fuerant matris
 Quidquid negavit Jupiter, ducet Hercules
 Quid tale genitrix ulli mortalis tulit
 Dessevit aliquam mater, & toto stetit
 Succisa foetu, hisque septenos greges 1850
 Deploravit una gregibus æquari meus
 Quot ille poterat? matribus miseris adhuc
 Exemplum ingens deerat Alcmena dabo
 Cessate matres, perituras si quas dolor

that lion was subdued by thy hand, and which now possesses a place in the heavens, and thou, its conqueror art merely buried below! If the earth is grateful, every country and people will defend thy mother Alcmena. Shall I seek the people of Thrace and those who live on the borders of the Hebrus—that is a land, which has been protected by thy valuable labors—the notorious stables with the kingdom itself have fallen too, and here,

peace was secured when that sanguinary king was laid low! Was there ever any thing denied to me?—what burial place shall I only a miserable old woman seek out for thee. All the world will dispute for the possession of what was filched by me from the funeral pile (the ashes) what people or what temples or what nation will be the happy possessor of and be able to worship these relics of Hercules? Who is there that is already asking for them—who will beg for this small burden which Alcmena is now carrying about with her? What burial place oh! my son what tomb will be in keeping with thy deserts? Why oh! my anxious heart do I seem to tremble? I ought to remember that I am carrying the ashes of Hercules—to embrace even his incinerated bones these relics will inspire me with an earnest of ready support—they alone will be a sufficient safeguard!

PHIL. Restrain those tears which no doubt are fully called forth oh! thou mother of glorious Alcides—he must not be bewailed for too much too much must not be urged about his terrible form of death who by his valor simply has triumphed over destiny! Such immortal valor forbids that Hercules should be wept for in an ordinary manner—the brave are forbidden to be wept for it is only the chicken hearted ones that demand such pity and sympathy!

ALC. I will check my complaining spirit then but I a parent have lost that avenger of the earth and the sea and wherever the roseate light of day overlooks both Oceans East and West as it is ushered in from the bright chariot of Phœbus! How many sons alas do I as a parent seem to have buried away in that solitary Hercules! I had no kingdom of my own but I could always give away kingdoms I was that only mother amongst all the other mothers in the world who could do that. But I spared Heaven the addressing of my vows I sought nothing from the gods above my son was the stronghold of safety and what could the ardent love and valor of Hercules not accomplish? What deity could deny me anything my wishes were all in his power to grant! What Jupiter was inclined to deny that Hercules could give! What like this did my mortal mother ever enjoy as to privilege. A certain mother Niobe wept and stood aghast at being deprived of an entire family and all at once had to weep for the death of fourteen children! (Apollo killed the males Diana the females) But how many I should like to know could represent as a sum total the equivalent for my own!

Adhuc jubet lugere, quis luctus gravis 1855
 In fura verit cedite his cunctæ malis
 Agedum, senile pectus, o miseræ manus,
 Pulsate & uni funeri tanto sat est
 Grandæva anus defecta, quod totus brevi
 Jam quæret orbis? expedi in planctus timen 1860
 Defessa quamquam brachia invidiam ut Deis
 Lugendo facias, advoca in planctum genus

ALCMENA

Tristis Alcmenæ neniâ cernit

FLETE Alcmenen, magnique Jovis
 Plangite natum, cui concept'o
 Lux una perit, noctesque duras 1865
 Contulit Eos ipsa quiddam
 Plus luce perit totæ pariter
 Plangite gentes, quorum sævos
 Ille tyrannos iussit Stygias
 Penetrare domos, populisque madens 1870
 Ponere ferrum fletum meritis
 Reddite tantis totus, totus
 Perfonet orbis flet Alciden
 Cærulæ Ciete, magno tellus
 Clara Tonante centum populi 1875
 Brachia pulsent
 Nunc Curetes, nunc Corybantes,
 Arma Idæa quassate manu
 Armis illum lugere decet
 Nuuc nunc funus plangite verum 1880
 Jacet Alcides non minor ipso,
 Creta, Tonante
 Flete Heiculeos, Arcades, obitus,
 Nondum Phœbo nascente genus
 Juga Partheni Nemeæque sonent, 1885

As yet, lamenting mothers have been without any exemplary model whereby to regulate the orthodox standard of grief! I will furnish them now, with one, in the shape of myself, an Alcmena! Cease, oh! ye bewailing mothers, therefore, if any deeply-rooted cause for grief constrains you still to persevere with your weeping, even such as those, whose grief might transform them into stones (alluding to Niobe), yield, one and all of you, in respect of magnitude to this calamity of mine! Come, oh! this senile bosom of mine, and oh! these miserable hands of mine, strike and belabor in orthodox fashion, and do not let any woman, although she may be somewhat stricken

in years, be backward in her manifestations of adequate grieving for so great a misfortune which all the world will seek to do shortly—let me get ready however for my bewailing observances although my arms are pretty well wearied out by age so that I may excite the very jealousy of the Gods, in the way I can weep and let me summon all sympathizers for the fate of Hercules to aid in this mournful task!

ALCMENA

Alcmena in her grief chants a funeral dirge

LAMENT for Alcmena in her grief weep for the son of the mighty Jupiter for whom an entire day was missing at his conception and Aurora had to pass three consecutive nights in succession—now something more than mere light has passed away from us and all ye nations weep alike for him who consigned cruel tyrants to enter their last Stygian resting place and cast aside the sword wreaking with blood that threatened the people tender thy weeping for such great benefits—let every world resound again with mournful cries—let that Crete watered by the blue sea and favored with such a blue sky bewail Alcides that land so renowned as having been the nursery of the mighty Jupiter—let a hundred peoples beat their arms at once and now let the Curetes then the Corybantes testify their grief as worthy priests and jangle the instruments they use on Mount Ida (cymbals horns drums and their box wood flutes)—it is only the right thing on an occasion like this to accompany their lamentations! For now and now if ever is the time to strike up a funereal dirge! Oh! Crete Alcides is now departed not less great than Jupiter himself Bewail oh! ye Arcadians bewail the death of Hercules a race that existed before Phœbus himself was as yet born—let the mountain sides of Parthenium and Nemea resound with cries and let the peoples about Mênala strike their bodies with hard blows let them vociferously yet plaintively call back Alcides the Erymanthian wild boar was lud low on the borders of the country—here it was that the Stymphalides were summoned from their lofty abodes in the skies by the arrows of Hercules those birds that with their outspread wings completely obscured the light of day! Weep oh! ye people of Argos weep oh! ye denizens of Cleonæ twas here that the right hand of my son destroyed the lion which was the terror of thy cities Oh! ye Sithonian matrons deal yourselves

becoming blows and let the frigid Hebrus cause its lamentations to be heard—weep for Alcides and thank fully that no infant not as yet born will be destined to supply the stables of another Diomedes nor the horses of that cruel king to feed upon their entrails—weep that land, which was freed from such a gigantic monster as Antæus and let that country weep that was snatched from the clutches of a Geryon—all ye nations that have been rendered miserable grieve in concert with me and let each side of the sea East and West hear each thy moans and oh! ye deities the celestial denizens summoned from every part of the heavens weep for the misfortunes of Hercules! Oh! ye gods above my Alcides bore the heavens which ye govern on his shoulders and propped up the falling firmament when Atlas who carried the star-bearing Olympus (that is on account of its height nearly reaching the stars) had to pause and take his breath while he relieved himself of his burden Where are thy celestial citadels now Oh! Jupiter where is that promised palace in the heavens? Now that Alcides has vanished from this earthly scene like any other mortal and forasmuch as he is practically buried how often has he saved thee the trouble of employing thy thunderbolts and thy lightnings? How many times have thy lightnings been scattered At the least hurl thy lightning at me and think that I am another Semele! Dost thou not oh! my son now inhabit the Elysian habitations?—hast thou not reached that shore to which nature calls all the people from this earth? Or has the sombre Styx closed its doors against thee since thou triumphantly carried off Cerberus? Or are the Fates loth to admit thee and are showing some hesitation as thou approachest the threshold of Pluto? What a stir oh! my son thou wilt make amongst the shades! How thou wilt frighten those Manes! And has Charon fled in dismay giving up his post as pilot? And the Centaurs getting into an excited state are they not kicking away furiously at the Manes with their hoofs of Thessalian memory? Or has the Hydra with its hundred appended draconian heads sunk hidingly under the water thoroughly scared at thy approach? Oh! my son they fear thee and marvel at the labors thou hast achieved! I am mistaken—yes I am mistaken the foolish doting parent that I am neither the Manes nor the shades (shades here must allude to the monsters) have reason to fear thee now! that terrible skin which thou tookest from the Argolic (Nemæan) Lion no longer adorns thy robust shoulders and its ferocious fangs no longer encrown thy noble temples The quiver has been given up as a

Vadis meum, nate, per umbras
Ad quas semper mansurus es

ALCMENA, HERCULES

Solatus lugentem matrem Hercules in Deorum collegium
translatus, *machina autem demissus Hec ex editione*
loco supra episcinium inducitur

Q

HERC Quid me tenentem regna fidei poli,

1940

Cœloque tandem redditum, planctū jubes

Sentire satum? parce nam virtus mihi

In astia, & ipsos fecit ad superos ite

ALCM Unde sonus trepidas aures ferit

Unde mors inhibet lacrimas fragor?

1945

Agnosco, agnosco, victum est Chros

A Styge, nate, redis iterum mihi

Fractaque non semel est Mors horrida

Vicisti iustus Noctis loca,

Puppis & inferæ vada tristia

1950

Pervius est Acheron jam linguidus,

Et remeare licet soli tibi,

Nec te Fata tenent post funera

An tibi præcluserit Pluton iter,

Et prœvidus regni metuit sibi?

1955

Certo ego te vidi flagrantibus

Impositum silvis, cum pluvius

In cœlum fureret flammæ metus

Alisti certe, verum ultima

Non tenuere tuas umbras loca

1960

Quid timuere tui manus, precor?

Umbra quoque est Diti nimis horrida

HERC Non me gementis stagna Cocyti tenent,

Non puppis umbras furva transiecit meas

Jam parce, mater, questibus Manes semel

1965

Umbraeque vidi quidquid in nobis tui

Mortale fuerat, ignis evictus tulit

Paterna cœlo pars data est, flammis tua

Pionde planctus pone, quos nato pariet

Genitrix mei luctus in turpes erit

1970

Virtus in astia tendit, in mortem timor

Præsens ab astiis, mater Alcides cano,

present to Philoctetes, and now a less mighty hand than
thine will discharge the arrows therefrom! Thou goest
thither without offensive weapons, oh! my son, towards
those shades, amongst which, alas! thou must dwell for
ever!

ALCMENA—HERCULES

Hercules having been raised to the companionship of the gods consoles his grieving mother but being lowered from the habitations above by the same aerial contrivance as that by which he was translated to the heavens is introduced into this scene

HERCULES

WHY dost thou force thyself to bewail my fate when thou perceivest that I am now in possession of an abode in the starry heavens and at last received into the celestial regions—be sparing therefore in thy lamentations for my valor has wrought its way to the stars and the gods above!

ALC Whence this sound that has just now struck my ears? Whence the crash which from its very suddenness has arrested my tears? The infernal regions and Mars are overcome! Chaos is conquered! Oh! my son thou art returning to me from the Styx and Mars has been vanquished for the second time! But hast thou really overcome the obscure realms of Nox and those dreadful streams ferried over by that craft of Charon's? Is Acheron heretofore a swiftly flowing river only skimming along languidly now and has it thus allowed thee only to reappear on this earth? Or is it that the Fates cannot control thee even when thou art dead? Or has Pluto barred up against thee the approaches to his kingdom? And anxious as to the safety of that kingdom that he has been equally so about himself? I certainly saw thee placed on those burning contributions of the forest which composed thy funeral pile! When the terrible flames raised themselves high up towards the heavens thou wert burning most assuredly but then the last goal Tartarus that has to be reached by all mortals alike as it would appear has not been arrived at by thy Manes! (spirit) I pray thee tell me why these Manes have gone in such fear of thy Umbra? Is it that thy Umbra is so terrifying for even Pluto to behold?

HERC The stagnant waters of the Cocytus have not returned me nor has that unrelenting bark flying its way towards eternal darkness had the task of conveying my mortal remains across its streams! Now be sparing mother of thy lamentations I have seen the Shades and the Manes once only and whatever there was in me of a mortal nature the fire has overcome and elimin

Pœnas clementis iam tibi Eurystheus dabit
 Cuius superbum vecta transcendes caput
 Me jam decet subire cœlestem plagam 1975
 Inferna vici iursum Alcides loca
 ALCM Mene piumpei cessit, ex oculis abiit,
 In astra fertur fallor, an vultus putat
 Vidisse natum? misera mens incredula est
 Es numen, & te mundus æternus tenet 1980
 Credo triumphis regna Thebarum petam,
 Novumque templis additum numen crnam

CHORUS

Heiculis ὁποθέωσι ἄσπναι Chorus, novumque numen
 adoiat

NUNQUAM Stygias fertur ad umbras
 Inclita virtus vivite fortes,
 Vos Lethæos sæva per amnes 1985
 Nec fata trahent sed cum summas
 Eviget horas consumpta dies,
 Iter ad superiores gloria pandet
 Sed tu, domitor magne ferarum,
 Orbisque simul pacator, ades 1990
 Nunc quoque nostias respice terras
 Et si qua novo bellua vultu
 Quatiet populos terrore gravi,
 Tu fulminibus frange trifulcis
 Fortius ipso genitore tuo 1995
 Fulmina mittes

ated but the paternal portion of me, that given to me by Heaven, remains! The flames have claimed, as their own, what I received from thee! [The mortal portion] Henceforward lay aside thy weeping, which a mother only spares for a helpless mortal son! Let grief therefore, be reserved for the baser-born of mankind! Valor bends its course, upwards, to the stars! Cowardice shrinks downwards, with its eyes on Mors being now before thee, mother, and coming from the stars (direct) I enunciate to thee, this prediction! The time will arrive, when that cruel Eurystheus will suffer his punishment and at thy hands, thou shalt pass over his proud head in thy triumphal chariot! (He is afterwards slain by Hyllus) It is now proper and right for me to go back to the heavenly regions again I, Alcides, thou now perceivest, have again triumphed over the infernal realms!

ALC Wait a little time! Oh! he escapes from me—he disappears from my vision—he is borne towards the stars! Am I under some illusion of the senses? Or does my vision deceive me only in supposing that I have just seen my son! My wretched mind is really not quite made up on the point! Thou art a veritable Deity now my son and I will seek the Itheban kingdom and will there sing to the praises of the new Divinity which has been given to their temples and to whom they may now render their homage!

CHORUS

The chorus breathes forth its thanks for the Apotheosis of Hercules, and is ready to worship the newly acquired Deity

RENOWNED valor is never brought so low as to have to return to the sombre shades! live oh! ye brave ones of the earth! Neither the cruel Fates will drag you through the streams of the Lethe but when the last day of your lives has passed away and your last hours have arrived (are demanded from you) Glory will open up the way to the gods above! But thou Hercules camest as the great conqueror of the wild beasts and at the same time to be the pacificator of the world! Even now thou wilt deign to look upon the earth and if any huge monster with a new form should agitate the people with grievous terrors thou wilt strike it down with thy three forked lightnings and thou wilt send thy lightnings forth with a stronger hand too than even thy father Jupiter ever did!



OCTAVIA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

OCTAVIA
NUTRIX OCTAVIÆ
CHORUS ROMANORUM
SENECA
PRÆFECTUS

POPPÆA
AGRIPPINA
NERO
NUNTIUS

ARGUMENTUM

CLAUDIUS DRUSUS CÆSAR MESSALINÆ, quæ illi Britannicum & Octaviam pepererat, quod Silio nupsisset, mox iussæ, Agrippinam filiam fratris sui Germanici, viduam Cn. Dom. Ænobarbi Neronis, superinduxit, cujus filio Neroni Octaviam suam in matrimonium dedit Claudius & Britannico veneno sublitus, Nero Imp. Octaviam, quam oderat, repudiat, Poppæam Sabinam ducit cujus divortii causa commoti populi tumultum multa cæde reprimunt, & Octaviam in Pandatiam ablegatam interficere iubet.

ACTUS PRIMUS

OCTAVIA

Vitæ peritæsa miseras suas deflet OCTAVIA

JAM virga cœlo sidera fulgens
Autiora fugat surgit Titan
Radiante coma, mundoque diem
Reddit clarum
Age, tot tantis onerata malis, 5
Repete assuetos jam tibi questus,
Atque æquiores vince Alcyonas,
Vince & volucres Pandionias
Gravior namque his fortuna tua est
Semper genitrix deslenda mihi, 10
Prima meorum causa malorum,
Tristes questus
Nitæ exaudi si quis iocundet
Sensus in umbris utinam ante manu
Grandævæ suæ meruississet 15
Stamina Clotho, tur quæ mœrens
Vulnera vidi,
Oique scædo spirare ciuioe!
O lux semper funesta mihi!
Tempore ab illo lux est tenebris 20
Intus magis
Tulimus fave iussu novercæ,
Hostilem animum, vultusque truces

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

OCTAVIA
OCTAVIA'S NURSE
CHORUS OF ROMANS
SENECA
PREFECT

POPPÆA
AGRIPPINA
NERO
MESSENGER

ARGUMENT

CLAUDIUS DRUSUS CÆSAR (Messalina because she had married Silus, being condemned to die—she had borne him (Cæsar) Britannicus and Octavia) took to himself for a fourth wife (he had divorced Urgulanilla and Ælia Pretina before he married Messalina) Agrippina the daughter of his brother Germanicus and the widow of Cn Domitius Ænobarbus Nero to whose son he gave his daughter Octavia in marriage Claudius and Britannicus being poisoned Nero then Emperor divorces Octavia whom he had always hated and marries Poppæa Sabina in consequence of which divorce he had to put down the riots amongst the populace amidst great slaughter and he orders Octavia to be transported to Pandataria and there to be slain

ACT I

OCTAVIA

Octavia weary of her existence bewails her misery

AUFORA, that was shining brilliantly in the heavens is now forsaking the wandering starry group and Titan is rising from his Eastern couch with his radiating flakes of fire and is giving forth to the world another bright day Let me pursue the recital of my woes burdened as I am with so many and such great misfortunes and let me rehearse to thee my oft repeated plaints and let me surpass the Alcyons (Ceyx and Alcyon) which give out their dismal notes as they hover over their aquatic abodes (during the nidifying season) and let me exceed too the Pandionian birds (Progne and Philomela) with my dolorous strains! for my troubles are greater than ever theirs were—it is always a mother and mother that is the prominent theme in my lamentations the first cause of my misfortunes hear then the sad plaints of a daughter—if any sense or feeling is to be looked for in those numbered with the shades I wish that Clotho had

Illa illa meis tristis Erinys
 Thalamos Stygios pretulit ignes? 25
 Teque exstulit, miserande pater,
 Modo cui totus paruit orbis
 Ultra Oceanum, cuique Britannii
 Feiga dedere,
 Ducibus nostris ante ignoti, 30
 Jurisque sui
 Conjugis (heu me!) pater infidus
 Oppresse iaces, servitque domus
 Cum prole tua capta tyranno!

NUTRIX OCTAVIAE

Propter alumnae suae OCTAVIAE caritatem sublimis & aulicae vitae conditionem execratur


FULGORI primo captus, & fragili bono 35
 Fallacis aulæ quisquis attonitus stupet,
 Subito libantis ecce Fortunæ impetu
 Modo prepotentem cernit eveisam domum
 Stirpemque Claudii, cuius impetio fuit
 Subjectus orbi, patuit liberi diu 40
 Oceanus, & recepit invitus rates
 En qui Britannis primus imposuit jugum,
 Ignota e ante clauibus texit freta,
 Interque gentes barbaris tutus fuit,
 Et fœva maris, conjugis scelestæ occidit, 45
 Mox illa nati cuius extinctus jacet
 Frater venenis mœiet infelix foror,
 Eademque conjux nec graves luctus valet
 Lia coacta tegere crudelis viri
 Secreta refugit semper, atque odio pari 50
 Aidens mariti, mutua flagrat face
 Animum dolentis nostræ solatui fides
 Pietasque frustra mutat immitis doli
 Consilia nostra nec regi mentis potest

broken the threads of my life, with her venerable fingers, before, ever plunged in the abyss of grief, I beheld the wounds on thy body (Messalina's) and thy face besmeared with the unsightly blood! Oh! this access of the light of day, it is always distressing to my mind (from the repulsive reminiscences) Light is now more odious to me, than ever Stygian darkness could be, ever since that sorrowful time—I have had to submit to the imperious tyranny of a step-mother, her hostile spirit, and her savage glances! It is she, she that, like cruel Erinys, has im-

ported her Stygian torches and disturbed the harmony of the marriage homestead! And she has destroyed thee oh! my father a thousand times to be pitied whom till now the whole world beyond the very ocean! owed subjection—at whose appearance on their shores the affrighted Britons fled in dismay having never before owed allegiance to any foreign conqueror! Ah me! oh! my father thou art laid low fallen by the wicked snares of a wife (destroyed by one of the fungi Boletus a poisonous mushroom) and thy palace and thy offspring are under the cruel rule of a tyrant

OCTAVIA S NURSE

On account of the sad misfortunes befalling her nurse child Octavia the nurse execrates the drawbacks which beset the proud surroundings of life in a Palace

 ANY one that is captivated at first sight by the outside splendor and fleeting advantages of the treacherous palace can now behold with his own eyes wonder and realize what remains of a once most powerful empire overthrown on a sudden by the insidious advances of adverse fate and see what has befallen the offspring of Claudius to whose imperial sway the whole world was once subject and by whom that Ocean hitherto free and un navigated over was brought under control and was constrained to afford an unopposed passage for our Roman fleets! Think that it was he who first placed the Britons under any foreign yoke and covered the very seas before unknown to the Romans with his fleets and amongst even such barbarous nations and such tempestuous seas he was at all events in a state of personal safety! But alas! he fell at last by the wickedness of a wife—presently she will share the same lot at the hands of a son (Nero) and a brother of whom is now lying dead from the effects of poison (Britannicus was not a brother by the ties of blood Nero became a brother by adoption only) That miserable sister (by marriage only) and likewise wife is in a deep grief nor does her restrained anger suffice to conceal her terrible woe—she always avoids being alone with her cruel husband eschewing privacy and her angry sentiments are quite on a par with the aversion which the husband entertains towards her! They burn with mutual hatred! The confidence which she reposes in me is in some sort a consolation to her grieving heart but devoted affection is quite useless in as much as her uncontrollable grief thwarts all my well in

Generosus ardor sed malis vires capit 55
 Heu, quam nefandum prospicit noster timor.
 Scelus quod utinam numen avertat Deum!

OCTAVIA. NUTRIX

Iugentem OCTAVIAM nutrix consolatur & a vindictâ, quam
 cogitat, dehortatur

OCTAVIA nullis equanda mali
 Fortunâ! licet repetam luctus,
 Electâ, tuos tibi morrenti 60
 Cessum licuit flere parentem
 Scelus ulcisci vindicæ fratrem,
 Iura quem pietas hosti rapuit
 Texitque fides me crudeli
 Sorte parentes raptos prohibet 65
 Lugeat timor, fratrisque necem
 Deslere vetat, in quo fuerat
 Spes una mihi,
 Totque malorum breve solamen
 Nunc in luctus scivata meos 70
 Magni resto nominis umbra
 NUTR Vox (heu) nostras perculit aures
 Tristis alumnae
 Cessas thalami inferre gradus,
 Tuda senectus? OCT Excipe nostras
 Lacrimas, nutrix testis nostri 75
 Fida doloris NUTR Quis te tantis
 Solvet curis, miserandâ, dies?
 OCT Qui me Stygis mittet ad umbras
 NUTR Omina, quæso, sint ista procul 80
 OCT Non voti meos tur nunc casus,
 Sed fata regunt NUTR Dabit assidue
 Meliora Deus tempora mitis
 Tu modo blando vince obsequio

mentioned advice, nor can her resolute strong-mindedness, be in any way brought under by my efforts, but she even seems to have acquired increased determination, arising out of the very misfortunes she has undergone! Alas! what wicked crime do my alarms lead me on to foreshadow, would that the kind intervention of the Gods may avert such a climax!

OCTAVIA—NURSE

The Nurse consoles the grieving Octavia, and dissuades her from prosecuting any revenge, which she might be contemplating

OCTAVIA

O H! my cruel destiny to be equalled by none in the severity of my misfortunes it may be Electra that I shall rehearse thy griefs in my own personal sufferings—it was thy fate to have to bewail the loss of a murdered parent but in thy case there was a brother in view to revenge at some future time by that terrible crime a brother whom thy affection snatched away from the sword of the enemy and to whom thy fidelity gave its sheltering protection but my fear for the consequences hinders me from even outwardly bewailing the loss of my parents who were snatched away from me by the cruel hand of fate it forbids me too to bemoan the death of a brother in whom my one my only hope was centred! There was a brief interval of consolation afforded me amidst such great misfortunes (while the brother Britannicus lived) but now forsooth I am handed over alone with no brother to look forward to to my own bitter grief and thus I remain only now as the shadow of a once great name!

Alas! a sorrowing voice has struck my ears! and should I although affected with the tardiness of old age hesitate to hasten with quickened steps to the bed chamber of Octavia?

OCT Trace these tears to their proper source Nurse thou art the one faithful witness of my grief

NUR What day will ever arrive oh thou one to be pitied which will rid thee of thy troubles?

OCT What day (dost thou mean) will arrive? (Is it) the day on which I shall be packed off to the Stygian Shades?

NUR I beseech the Gods may such an unpropitious day as that then be a long way off!

OCT Unfortunately thy wishes Nurse have no influence over such troubles as mine but the Fates have!

NUR Surely a merciful deity will vouchsafe better times for the one afflicted as thou art but thou hast calmed thyself down somewhat just try and prevail on thy husband's susceptibilities if he has any and assume a bland obsequious demeanour towards him

Placata vnum OCI Vincam sævos	85
Ante leones, tigresque tuces,	
Feia quam sævi cordi tyranni	
Odit genitos sanguine claro,	
Spernit superos hominesque simul,	
Nec fortunam capit ipse furam,	90
Quam dedit illi per scelus ngens	
Infanda parens licet ingratum	
Diræ pudeat muneie matris,	
Hoc imperium cepisse, licet	
Tantum munus morte rependat	95
Feret hunc titulum post fata tamen	
Femina longo semper in ævo	
NUTR Animi retine verba furentis	
Temere emissam comprime vocem	
OCT Toleranda quamvis patiar, haud unquam queant,	100
Nisi morte tristi, nostra finiri mala	
Genitrice cæsa, per scelus iapto patre,	
Orbita fiatre, miseris, luctu obruta,	
Mœroie pieffa, conjugii invisa, ac meæ	
Subiecta famulæ, luce non giata fruor,	105
Trepidante semper corde, non mortis metu,	
Sed sceleris absit crimen a fatis meis	
Mori juvabit pœna nrm gravior nece est,	
Videre tumidos & truces miseræ mihi	
Vultus tyranni, jungere atque hosti oscula,	
Timere nutus, cujus obsequium meus	
Haud ferre posset, fata post fratris, dolor,	
Scelere interemti, cujus imperium tenet	
Et morte gaudet auctor infandæ necis	
Quam sæpe tristis umbra germani meis	115
Offertur oculis, membra cum solvit quies,	
Et fessa fletu lumina oppressit sopor ¹	
Modo facibus atris armat infirmas manus,	
Oculoque, & ora fratris infestus petit	
Modo trepidus idem refugit in thalamos meos	120
Persequitur hostis, atque inhærenti mihi	
Violentus enfem per latus nostrum rapit	
Tunc tremor & ingens excutit fomnos pavor,	

OCT I shall have to overcome, first the savage lion of the plains, and the fierce tiger of the jungle, before I can subjugate the adamant heart of the tyrant Nero—The fact is, he has an instinctive hatred to start with, of any one descended from an illustrious race—he despises alike, the ignoble herd of mankind and the Gods above as well, nor has he received anything at the hands of fortune, but what a cruel parent has heaped upon him, as the proceeds of aggravated crime, although he is ungrateful enough to be ashamed of ever having received anything

from that cruel mother he has nevertheless taken upon himself the dominion over this empire and although in return for such a great gift he hands her over to be assassinated! But a woman will long hold the credit for her share in the transaction even after her death and it will continue to last for many a long year in the minds of the people

NUR Restrain the expressions of thy angered mind weigh with care the words thou suffrest to escape thy lips

OCT Although I may patiently suffer these things and appear to tolerate them my misfortunes can never be brought to an end but by the sad alternative means of Death! What with a murdered mother—a father snatched from me by a wicked crime—robbed of a brother—overwhelmed with all kinds of misery and grief—hateful in the eyes of a husband and exposed to the insolent authority of a subject it cannot be supposed that I can enjoy my life vastly! My heart is perpetually in a kind of tremble not from the fear of death but from the possibility of some crime being committed! May I however never ~~have~~ ^{be} had to perpetrate one! It would please me to die ~~as~~ ^{the} punishment of death itself could not be more dreadful to bear especially by me in my miserable state than having to encounter the angry and murderous looks of that tyrant (Nero) and then to have to exchange kisses with a downright enemy which I know him to be so as to dread his very nod! Whose caresses my inward grief could not permit me to entertain and after that fate of my brother's who fell a victim to his crimes and whose very empire he has usurped and who glories in having been the author of that impious slaughter! How often is the tristful ghost of my brother brought before my mental vision when a state of bodily repose relaxes my tired frame and sleep invades the lids so wearied with weeping—Sometimes the ghost arms its feeble hands with funeral torches and aims its blows at the eyes and face of his brother (Nero was a brother by adoption only) who in a state of alarm takes refuge in my couch—the enemy still pursuing him and making a rush at him as he is clinging to me passes his sword through my side! Then the tremors come over me and an intense dread drives away further sleep and my grief is renewed and the alarms as to my own miserable fate return to me in
(Poppæa)
our palatial
caprices

SACROS penates iura Naturæ furens
 Fasque omne rupit, miscuit conjux viro
 Venena sæva, cecidit atque eadem sui 165
 Mox scelestæ nati tu quoque extinctus jaces
 Desende nobis semper, infelix puer,
 Modo fidus orbis, columen Augustæ domus,
 Britannice, (heu me) nunc levis tantum cinis,
 Et tristis umbræ, sæva cui lacrimas dedit 170
 Etiam noverca, cum iogis artus tuos
 Dedit ciemandos, membraque & vultus Deo
 Similes volanti, flamma fervens abstulit
 OCT Exstinguat & me, ne manu nostra cadat
 NUTR Natura vires non dedit tantas tibi 175
 OCT Dolor, ira, mœroi, miseriæ, luctus dabunt
 NUTR Vince obsequendo potius immitem virum
 OCT Ut fratrem ademptum scelestæ restituit mihi
 NUTR Incolumis ut sis ipsa, labentem ut domum
 Genitoris olim sobole restitutus tua 180
 OCT Expectat aliam Principis sobolem domus
 Me dura miseræ fata germani trahunt
 NUTR Confirmet animum civium tantus favor
 OCT Solatus iste nostra, non relevat, mala
 NUTR Vis magna populi est OCT Principis major tamen 185
 NUTR Respiciet ipse conjugem OCT Pellex vetat
 NUTR Invisa cunctis nempe OCT Sed cara est viro
 NUTR Nondum uxor est OCT Jam fiet, & genitrix simul

with all her ill-boding, advances into the palace to take her vacant place! She has defiled the sanctity of our household gods with her Stygian torches, in her fury, she has broken down the institutions of Nature herself, and set every human law at defiance—a cruel wife has prepared the poisoned bowl for a husband, and she, herself, has perished afterwards by the hands of a son—and thou also, Britannicus, hast been deprived of thy life, to be bewailed by us for ever! Oh! unhappy boy, till lately the great star of the Universe, the prop and mainstay of the Imperial Augustan Dynasty (the Cæsars) Oh! Britannicus! woe is me! thou art now only a collection of flimsy ashes, and a tristful shade! For whom, be it said, even thy cruel step mother shed a few tears, when she gave up thy body to be consumed on the funeral pile, resembling as thou didst, the winged God himself, (Cupid) in thy shapely form and comely face—the greedy flames, however, took all that away! Octavia!

OCT And let them extinguish me in like manner, lest the tyrant fall by my hand

NUTR Nature has not endowed thee, with such strength, as to enable thee to carry out such a threat

OCT Long continued grief, anger heaviness of heart misery of soul lamentations would supply me with the necessary strength I should think

NUR No! rather subdue that fierce man, by wheedlings and caresses

OCT That I may induce him to restore to me a brother of whom he has deprived me by a cruel crime! Dost thou mean that?

NUR No not that but that thou thyself might be in a state of security that thou some day might build up the shattered dynasty of which thy father was the dignified head with thy own offspring!

OCT The palace of the Emperor is expecting another arrival in the shape of offspring the cruel fate of my miserable brother will soon drag me towards a similar end

NUR ^{So favorable is the feeling of the citizens towards}
~~that~~ ^{that} this fact goes far to conform my hopes

OCT Yes! it is a good thing to have one's misfortunes pitied but that does not remove nor even lessen the incubus resulting therefrom—(the weight of troubles)

NUR The power of the populace is great

OCT That however of an Emperor is greater

NUR But he surely will have some regard for a wife

OCT No! a concubine will stand in the way of that

NUR But it is granted that she is odious in the sight of all the people

OCT But she is held dear by Nero

NUR She is not a wife as yet remember!

OCT But she will soon become one and a mother as well!

NUR Juvenilis ardor impetu primo fuit, Languescit idem facile, nec durat diu	190
In Venere tuipi, ceu levis flammæ vapores Amor perennis conjugis castæ manet Violæe prima quæ totos ausa est tuos, Animumque domini simulâ possedit diu, Jam metuet eadem, nempe prætorum sibi Subiecta & humilis atque monumenta exstruit. Quibus timorem fassa testatur suum Et hinc levis fallaxque destituet Deus Volucei Cupido sit licet forma eminens, Opibus superba, gaudium capiet breve	195
Passa est similes ipsa dolores Regina Deum cum se formas Vertit in omnes dominus cœli, Divumque præter Et modo pennas sumsit olivæ, Modo Sidonii cornua turri, Ameus idem Fluxit in imbrii fulgent cœlo Sidera Ledaæ patris refidet Bacchus Olympo Deus Alcides Possidet Heben, nec Junonis Jam timet nas, cujus gener est, Qui fuit hostis vicit sapiens Tamen obsequium conjugis ultæ, Pressusque dolor sola Tonantem Tenet æthereo securi toro Maxima Juno, nec mortali Captus forma deserit altam Juppiter aulam tu quoque terris Altera Juno, foras Augusti, Conjuxque, graves vince dolores	200
Octo Jungentur ante sæva sideribus fieta, Et ignis undæ, Tantalus tristi polus, Lux alma tenebris roscidæ nocti dies Quam cum scelesti conjugis mente impræ Mens nostræ, semper fratris extincti memor Utinam nefandi Principis diu caput Obrueret flammis Cœlitum rector præter, Qui sæpe terras fulmine infesto quatit,	205
	210
	220
	225

NUR Juvenile ardour, thou must remember, burns only as long as the early impressions operate, which called it forth, nor does it last long, even, with these unlawful amours, it passes off like some flickering flame—on the other hand, the love of a chaste wife is an enduring possession—she is, as thou art aware, only the first who has ventured to violate the sanctity of thy marriage-bed, but this rival of thine, although a subject, has possessed the

affections of thy husband for long time it is an old love story—but the same woman is yet evidently more calm, we find more added in her manner as if he feared that some one else might be preferred to herself (let in like manner, neither may be preferred to herself as she herself was to Octavia and she shows this by various indications by which it is distinctly seen in it she openly portrays her fears! And the winned God (Cupid) may leave her in the lurch, let her let us be never so transcendent, or however proud she may be of her wealth of physical attractions, all the sort of thing amounts to a very limited list of human enjoyment. The Queen of the Gods herself has unfortunate undergone grief similar to thy own when Jupiter the lord of the heaven and father of the Gods chained himself into all kind of hope and then at one time he assumed the plumage of a swan to gain the better of Leda; at another time he donned the horns of the Sidonian bull (when he carried off Europa) then again the same Jupiter lay fallen upon another as a golden shower when he introduced himself to Danaë. The constellations of Leda are now luminous in the heavens. Bright is duty installed in his father's Olympian kingdom and Alceides procures Hebe to a wife now that he has made a god no longer does Alceides any longer fear the anger of Juno whose acknowledged son-in-law he is now having married Hebe but who was formerly considered in the light of an enemy! However the wise submissiveness of an exalted wife like Juno with her dissembled grief has completely overcome the temper of Jupiter and the mighty Juno reigns supreme in the ethereal marriage couch of the Thundering Jove! Nor does Jupiter now desert the palaces on his captivated by mortal beauties and thou Octavia art another Juno although a terrestrial one thou art the sister and wife of an Augustus (The emperor at that time assumed the title of Augustus) Conquer therefore thy troubles as Juno did

OCT. I let the stormy seas seek cordial companionship with the stars and let fire mingle with water let the very heavens descend and take the place of grim Tartarus let balmy light amicably join hands with hideous darkness and bright clear day ally itself with the dewy night before my mental tenderness could harmonize with the impious disposition of that wicked husband of mine. I am ever mindful of my murdered brother I wish that the ruler of the heavenly gods would make ready to cut short with his lightnings the terrible life of that cruel

Mentefque noſtras ignibus tenet ſcruis, 230
 Novifque monſtris¹ vidimus cœlo jubai
 Ardens, cometam pandere infeſtam facem,
 Qua plauſtia tardus noctis æterna vice
 Regit Bootes, frigido Arctoo rigens
 En ipſe duo ſpūitu ſævi ducis 235
 Pollutum ætheri, gentibus clades novas
 Minantur aſtia, quas regit dux impius
 Non tam ferum Typhona neglecto Jove
 Iata tellus edidit quondam parens
 Hæc gravior illo peſtis hic hoſtis Deūm 240
 Hominumque, templis expulit ſuperos ſuis,
 Civeſque patria, ſpūitum ſiatri abſtulit,
 Hauſit ciuorem matris, & lucem videt²
 Fruiſuique vitæ, noviamque animam trahit³
 Prô, ſumme genitor, tela cur fruſtra jactis 245
 Inviſta toties temere iegalī manu⁴
 In tam nocentem dextera cui ceſſat tua⁵
 Utinam ſuorum facinorum pœnas luat
 Nero, ipſe Divo Domitio genitus patre,
 Oibis tyiannus, quem premit tuſpi jugo, 250
 Morumque vitis nomen Auguſtum inquinat
 NVIR Indignus ille (ſateor) eſt thalamis tuis,
 Sed cede fatiſ atque fortunæ tuæ,
 Alumna, quæſo, neve violenti move
 Iram mariti ſoiſitan vindex Deus
 Exiſtei aliquis, lætus & veniet dies
 OCT GIAMI Deorum noſtra jam pridem domus
 Uigetur ut pūmū quā preſſit Venus,
 Furore miſeræ dūa genitricis mee
 Quæ nupta demens nupſit inceſtra face, 260
 Oblita noſtri, conjugis, legum immemori
 Illo ſoluta crine, ſuccincta anguibuſ,
 Ultriſ Erinnyſ venit ad Stygiuſ toroſ,
 Raptasque thalamis ſanguine exſtinxit faceſ
 Incendit ira Principiſ pectus truci 265
 Cædem in nefandam cecidit inſelīx parens

emperor—that deity, who so often shakes the earth with his frightful thunderbolts and terrifies our very souls with his awful igneous displays and novel wonders (fresh prodigies) But I have witnessed of late a blazing phenomenal splendor in the heavens, a comet that has exposed to my view its ominous fiery torch, (tail) just where slow-moving Bootes, stiff as it were with the Arctic cold, drives his wagon at each turn of the night continually, behold, the very atmosphere seems polluted with the horrible breath of that cruel ruler The angry stars actually seem to be threatening the people with some fresh disasters, whom that impious potentate holds in domi-

nation Not so bad was it even when the indignant earth formerly became a parent and brought forth a ferocious Iphæus when Jupiter was not so much looked up to as he is now—this present monster is worse than any Iphæus ever was for he is in addition the vowed enemy of the gods and of mankind alike for he has expelled all the deities from their temples—he has driven away the citizens from their native land and robbed my brother of his life—he has drawn the life blood of his own mother—and is he not still allowed to behold the light of heaven? and moreover does he not seem to enjoy his vile existence and drag on his noxious life? Alas! Oh! thou supreme father of all why dost thou invincible as thou art hurl thy lightnings oftentimes so harmlessly from thy regal hand? Why does thy hand hesitate to hurl them with efficacy upon one so guilty as is Nero—I wish that Nero could be made to pay the just penalty of his crimes—he (an adopted son of Dion Domitius his adopting father) is the very tyrant of the universe which he takes care to oppress with an ignominious yoke! he fairly contuminate and compromises the very name of Augustus with his vicious tendencies and confirmed immoralities!

EUR He is altogether unworthy I am free to confess of being married to a woman like thee but is it not better dost thou not think to bow to the fates (the inevitable) and to go on hoping for some favorable change on the part of fortune (chapter of events) My nurse child I beseech thee to ponder over all this and take it to heart and never excite the anger of thy violent husband perhaps some avenging deity may crop up (exist) who will come to thy aid, and may that auspicious day arrive!

OCT Already our dynasty is under the ban of oppression through the severe anger of the Gods—first when cruel Venus stepped in and impregnated my wretched mother with those lustful desires who ignoring us her children (in a state of sexual madness nymphomania) and though already married contracted with Silius (a sham marriage) the husband she had already in the slightest degree as to proceeding With her hideous locks hanging loosely duly surrounded with their serpents that avenging Erinys was present at this veritably Stygian marriage ceremony and only extinguished the nuptial torches to be seized upon for the purpose of future blood shedding! For it inflamed

(Heu) nostra ferro meque perpetuo obiiit
 Extincta luctu conjugem traxit suum,
 Natumque ad umbras, prodidit lapsam domum
 NUR Renovare luctus parce cum fletu pios, 270
 Manes parentis neve sollicita tuæ,
 Graves fuoris quæ sui pœnas dedit

CHORUS

Poppææ nuptias detestatur Chorus Octaviæ favens degenerum,
 lentum nimis & seivilem Romanorum arguit patientiam
 & in sceleta Neionis invehitui

QUÆ fama modo venit ad aures,
 Utinam falso creditur, perdat
 Frustra toties jactatur fidem! 275
 Nec nova nostri conjux thalamos
 Principis intiet tenerque suos
 Nupta penates Claudia proles
 Edat partu pignora pacis,
 Qua tranquillus gaudet orbis, 280
 Servetque decus Roma æternum
 Fratris thalamos fortita tenet
 Maxima Juno sorori Augusti
 Sociata toris, cui a patris
 Pellitur aula? sancta quid illi
 Prodest pietas, Divusque pater?
 Quid virginitas, castusque pudor?
 Nos quoque nostri sumus immemores
 Post fata ducis, cuius prodimus
 Stirpem sævo surdente metu 290
 Vera priorum virtus quondam
 Romana fuit, verumque genus
 Martis in illis sanguisque viuis
 Illi reges hac expulerunt
 Urbe superbos, ultique tuos 295
 Sunt bene manes, virgo, dentur
 Cæsa parentis, ne servitium
 Paterere grave, aut improba ferret
 Præmia victorū dira libido

the outraged breast of the Emperor, with such murderous wrath, as to culminate in the cruel slaughter of my mother, and thus my unfortunate parent sell a victim to the sword, and her death has overwhelmed me with never-ending grief! As the consequence of all this, she has dragged in her train, her husband and her son, to the shades below! And has handed over our dynasty to its downfall!

ΝΗΚ Do refrain from a renewal of thy grief and of those tears which I know thou only sheddest out of affection for the Muses of thy parent who has undergone a heavy punishment for her mad conduct!

CHORUS

The Chorus being in favor of OCTAVIA looks with detestation upon the marriage of IOPPAA and condemns

WHAT report is this that has just reached our ears—we wish that if such a story be wrongfully believed although it may have been so industriously canvassed abroad and in such a purposeless manner that it may not meet with any future credence—let not a fresh wife usurp the marriage bed of our empress! let the wife sprung from the loins of Claudius still reign supreme over her own household gods! And may she ~~happy~~ happy child birth bring forth those guarantees of peace which the tranquil universe will hail with joy and let Rome preserve its everlasting glory (among nations) The mighty Juno has drawn a prize in the lottery of fortune and now shares the couch of her husband and brother in absolute security and why should not the sister of Augustus (that now is) having reconciled her matrimonial feud do the same thing! Why is she to be driven away from her paternal palace If that is the case what does her devoted piety (moral observances) profit her? What good has the having possessed Divus for a father done for her? What good has her virginity done her? And what earthly use has her chaste modesty been to her? But we are all forgetful of what we once were since the death of our emperor whose race we are inclined to ignore in a manner owing to our fear of that Tyrant Nero! Once upon a time there did exist the Roman type of bravery amongst our ancestors and the genuine progeny of Mars and the true racial blood flowed in the veins of the men of bygone days! They drove out without the smallest hesitation haughty insufferable kings from their cities! And they nobly avenged thy manes oh! Virgin thou! (VIRGINIA) who wast slain by the hands of a parent lest thou shouldst undergo an odious slavery or that cruel lust should carry off victoriously its wicked prize! Sad war too followed on after

Te quoque bellum triste secutura est	300
Mactata tua miseranda manu	
Nata Lucretii stuprum sevi	
Passa tyranni dedit infandi	
Sceleris poenis cum Iurpurno	
Iulia conjux quæ per cæsi	305
Membra parentis favos egit	
Impia cuius, hæc quoque seni	
Violenta rogos nata negavit	
Hoc quoque nostra videre nefas	
Secula, magnum cum Tyrhenum	310
Rate ferali Princeps captam	
Irude parentem misit in aquor	
Properant phicidos linquere portus	
Iussi nauta,	
Resonant remis pulsata sicca	315
Feitur in altum provecta ratis	
Quæ resoluta robore libens	
Pressa delibescit, forbetque mare	
Tollitur ingens	
Clamor ad astra cum semineo	320
Mixtus plinctu mors ante oculos	
Dura vagatur querit leti	
Sibi quisque fugam	
Alii licetæ puppis tribulis	
Hærent nudi fluctusque secant	
Repetunt alii litora nantes	
Multos mergunt fatis profundo	
Scindit vestes Augusta furas,	
Laceratque comis rigit & mæstis	
Fletibus ora	330
Postquam spes est nulla salutis,	
Ardens ira, jam victa malis,	
Hæc, exclamat, mihi pro tanto	
Munere reddis præmia nate?	
Hac sum, fateor, digna carina,	335
Quæ te genui, quæ tui lucem	
Atque imperium nomenque dedi	
Cæsaris imens exsere vultus	
Acheronte tuos, poenisque meis	
Pascere, conjux ego causa tuæ,	340
Miserande, necis, natoque tuo	
Funeris auctor	
En, ut merui, setai ad mænes	
Inhumata tuos,	
Obruta sævis æquoris undis	345
Ferunt fluctus ora loquentis	
Ruit in pelagus, rursusque salo	
Pressa resurgit pellit palmis	
Cogente metu fata, & cedit	
Fessa labori mansit tacitis	
In pectoribus spietur tisti	350

thee oh! thou daughter of Lucretius so much to be pitied who was sacrificed by thine own hand after having been ravished by a cruel tyrant (Sextus Tarquinius) At the hands of our outraged ancestors Iulia the wife of Tarquinius was punished for her cruel crimes—she who wickedly drove her cruel chariot over the body of her murdered father and who although a daughter denied the accustomed funeral pile to the mutilated remains of the old man! Our own time even has witnessed an abominable crime, when the emperor treacherously lying upon the person of his parent had her conveyed in a Stygian Craft (that is one meant for the purpose of destruction) across the Tyrrhenian Sea the sailors receiving their orders hastened to leave their tranquil harbours and the waves soon resounded with the plish of their oars and the craft shoving off was quickly borne upon the sea and which from the force of the waves soon springs a tremendous leak letting in the sea the hull giving way on account of the looseness of its timbers and it ships a heavy sea! A great shout thereupon is raised towards the sky mixed with female cries and cruel death a variety of shapes is now wandering before their eyes each seeks to escape from a watery grave some in of nudity clung to the planks of the shattered craft and with their aid ply the waves successfully—others reach the shore by swimming—many are immersed and hurry to their fate into a deep sea! Augusta (Agrippina) rends her garments tears her hair and deluges her face with her sad tears—after a little There is no prospect of safety and burning with inward rage and although furly overpowered by the disaster she exclaims Oh! my son is this the reward for the benefits I have lavished on thee? I am indeed worthy of having been caused to embark in such a craft, who have brought thee into the world and who have given thee thy very life and in my motherly weakness have handed over to thee the proud name and empire of the Cæsars! Oh! my husband show thy face from out of the Acheron and *ferst thy eyes on the punishment I am now under going*—I oh! thou to be pitied one was the cause of thy death and the instigatrix of the death of thy son (Britannicus) also! Behold! as I have richly deserved let me unburied be borne off to join thy manes—let me be overwhelmed by the cruel waves of the sea (at this moment the waves strike her she plunges into the sea surface and impelled by her hands but being soon tired out gives up the struggle—But a great devil of loyalty lurked in the silent hearts

Jam morte fides multi domine
 Ferre auxilium pelago fractis
 Virescent audent brachia quatuor
 I contra trahentem, voce hortantur 355
 Mambusque levint quid tibi servi
 Fugisse minus profuit undis
 Fero es nati monitum tuum
 Cujus facinus vix posteritas,
 Tarde semper credula, credet 360
 Furit, ceptum pelagoque dolet
 Vivere matrem
 Impius ingens geminatque nefas
 Ruit in miserum patri parentis
 Patiturque moram sceleris nullam 365
 Missus peragit iussa satellites,
 Refert dominæ peccata sero
 Cædis moriens illa ministerium
 Rogat infelix, utero dirum
 Condat ut unum 370
 Ille est, hic est fodiendus, ut
 Fero, monstrum qui tale tulit
 Post hanc vocem cum supremo
 Mixtum gemitu
 Animum tandem per seira tristem 375
 Vulnera reddat

ACTUS SECUNDUS

SENECA

Philosophus sæculi sui vitæ detestatus, præter ævi simplici-
 tatem laudat utque omnia in dies in deteriora
 iuerint commemorat

QUID me, potens Fortuna fallaci mihi
 Blandita vultu, forte contentum mea
 Arte extulisti, gravius ut iuerem edita
 Receptus aice, totque prospicerem metus?
 Melius latebam procul ab invidiæ malis
 Remotus inter Corsici rupes maris
 Ubi liberi anirus, & sui iuris, mihi
 Semper vacabat, studia recolenti mea

380

of the sturdy Roman sailors, this awful death being
 looked upon by them, at last, with excessive disgust
 Many of the crew venture to render aid to their former
 empress, when they see that her strength is breaking

down and although they assist her with their hands as she is feebly struggling with her own arms and encourage her with kind words of sympathy they remark What does it avail thee thus to have escaped the waves thou art doomed to die by the sword of thy son to which crime distant posterity although credulous as a rule will scarcely lend their belief —He rages (Nero) and is angry that his mother has been rescued from the waves and is still alive he then perpetrates a monstrous double crime! He madly rushes to effect the murder of his mother and suffers no delay in the fulfilment of the crime one of his followers is told off and carries out his orders to the full this fellow lays open with his sword the breast of Agrippina and whilst she is dying this unhappy mother with her last breath asks the perpetrator of her murder to bury the cruel weapon into her very womb This is the place she says this is the spot that must be pierced with thy sword the place which gave birth to that monster of a son! After these words intermingled with much groaning she surrendered her sad life finally brought about by those cruel wounds!

ACT II

SENeca

THE philosopher despises the vices of his times praises the simplicity of his former life and gives it as his opinion that all things are tending in a direction for the worse

WHY oh powerful fortune who hast been so alluring to me with deceptive outside show hast thou summoned me from my former position with which I was supremely contented? Is it that from my being raised so high I should fall all the more heavily or that I might have a fuller prospect from my elevated post of the many dangers I might see around me? I was much better off when I was hidden away at a distance remote from the perils of envy amongst the rocky coasts of the Corsican sea where my inclinations were unfettered and where I felt that I was my own master and where in ample margin was afforded me for the following up of my favorite pursuits Oh! how it used to delight me to look at the glorious sun than which our first parent nature the artificer of that immense work has produced

O quam juvabat (quo nihil magis precor Natura genuit, operis immensi arte.)	355
Cœlum intueri, Solis & cursu sacros Mundique motus Solis alternæ vires Orbemque Phœbes astræ quem cingunt vapores Lateque fulgens ætheris magni decus	360
Qui si senesceat tantus in ætæum chaos Cassius iterum, nunc adest mundo dies Supremus ille qui premat genus impium Cœli ruinæ, rursus ut stirpem novam Geneat renascens melior ut quondam tulit	375
Juvenis, tenente regnæ Saturno poli Tunc illa virgo numinis magni Dæa, Iustitiam, cœlo missa cum sancta fide Terras regebat mitis humanum genus Non bella norat non tube fremitus truces	390
Non arma gentes, cingere assuerant furas Munis nec urbes pervium cunctis iter Communis usus omnium rerum fuit Et ipsa tellus læta sacundos sinus, Pandeat ultro iam prius felix parens	405
Et tuta alumnis alia sed soboles minus Conspecta mitis tertium sollers genus Novas ad artes exstuit, sanctum tamen Mox inquietum, quod sequi cursu sacras Auderet acres, fluctibus tectos graves Extrahere pisces rete, vel calamo levi Decipere volucres premere subiectos iugo Tauros feroces, vulnere immuncm prius Sulcare terram læsa quæ fruges furas Internus alte condidit sacro sinu	415
Sed in parentis viscera intravit furæ Deterior ætis, eruit ferrum grave, Aurumque, sacras mox & amavit manus, Partita fines regnæ constituit, novas Exstruxit urbes, tecta defendit suis	420
Aliena telis, aut petuit prædæ imminens	

nothing grander, and the awe-inspiring courses traced out by that solar luminary, to contemplate the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, and the alternate tracks of the sun (indicating day and night) and the planet Phœbe, that orb which the wandering stars surround, and far and wide, the resplendent ornament of the firmament. Now, verily the world has arrived at its last day, which, if not so, and it lives to be older, so much so as again to lapse into the condition of indescribable chaos, when the crash of the fallen heavens will overwhelm impious mankind, so that it may for the second time, create a new race, and the one, that is to be born again, to be an improve

ment upon the present one—as it was indeed at its earlier periods, when Saturn held the dominion of the skies (the golden age). Then it was the Virgin Justitia (Astræa) that goddess of suit—her lot a position amongst the deities commiss—sacred trust ruled the earth—had never known what wars were nor had they ever heard the battle inspiring blasts of the shrill war trumpet! and the people of those days were unacquainted with the weapons used in battle—they did not surround their cities with walls—the land was one grand highway open to all, and the enjoyment of all things was within the reach of and common to every one—and the smiling earth freely disclosed its fruitful bosom and this Parent was happy in having the prote—Another age (the silver—of mankind was considered—rizen age) produced a skilled progeny—one that applied itself to no—n on—but yet was quite observant of the sacredness

the yoke—to plough the earth before—of the ploughshare which however when thus torn up was found to hide away its productiveness much deeper down in the bosom of its sacred interior (sacred because it had never been intruded upon). But this discontented age penetrated into the very bowels of its parent and out of it soon showing themselves came the dreadful sword (iron) and gold (that incentive to crime) and very soon mankind carried weapons of destruction, in their cruel hands! They parcelled out kingdoms and defined the limits of territorial holdings, and built new cities—some times they defended the homesteads of others used those weapons threateningly with plunder only for their object! Astræa the bright ornament of the starry firmament finding herself no longer held in respect or veneration fled the earth and avoided their savage ways and looked with abhorrence at the hands of mankind stained with the blood, which flowed from their savage slaughters—and the thirst for gold likewise—and then came into view the greatest evil of all and spread throughout the world—Luxury that in dious curse of mankind the long continued indulgence in—r from the lines over mankind

Neglecta terras fugit & mores ferro
 Hominum cruenta cede polluta manu
 Astra virgo, siderum mirum decus
 Cupido belli crevit atque turis fove 415
 Totum per orbem maximum exitum est molum
 Luxuria, pestis blanda cui vire dedit
 Roburque longum tempus atque erior gravis
 Collecta vitæ per tot ætates diu
 In nos redundant seculo premimur gravi 430
 Quo scelera regunt levit impietas furens,
 Tempus libido Venere dominatur potens
 Luxuria victis orbis immensas opes
 Jam pridem avulsis manibus ut perdit rapit
 Sed ecce gressu scitur attonito Nero 435
 Trucique vultu quid sciat mente homico

NERO PRÆCILIUS, SENECA

Incassum monet suum Neionem philosophus, qui tyrannicus
 institutis pertinaciter insistit proximumque diem
 nuptus cum Poppea destinat 5

P RÆCIE imperatæ mitte qui Plauti mihi
 Sullæque cæsi referat abscissum caput
 PRÆCIE Jussa haud morabor castra confestim petam
 SEN Nihil in propinquos temere constitui deest
 NERO Justo esse fragile est, cui vixit pæcis metu
 SEN Magnum timoris remedium clementia est
 NERO Exstinguere hostem, maxima est virtus ducis
 SEN Seivæ cives major est patris patri
 NERO Præcipue mitem convenit pueris senem
 SEN Regenda magis est seivida adolescentia
 NERO Ætate in hac satis esse consilii reor
 SEN Ut facta superi comprobent semper tur
 NERO Stulte verebor, ipse cum faciam Deos

aggregate vices accumulating throughout so many ages,
 have been very abundantly shown amongst us for a long
 time now—we are oppressed by very distressing times—
 an age, in which crime seems to rule paramount, and
 rampant wickedness seems to take cruelty as its guide
 whilst irrepressible debauchery is presided over by that
 salacious Goddess, Venus! Luxury, that successful con-
 queror, some while since, has grasped, with its greedy
 hands, the immense resources of the world (riches) so that
 they may be only squanderingly got rid of! But, behold
 Nero is approaching with a step suggestive of something
 out of the usual way, by his truculent look—I quite shudder
 in my very soul, as to what is uppermost in his mind

NERO—PREFECT—SENÉCA

The philosopher warns his patron Nero to no purpose
 who pertinaciously (on carrying out his tyrannical
 plans and appoint next day for his marriage
 with Poppea

10 NERO

CARRY my orders out exactly despatch some one
 who will bring me as soon as they have been cut
 off the heads of Plautus and Sulla

PREF I will not delay the execution of thy commands
 I will forthwith repair to the camp

SEN It is wiser for thee to determine nothing rashly
 especially towards friends and those allied to thy cause

NERO It is easy to preach that doctrine to a man who
 self is credited with justice and does not suspect
 hers about whom in short his mind is free from
 apprehension

SEN Clemency is the most powerful remedy in
 counteracting any danger arising from others

NERO To stamp out an enemy is the highest triumph
 an Emperor could wish for

SEN To look to the welfare of the citizens constitutes
 he greatest virtue in the father of a country

NEPO It is quite in keeping that an old man should
 be mild when he is laying down precepts for youngsters

SEN The ardor of the adult youth on the other hand
 quires more governing than that of mere boyhood

1
 NEPO I think that at my age my own will is all that
 necessary

SEN So long as the Gods above may always approve
 of thy acts

NERO It would be in a very silly superstitious way
 that I should fear the Gods when I am about to do
 anything!

SEN Hoc plus verec, quod licet tantum tibi 450
 NERO Fortuna nostra cuncta permittit mihi
 SEN Ciede obsequenti parcus levis est Dea
 NERO Inertis est, nescire quid liceat sibi
 SEN Id facere, laus est, quod decet, non, quod licet
 NERO Calcat jacentem vulgus si vis Invisum opprimit 455
 NERO Ferum tuetur Principem si vis Melius fides
 NERO Decet timei Cæsarem SEN At plus diligere
 NERO Metuant necesse est SEN Quidquid exprimitur, grave est
 NERO Jussisque nostris paucant si vis Justa impera
 NERO Statuam ipse SEN Quæ consensus efficiat rata 460
 NERO Despectus ensis faciet SEN Hoc absit nefas
 NERO An patiar ultia, sanguinem nostrum peti
 Invisus, & contemptus ut subito opprimar?
 Exsilia non siegere fummos procul
 Plautum atque Sullam, peritiam quorum furor 465
 Armat ministros scelestis in cædem meam
 Absentium cum maneat etiam ingens favor
 In urbe nostra, qui fovet spes exsulum,
 Tollantur hostes ense suspecti mihi
 Invisa conjux pereat, & carum sibi 470
 Fratrem sequatur quidquid excelsum est, cadat
 SEN Pulchrum emineat est inter illustres viros,
 Consulere patriæ, parcere afflictis, fera

SEN Fear all the more, as to what would be considered
 right for thee to do

NERO My good fortune (position) permits all things I
 may wish to do

SEN Be careful, as to the confidence, thou reposest in
 that fickle deity, Fortune, she is a very frivolous Goddess!

NERO He must be a dullard indeed, who does not
 know, what to permit himself to do

SEN It is a praiseworthy thing to do what is right,
 but the reverse, when it is not so

NERO The common herd of mankind are inclined to
 spurn a man who is kind, gentle, and of whom they can
 take advantage

SEN They will seek to punish, though, one that is an
 object of hatred to them

NERO The sword is the protection of an Emperor

SEN But it is a safer kind of protection that he should
 be beloved

NERO It is proper that they should fear a Cæsar

SEN But it is better that a Cæsar should be loved

NERO But it is also indispensable that they should fear

SEN Whatever is extorted from a man is sometimes an irksome gain to him who obtains a thing by such means

NERO But they must obey my commands

SEN That is all the greater reason that thy commands should be tempered with justice

NERO I shall myself always determine (what is and what is not to be done)

SEN But which it is to be presumed will obtain a favorable reception from thy subjects

NERO The drawn sword the employment of which ~~some~~ ^{some} act to despise will do all that

SEN I pray thee may such wickedness be absent from everything thou mayest ever do

NERO Shall I suffer anything more than that as an unrevenged emperor? that my very blood should be regarded with contempt and that I should be fallen upon unawares Simple exile I perceive has not subdued the turbulent natures of Plautus and Sulla though they have been removed to a long distance off—they whose persistent madness is now arming the willing instruments of crime (assassins) with the view to my destruction! Considering also that a large amount of sympathy towards the conspirators whom I have exiled still prevails amongst the people in this city and who no doubt would further the aspirations of those exiles by every means in their power—my enemies therefore and those I suspect to be such must be removed by the sword—that odious wife of mine must perish—she must follow that darling brother of hers, in short whatever else is of lofty rank (and derives prestige from it) must fall!

SEN Oh! it is an admirable thing to shine conspicuously amongst the illustrious men of the land to consult the welfare of one's country, to spare those that are afflicted

Cæde abstinere, tempus atque iræ dare Oibi quietem, seculo pacem suo	475
Hæc summa virtus petitur hac cælum via Sic ille patriæ primus Augustus parens Complexus æstra est, colitur & templis Deus Illum tramen Fortuna præcipit diu	
Terra marique per graves belli vices, Hostes prius donec oppressit sui	480
Tibi numen incuentæ summittit suum, Et dedit habens imperii facili manu, Nutuque, teras, maria, subiecit tuo Invidia tuis victæ consensu pio	485
Cessit senatus equitis accensus favor Plebisque votis, atque iudicium Patrum est Tu pacis victor, generis humani arbiter Electus, orbem tu sacra specie regis	
Patriæ parens quod nomen, ut seives, petit, Suosque cives Romæ commendat tibi	490
NERO Munus Deorum est, ipsa quod servit mihi Roma, & Senatus, quodque ab invitis preces, Humilesque voces exprimit nostri metus Servare cives Principe & patriæ graves	495
Claro tumentes genere, quæ dementia est, Cum liceat una voce suspectos sibi Mori jubere? Brutus in cædem ducis, A quo salutem tulerat, amavit manus	
Invictus acie, gentium domitor, Jovi Æquatus altis sæpe per honorum gradus, Cæsar nefando civium scelere occidit Quantum civis Roma tunc vidit sui, Lacerata toties! ille, qui meruit pia	500
Virtute cælum, Divus Augustus, viros Quot interemit nobiles, juvenes, senes, Sparsos per orbem, cum suos mortis metu	505

to abstain from cruel slaughter, to control one's anger (to give time for it to cool down), to secure tranquillity for the world, peace to the age in which we live—this is the highest form of virtue, and by such a road is heaven only to be arrived at. It was in such a way, that the first Augustus (Octavius), the great parent of his country, was enabled to reach the stars, and he is worshipped now as a very god in the temples. Fortune, however, tossed him about both by sea and land, through many trying vicissitudes of war, as long as ever he contended against the enemies of his father, (Julius Cæsar, who adopted Octavius). But the goddess, Fortune, without any shedding of blood, has showered her favors upon thee, has given thee government of a mighty empire, that thou mightst rule it without any difficulty, and has

subjected the Earth and the Sea to thy very nod! Contemtable envy has stepped aside abased and overpowered by the devoted acclamations which have been poured forth—the enthusiastic support of the Senate and the equestrian order has been accorded thee and it is by the unanimous vote of the people ratified by the decrees of the senators that thou hast been chosen as the fountainhead of peace and the chief ruler of the human race, thou as a parent to thy country governest the world in thy quasi-divine person—Rome expects thee to cherish this honoured reputation and thus freely hands over her citizens to thy safe keeping.

NEPO It is a gift of the Gods no doubt that Rome and the Senate should be subservient to my authority forasmuch as it is only the fear they entertain of me which draws from their reluctant lips those cringing supplications and the low-toned fawning voices which mask all this affected humility. But that the factious citizens conspirators against their country and my person as Emperor, puffed up with pride about their illustrious descent should pretend to serve me willingly! What downright madness it would be to entertain such a notion! But at the same time it is competent for me as Emperor with one word to condemn any one that I might suspect of criminal design to immediate death! Brutus armed his hands for the slaughter of his generosissimo (Julius Cæsar) from whom he had received every marked friendship and support. And that great Cæsar who had never been vanquished in battle the conqueror of so many nations oftentimes was regarded as the equal of Jupiter himself judging from the elevated pinnacle to which his honors had raised him in the eyes of the people (Jupiter ruled all things in heaven Cæsar all things on earth) fell by the crimes of the citizens! How much blood did Rome torn by the intestine factions of its citizens see shed by such internecine slaughter! Divus Augustus who won his way to Heaven by those praiseworthy deeds of valor of his how many nobles young men and old men had he slain scattered as they were over the world when they deserted their very homesteads with the fear of death staring them in the face and fled from the sword of the triumvir shuddering as they cast their eyes at the proscription tables which registered the names of those that were doomed to death! and the grieving senators saw the heads of the slain exposed for inspection in their very Rostra (a place in the Senate Rostrum) nor was it allowable for any one to weep for the loss of those who had belonged to them

Fugerent penites, & trium ferrum ducum, Tabula notante deditos tristi neci?	
Exposita nostris capita cresorum paties	510
Videre moesti flete nec licuit suos, Non gemere, dira tabe polluto foro, Stillante sanie per putres vultus gravi Nec finis heic cruoris aut credis stetit	
Pavere volucres & feras sævas diu	515
Tristes Philippi hausit & Siculum mare Classes, virosque sæpe cedentes suis Concussus orbis viribus Magnus ducum Superatus acie, puppibus Nilum petit	
Fugæ paratis, ipse periturus brevi	520
Hausit cruorem incesta Romani ducis Ægyptus iterum, nunc leves umbras tegit Illic sepultum est impie gestum diu Civile bellum condidit tandem suos	
Jam fessus enses victori, hebetatos feris	525
Vulneribus, & continuit imperium metu Armis, fideque militis tutus fuit Pietate nati factus eximia Deus, Post fata consecratus, & templis datus	
Nos quoque manebunt astra, si sevo prior	530
Ense occuparo, quidquid infestum est mihi, Dignaue nostrum sobole fundaro domum SEN Implebit aulam stupe cœlesti tuam Generata Divo, Cludæ gentis decus,	
Sortita fratris, more Junonis, toros	535
NERO Incesta genitrix detrahit generi fidem, Animusque nunquam conjugis junctus mihi SEN Tenebris in annis haud satis clara est fides, Pudore victus cum tegit flammæ amor	
NERO Hoc equidem & ipse credidi fustia diu	540
Manifesta quamvis pectore insociabili, Vultuque signa prodeient odium mei Tandem quod audens statuit ulcisci dolor Dignamque thalamis conjugem inveni meis	
Genere atque forma, victæ cui cedat Venus,	545
Jovisque conjux, & feror armis Dea	

nor to sigh even, when the forum became positively infectious, through that dreadful slaughter, the sanious filthy discharges still dripping from their decomposing faces, nor did this blood-and-slaughter business stop here, by any means—the cruel birds of prey, and wild animals feasted for many a day on the mortal remains which lay exposed (unburied) on the plains of Philippi, and the Sicilian sea drew their ships into its watery gulf, and the crews, which had been woisted in this fratricidal fray, by men of their own blood, and the bulk of the people, were fairly shattered by the warlike persistency of the

combatants! But Antony being worsted in a battle was obliged to make for the Nile in the ships already prepared for flight—he himself being doomed to perish shortly after—and thus incestuous Egypt (on account of the marriage of Cleopatra with her brother Ptolemy) again unbled the blood of a Roman general and now it covers up his insignificant remains! Then indeed was the civil war which lasted so long brought to an end and then at last the tired conqueror sheathed his truculent sword absolutely rendered blunt by the many terrible blows it had inflicted and he continued to rule but it was through the fear he had inspired! He was safe then with his armament and the fidelity of his soldiers—Here then was that Deity who was made great by the devoted services of a son (Liberius) canonized after death and handed down for adoration in the temples. And in a similar manner the stars will hold good for my reception if I am prompt with the stern sword and employ it against everything that is hostile to my interest and I myself shall have laid the foundation stone of a future dynasty for some off spring equally worthy!

SEN. That glorious ornament of the race of Claudius will ~~not~~ live to fill the palace with the celestial stock descended from a Divus (by Octavia is here meant) after the example set by Juno having the nuptial bed of her brother (having buried past differences)

SEIO. An incestuous mother-in-law. Me salina is rather apt to shake confidence out of a son-in-law and what is more the disposition of this wife of mine has never harmonized with my own.

SEN. During the tender years of a young woman's life her confiding love is not sufficiently shown she is then so much under the dominion of bashfulness that she conceals from observation the amorous fires which lurk beneath that shyness.

SEIO. Indeed! I have clung to that notion in vain for a long time too! and altogether it is self-evident to me from her unsocial tone and manner the symptoms of absolute hatred towards me are obvious enough in her very look—so much so that my burning indignation has determined me to take my revenge and with that end I have found a wife worthy of my marriage bed both as regards her birth and her unequalled beauty a woman to whom Venus herself would yield the palm or even the wife of Jupiter or that other goddess so fierce in battle (Minerva)

- SEN Probitas, fidesque conjugis, mores, pudor,
 Placeant marito sola perpetuo manent
 Subjecta nulli, mentis atque animi bona
 Florem decous singuli carpunt dies 550
- NERO Omnes in unam contulit laudes Deus,
 Talemque nasci sati voluerunt mihi
- SEN Recedat a te, temere ne credas, amor
 NERO Quem submovere fulminis dominus nequit,
 Cœli tyannum, sæva qui penetat fœta, 555
 Ditisque regna, detrahit Superos polo
- SEN Voluciem esse Amorem fingit immitem Deum
 Mortalis erior, armat & telis manus,
 Arcusque sacros miscuit sæva face,
 Genitumque credit Venere, Vulcano sctum 560
 Vis magna mentis, blandus atque animi calor
 Amor est, juveni gignitur, luxu, otio
 Nutritui inter læta Fortunæ bona
 Quem si fovere atque alere desistas, credit,
 Brevisque vires perdit extinctus suas 565
- NERO Hanc esse vitæ maximam causam reor,
 Per quam voluptas oritur interitu caret,
 Cum procieetui semper humanum genus
 Amore grato, qui truces mulcet fœdas
 Hic mihi jugules præferat tædas Deus,
 Jugetque nostris igne Poppæam toris
- SEN Vix sustinere posset hos thalamos dolor
 Videre populi sancti nec pietas sinat!
- NERO Prohibebor unus fricere, quod cunctis licet
- SEN Majori populus semper a summo exigit 575
- NERO Libet experiri, viribus fractus meis
 An cedat animis temere conceptus favor
 SLA Obsequere potius civibus placidus tuis

SEN Probity, faithfulness in a wife, strict morality, and modest reserve should be, what ought to please a husband—those lasting advantages of mind, and heart, second to none in importance, are those and those only which continue permanent, and as long as life lasts, but thou oughtest to know that each day steals away a portion of the beauty of every flower

NERO A kind deity has moulded all these gifts in one individual, Poppæa, thou perceivest that the kind Fates have actually willed that such a one (impeisonating all these qualifications) should have been born expressly for me

SEN Let all thoughts of love be banished from the mind at once, lest in some rash foolish moment, thou mightest believe all this sort of thing to be a downright reality!

NERO Dost thou mean that little deity whom the God of Lightning and the grand ruler of the heavens, is unable to drive away from himself who penetrates the recesses of the angry sea the kingdom of Pluto and draws down from their celestial abodes the very Gods above?

SEN It is a mistake we mortals commit when we picture the winged god Cupid as a cruel deity we arm his hands with arrows and add to them the fatal bow and the cruel torch and delude ourselves that he was born from Venus and sprung from the loins of Vulcan—the fact is Love is a potent force springing from the imagination and an insinuating passion which rises up in the human breast it begins to show itself in youth and is kept alive by luxurious surroundings want of occupation amid the alluring advantages held out by fortune the which if thou failest to cherish and pamper soon languishes and being thus deprived of what preserves its existence loses its influence in a short time!

will RO I am of opinion that this passion is the principal subject in life by whose influence pleasure accrues to votaries for as much too as the human race will always continue to be reproduced by this agreeable means (Love) it is that likewise which has the power of mollifying the fierceness of the wild beasts At all events this little deity shall lead the way with his marriage torches and shall yoke Poppa to my nuptial couch with his seductive fires!

SEN The indignation of the populace will scarcely tolerate being the witnesses of this marriage nor will the solemn ordinances of piety sanction it

NERO Shall I be the only one to be prevented from divorcing a wife a privilege which is allowed to every one

SEN The people exact higher and nobler observances from him who is the acknowledged head over all men

NERO It will please me to try and moreover whether that foolish partiality for Octavia which has crept into the noddles of the Romans shall not give way when it is beaten out of them by my weight and authority

SEN *Rather comply placidly with the wishes of the citizens*

NERO Male imperatur, cum regit vulgus duces
 SEN Nil impetrare cum valet, iuste dolet 580
 NERO Expressere jus est, ferre quod nequeunt preces
 SEN Negare durum est NERO Principem cogi nefas
 SEN Remittat ipse NERO Fama sed victum feret
 SEN Levis atque vana NERO Si licet, multos notat
 SEN Excelsa metuit NERO Non minus carpit tamen 585
 SEN Facile opprimetur merita te Divi patris,
 Ætasque frangat conjugis, probitas, pudor
 NERO Desiste tandem, jam gravis nimium mihi,
 Instare, liceat facere, quod Seneca improbat
 Et ipse populi votam jam pridem moror, 590
 Cum portet utero pignus, & partem mei
 Quin destinamus proximam thalamis diem?

ACTUS TERTIUS

565

AGRIPPINA

Ab inferis prodit Agrippina, diæ auspex fides exitiæ
 nuptus Poppææ & Neronis, cujus mortere præd-

TELLURE iupta Tartaro gressum extuli,
 Stygiam cipient præferens dextra facem
 Thalamis scelestis nubat his flammis meo

595

NERO It must be, indeed, a sorry departure from the methods of governing, when the vulgar herd dictate terms to an emperor

SEN That man only has a right to complain, who can obtain nothing whatever, that he seeks, to be granted him

NERO It is quite right then, to enforce a thing to be granted, which solicitations fail to obtain?

SEN It is hard to have to deny anything to a suppliant

NERO But it is a crime, I should think, to attempt, even to coerce an emperor

SEN But that emperor should relax his desires some times

NERO But then the report would get about—Oh! we have brought the emperor to his senses thou seest! (that the emperor was beaten)

SEN Such a report as that would be silly and exercise no effect on any one

NERO But it might be that such a notion would strike the minds of many

SEN As a rule, the public approach matters above their own level with some degree of diffidence

NERO *They might not censure the less however*

cupa
tune theⁿ it that could easily be put down Will not the soon languish if thy wife her probity her modesty have serves its exist breaking through thy objections to say ne great benefits which thou hast received
RO ds of her father Divus?

will be
Do cease for the last time urging thy objections—it is really too much for me to listen to it is in my power to do what Seneca condemns and I myself am only biding my time for the acquiescence of the people when Poppæa shall carry in her uterus some pledge of my affection and a representative part of my ownself! Therefore I fix the earliest day for my marriage namely to morrow!

ACT III

AGRIPPINA

1.

(Shade of Agrippina speaks)

THE Earth being opened I have found my way out of Tartarus bringing in my unrelenting hand the Stygian torches to grace this wicked marriage It is with these torches Poppæa shall be joined in marriage to my son which the avenging hand and indignation of an outraged mother, would rather employ for a graver

Poppææ nato junctâ quas vindix manus
 Dolorque matius vetet ad tristes rogos
 Manet inter umbras impie credis mihi
 Semper memori manibus nostris gravis
 Adhuc multis, redditâ & meritis meis 600
 Funestâ merces puppis, & pietum imperii
 Nox illâ quæ naufragi deflevi mea
 Comitum necem, nâque crudelis nefas
 Desseie votum fuerat haud tempus datum est
 Lacrimis, sed ingens scelere geminavit nefas 605
 Perempti seio, scedâ vulneribus, sacros
 Intra penates spiritum effudi gravem,
 Erepti pelago, sanguine extincti meo
 Nec odii roni, sevit in nomen ferus
 Matius tyrannus obrui meritum cupit 610
 Simulacra, titulos destruit, mortis metu
 Totum pei orbem quem dedit pœnam in merum
 Pueio legendum noster infelix amor
 Exstinctus umbras agitat infestus mors 615
 Flammisque vultus novios conjux petit
 Instat, minatur, imputat scitum mihi
 Tumulumque nati poscit auctorem necis
 Jam, pœce, dabitur tempus haud longum pœto
 Ultra Erianiys impio dignum priat
 Letum tyranno, verbera, & tuipem fugam,
 Pœnasque, queis & Tantalû vincat sitim,
 Dirum laborem Sisyphi Tityi rlitem,
 Ixionisque membra rrpientem totum
 Licet exsturi mramoribus, atque rmo tegat
 Superbus vulum, limen amatae ducis
 Seivent cohortes, mittit immensas opes 595
 Exhaustus oibis supplices dextram petant
 Paithi cuentam, regna, divitias ferant
 Veniet dies tempusque, quo reddat suis
 Animum nocentem sceleibus, jugulum hostibus
 Desertus, & destructus, & cunctis egens
 Heu, quo labor, quo vota ceciderunt mea
 Quo te furor prorexit attonitum tuus, 630
 an
 in

occasion, his funeral pile (Nero's) May the memory of
 my impious slaughter cling to me, as long as I am
 numbered with the shades, oppressed with the thought, a
 I am, that these hands of mine have gone unavenged, and
 the fatal craft intended for my destruction, given to me
 as the reward for my services, and that dreadful night,
 which he has given me as the price of the Empire I gave
 up to him, on which I had to bewail my shipwreck—it
 had not been an object of my desire on my part, to have
 duly bewailed the deaths of my companions in misery
 (Creperius, Gallus and Acronia), the results of the cruel

crime of a son but no time was afforded me even for shedding tears—for Nero coupled his previous wickedness with another crime and being slain by the sword I yielded up my burdened existence within the proximity of my venerated household gods nor I even then stifled the persecuting hatred of that son of mine with my last drops of blood—the cruel tyrant began to grow wrathful against the very name and memory of his mother his desire was that any claim to merit on my part should be completely effaced—he caused to be destroyed all pictured likenesses or sculptured models and all inscriptions which represented me, on pain of death throughout the whole world the Empire of which I in my foolish love gave to him and all this too that as a requital he should eventually take away my life! But my husband Claudius who was cruelly deprived of life disturbs my very manes he rushes with his torch at my face which is hateful to him to behold he is ubiquitous in his presence he menaces and imputes to me his own fate and the death of his son Britannicus and demands to know who was the actual murderer (Nero) Spare me Claudius thy reproaches he shall be given up and I ask no long time either for it to be brought The avenging Erinny is preparing ~~for~~ ^{ordain} death for such a cruel tyrant—she is making ready to inflict the stripes and pave the way for the ignominious flight and the punishment with which a Tantalus is to quench his thirst and for the cruel task of a Sisyphus and the rapacious vulture of a Tityus as well as the wheel which whirls round rapidly the body of an Ixion! He may indeed erect his marble monuments and in his pride gild the very roofs of his palace and the armed trained bands (cohort) may vigilantly guard the portals of their emperor and the thresholds of his palace the very world may through his exactions be drained of its riches to answer to his beck and call! The Parthians in suppliant humility may seek to salute with the kiss of submission that sanguinary right hand of his and Tigris dates may throw his kingdom and all the riches he possesses at the feet of Nero! But the day and hour will arrive soon on which he shall give up that criminal life of his for the wickedness of which he has been the author his throat shall be a very target for the javelin of the enemy he shall be universally shunned ruined and reduced to absolute want! Alas! how ill my labor—how my fondest wishes have turned out! Oh! thou son of mine whither has thy madness drifted thee and to what a fatal destination! The just anger of thy mother who fell by thy crime is a paltry consideration compared with the many punishments thou wilt have to undergo!

Et sit, mater cedat ut tantis malis
 Gentricis ira, quæ tuo scelere occidit' 635
 Utinam, antequam te parvulum in lucem edidi,
 Aliisque, sævæ nostræ lacerassent feræ
 Viscera' sine ullo scelere, sine sensu innocens
 Meus occidisses junctus atque hærens mihi,
 Semper quietum carneres sedem Inferum, 640
 Proavos, patremque, nominis magni viros
 Quos nunc pudor, luctusque perpetuus mænet,
 Ex te, nefande, meque, quæ talem tuli
 Quid tegere cesso Tityro vultus meos,
 Novercæ, conjugis, mater infelix meis? 645

OCTAVIA, CHORUS

OCTAVIA dissimulatæ tristitia faventem sibi populum orat
 divortium sui lugent Chorus tamen ipsius vicem 565

OCT **P**ARCITE lætissimis vobis festo
 Lætoque die, ne tantus amor,
 Nostrique favor Principis acres
 Suscitet uas, vobisque ego sim
 Causa malorum non hoc primum
 Pectora vulnus mea fenserunt
 Graviora tuli dabit hic nostris
 Finem curis vel morte dies
 Non ego sævi cernere cogar
 Conjugis ora 655
 Non invisos intrare mihi
 Thalamos famulæ soror Augusti,
 Non uxor, eio
 Absint tantum tristes pœnæ,
 Letique metus scelestum diri, 660
 Miseranda, viri potes hæc, demens,
 Sperare memor? hos ad thalamos
 Servata diu, victima tandem
 Funesta cades sed quid patrios
 Sæpe penates respicis udis 665
 Confusa genis? propera tectis
 Efferre gradus linque cruentam
 Principis aulam

I wish, though, before I had ever brought thee into the world, as a little baby boy, and suckled thee at my breasts, that some ferocious wild beast had torn the very womb out of my body, or that thou hast died as my innocent suckling, without any knowledge of what existence was

and without any crime to answer for! joined to and still leaning on me thou mightst always have before thy eyes a quiet resting place in the regions below where thou mightst see around thee thy father thy great grandfather and men of our lineage of glorious reputation! Before whom alas! there remain instead only disgrace and perpetual sorrow! and all this arising out of thy crimes and myself who have brought such a monster into the world But why do I stay longer why do I cease from hiding my face in Tartarus the cruel step mother of a Britannicus the wife of a murdered Claudius and the unfortunate mother of a Nero!

OCTAVIA—CHORUS

he rushes feigning sadness, prays the populace who are him to be for her cause not to grieve about her divorce menaces and however does grieve for her sad lot of his son Britannicus the actual murderer approaches he

OCTAVIA

it to be these tears on a day of such rejoicing and sadness to the city—let not the great affection thou hast for me and the interest shown in my cause rouse any feelings of bitter resentment in the heart of the Emperor I may yet be the means of bringing great misfortunes upon thee—it is not the first time my breast has felt wounds like this—I have already put up with more grievous ones! May this day procure for me an end to my troubles even if it be by death! There is one thing I shall no longer be called upon to rest my eyes on the visage of my cruel husband I shall henceforth be the sister and not the wife of an Augustus and thus not be compelled to share the odious nuptial couch with a rival! But I do pray that sad mental tortures may be spared me—the apprehensions of crime and the fear of some cruel death! But! oh! miserable! oh! demented Octavia canst thou reasonably hope for such things, mindful as thou must be of the former crimes of this detestable man or that he who is accustomed to spare nobody would deal gently and mercifully with thee For a long time hast thou been reserved for such a marriage as this (to occur before thy eyes) and at last as a sorrowful victim thou wilt fall, but why in that confused kind of way dost thou glance back upon thy paternal household gods with such tearful eyes? hasten away rather from under such a roof and quit for ever the palace of the blood thirsty Emperor

CHOR En illuxit suspecta diu
 Fama toties iactata dies¹ 670
 Cessit thalamis Claudia diu
 Pulsa Neronis,
 Quos jam victrix Poppæa tenet,
 Cessat pietas dum nostra, gravi
 Compresse metu, segnisque dolor 675
 Ubi Romani vis est populi?
 Fregit claios quæ sæpe duces,
 Dedit invictæ leges patriæ,
 Fasces dignis civibus olim,
 Jussit bellum, pacemque, feias 680
 Gentes domuit, captos reges
 Carcere clusit² gravis en oculis
 Undique nostris jam Poppææ
 Fulget imago juncta Neroni
 Affligat humo violenta manus 685
 Similes nimium vultus dominæ
 Ipsamque toris detrahat altis
 Petat infelix mox & flammis
 Telisque feri Principis aulam

ACTUS QUARTUS

NUTRIX, POPPÆA

- 22

Territa in somno Poppæa nutrici nariat somnium quam
 illa, vana somnium eludens interpretatione, solatur

NUTR **Q**uo tepida gressum conjugis thalamis tui 690
 Effels, alumna³ quodve fecietum petis
 Turbata vultu⁴ cui genæ fletu madent⁵
 Certe petitus precibus & votis dies
 Nostris refulsit Cæsari juncta es tuo
 Tæda jugali quem tuus cepit decor, 695
 Et culpa Senecæ, tradidit vincitum tibi
 Genitrix amoris maximum numen Venus
 O quælis, altos quantæ pressisti toros
 Residens in aula⁶ vidit attonitus tuam

CHOR Behold! the day shines forth at last, so long,
 and so much mingled with certain misgivings, yet so
 often canvassed abroad as mere hearsay Claudia has
 been banished from the nuptial bed of cruel Nero, and
 has surrendered the couch, of which the triumphant
 Poppæa, by this time, is the tenant in possession, whilst
 the affections we all felt for her, must now be put a stop

to kept down by the terrible fear of consequences and our indignation must be outwardly suppressed But where is the ancient courage of the Roman populace which often caused the most illustrious of men to fly for their lives? (Syphax Perses Jugurtha Herodes) that populace which gave law and institutes to a country which has never been conquered and which in ancient days best those who were when there was there was to be peace—they brought the turbulent nations into subjection they confined conspiring captive kings in the prison dungeons! Behold grievous as is the sight on all sides model images of Poppæa dazzling our vision side by side with those of Nero! Let us dash to the earth with our violent hands those images which are only too like, the face of this newly created Empress! And let us drag her from her exalted couch without delay let us in our disgust make for the palace of the cruel Emperor with the fiery torch and the sword of vengeance!

ACT IV

NURSE—POPPÆA

Poppe
to
cor

NURSE

How is it my nursling that thou art quitting the marriage couch of thy husband in such a state of terror and of what hiding place art thou in quest with so troubled a countenance and why are thy cheeks so wet with weeping? Surely this day which has been so long and so anxiously looked forward to has shone brightly in response to thy prayers and desires! Thou art matrimonially linked with a Cæsar! The chief of the deities Venus and the Mother of Love has given Nero to thee bound by the sacred nuptial chains and to one whom thy beauty has captivated in spite of Seneca's objections too to such a marriage union! Oh! what an important personage thou hast become and in what a magnificent palace thou hast settled down and upon what an exalted couch wilt thou now recline! The senate were fairly

Fœmā Senatus, thura cum Superis daes,	700
Sacræque grato spargeres aras mero,	
Velata fumum flammeo tenui caput,	
Et ipse lateri junctus atque hærens tuo	
Sublimis inter civium læta omnia	
Incessit, habitu atque oīe lætitiā gerens	705
Princeps superbo talis emerſam freto	
Spumante Peleus conjugem accepit Thetin	
Qnorum toros celebraſſe Cœleſtes ferunt,	
Pelagique numen omne conſenſu pari	
Quæ ſubita vultus cauſa mutavit tuos ³	710
Quid pallor iſte, quid ferant lacrimæ, doce	
POP Confuſa triſti proximæ noctis metu	
Viſuque, nutrix, mente turbata ſeior,	
Deſecta ſenſu læta nam poſtquam dies	
Sideribus atris ceſſit, & nocti polus,	715
Inter Neronis juncta complexus mei	
Somno reſolvor, nec diu placida frui	
Quiete licuit viſa nam thalamos meos	
Celebraſſe turba eſt moeſta, reſolutis comis	
Matros Latinæ ſtebiles planctus dabant,	720
Intei tubarum ſæpe terribilem ſonum	
Sparſum cruoīe conjugis genitrix mei	
Vultu minaci ſæva qualiebat facem	
Quam dum ſequor, coacta præſenti metu,	
Diducta ſubito patuit ingenti mihi	725
Tellus hiatu lata quo præceps, toros	
Cerno jugales pariter & miror meos,	
In queis reſedi feſſa venientem intuo	
Comitante turbi conjugem quondam meum,	
Natumque properat petere complexus meos	730
Criſpinus, intermiſſa libare oſcula,	
Irrumpit intra teſta cum trepidus mea,	
Enſemque jugulo condidit ſævum Nero	
Tandem quietem magnus excuſſit timor	
Quatit oīa & aīus horridus noſtros tremor,	735
Pulſatque pectus continet vocem timor,	
Quam nunc fides pietasque produxit tua	

astounded when they beheld thy transcendent beauty, admired thee when thou offeredst up (with such reverence) the frankincense to the Gods, and when thou sprinkledst the sacred altars with the gladsome wine! the upper part of thy head, so gracefully shaded by the red veil (worn by recent brides, as tokens of modesty, and wisely subjection), and Nero, walking forth, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the citizens, holding himself up so loftily, and hanging on so closely to thy side! An Emperor all over, testifying with joy in his very carriage and countenance! Such, indeed, as Peleus manifested, when he

took Thetis to wife as she emerged from the foaming waves
 with gr
 every c
 has thus changed thy wonted expression of countenance?
 tell me why this paleness? What trouble do those tears
 indicate?

POP. Oh! No
 thoughts I seem
 I was perplexed

night for when the expiring brightness of glorious day
 had given place to those gloomy stars and the sky was
 handed over to the dark realms of night I went off to
 sleep hugged by the embracing arms of my Nero but I
 was not permitted to enjoy my placid repose long—a
 lugubrious multitude appeared before me as if to celebrate
 my marriage and the Roman Matrons with their locks
 loose and hanging down gave forth the most distressing
 wailings and amidst every now and then a terrific blowing
 of trumpets and the mother of my husband (Agrippina)
 with a savage threatening look flourished her torch at me
 all covered with blood whom whilst I was following
 such I felt forced to do so inspired was I with the
 fear which had taken possession of me—the earth seemed
 to be suddenly divided and an immense yawning gulf
 lay open before me into which opening I seemed to have
 been borne away headlong I could perceive at the same
 moment and I wondered equally at this my own marriage
 couch the couch on which I have before lain down

um who was my
 towards me with
 st them my son
 Nero) Crispinus

rushes forward to seek my embrace and showered my
 face with those kisses which have been now so long
 in abeyance! when all on a sudden Nero breaks into
 my chamber and buries his cruel sword deep down in
 his throat! (that of Crispinus) At length this excessive
 alarm effectually chased away all further disposition for
 sleep! The horrible tremor into which I was thrown has
 made my limbs tremble all over and has impeded my
 very powers of utterance—and my heart palpitates to
 that degree that it beats forcibly against the walls of my
 chest My fear prevents me from expressing in words
 what I feel but thy fidelity and affection Nurse reassures
 me and has given me back my powers of speech—
 Alas! Why do the Ghosts from those infernal regions
 think proper to molest me and at the same time might

Hæu, quid mirantur Inferum manes mihi.
 Aut quem ciuiorem conjugis vidi moi?
 NUR Quæcunque mentis agitat infestus vigor 740
 Et per quietem faciei & arcus ierit
 Veloxque sensus conjugem, thalamos, rogos,
 Vidisse te miraris, amplexu noui
 Hærens mirari? sed movent læto die
 Pulsati palmis pectori, & susæ comæ 745
 Ostruæ discidia planxerunt facies
 Intra penitus fratris & patrum larem
 Fax illa, quam secuta es, Augustæ manu
 Prælatæ, clarum nomen inuidia tibi
 Partum ominatur Inferum sedes, totos 750
 Stabiles futuros spondet æternæ domus
 Jugulo quod enses condidit Princeps tuus
 Bella haud movebit, præce sed ferrum tegit
 Recollige animum iecipe lætitudinem, piecor,
 Timore pulso redde te thalamis tuis 755
 Por Delubra & aras petere constitui sacras
 Cæsis litare victimis numen Deum,
 Ut expientur noctis & somni minæ,
 Terrorique in hostes redeat ætonitus meos
 Et vota pro me suscipe, & precibus piis
 Superos adora, manet ut præsens metus

CHORUS

Laudat Chorus Poppææ formam

SI vera loquax fama Tonantis
 Furta & gratos narrat amores,
 Quem modo Lædæ preffisse sinum
 Tectum plumis pennisque ferunt, 765
 Modo per fluctus raptam Europen
 Taurum tergo portasse truce,

I ask what it was, when I distinctly perceived the blood of my husband?

NUR Whatever subjects the mind is intent upon, or troubled about during our waking moments such is the rapidity, and wonderfulness of human thought, altogether as it is a divine and mysterious property of the mind, that it reproduces, during sleep, those very things impressed on us during the day, under a variety of visions, and fantastic appearances. Thou wonderest, no doubt, that thou sawest a husband, a marriage couch, and what thou tookest for a funeral pile, whilst thou wert being embraced and hugged, by the new husband, but the breasts

thou sawest being beaten in the dream and the shattered locks arose out of the excitement created by the auspicious event (the marriage day) The partisans of Octavia, were bewailing her divorce before the cherished household gods of thy brothers and thy paternal fires—that torch which thou followedst was carried in front of thee by the hands of Augusta (Agrippina) and the envy roused by the marriage foreshadow thy name is rendered still more illustrious thereby—the position in which thou wast placed in the Infernal Regions during thy dream clearly indicates that the future marriages in the durable dynasty will henceforward be permanent in their tenure—then as regards why thy Emperor husband thrust his sword into the throat of the spectre shows that he will never more excite wars but that he means to hide it henceforth in the sheath (the throat of the spectre only) is a guarantee of peace! Now collect thy scattered faculties take on a cheerful look I beseech thee and shaking off all these fabrics of thy vision (fears having no foundation) betake thyself to thy bed chamber

WILPOP I had made up my mind to seek the temples all consecrated altars and to sacrifice to the worship of ~~the~~ ^{the} deities with slaughtered victims that such threatening visitations of the night and the period allotted to sleep might be expiated and that the terror inspired thereby might recoil upon my enemies and Nurse offer up thy prayers for me and worship the gods above with thy pious supplications that the apprehensions which still hang about my mind may pass away from me!

CHORUS

The Chorus praises the beauty of Poppea

Ir garrulous report tells the truth when it talks of the furtive amours of the Thunderer and the love affairs in which he so much delighted once whom they report as having coavingly embraced the bosom of Leda whilst disguising himself with the wings and feathers of a swan—at another time transforming himself into a fierce bull carrying off Europa as a captive across the sea—even now Poppea Jupiter would quit the heavens above and the starry firmament which he is ruling and seek the pleasure of thy embraces and which he could with reason prefer to Leda's and even thine Dione whom he admired so much and descended golden shower—Sparta famous offspring of he

Quæ regit, & nunc deferet afflu
 Petet implexus, Poppææ, tuos,
 Quos & Lædæ præferre potest 770
 Et tibi, quondam cui miranti
 Fulvo, Danae, fluxit in auro
 Formam Sprite jactet illumina
 Licet, & Phrygius præmia pastor,
 Vincet vultus hæc Tyndaridos, 775
 Qui moveant horrida bella,
 Phrygiæque solo regna dedere
 Sed quis gressu ruit attonito?
 Aut quid pectore possat anhelos?

NUNTIUS, CHORUS

Motum populi nuntiat ob repudiatam Octaviam
 nuptiasque Poppææ

NUNT **Q**UICUNQUE lectis miles exsultat ducis, 780
 Defendat aulam, cui furoi populi imminet
 Trepidum cohortes, ecce, Præfecti trahunt
 Præsidia ad ubi, victa nec cedit metu
 Concepta rabies temere, sed vires capit
 CHOR Quis iste mentes agitat attonitus furoi? 785
 NUNT Octaviæ furore percussa agmina,
 Et efferrata per nefas ingens ruunt
 CHOR Quid ausa facere, quove consilio, doce
 NUNT Reddere penates Claudiae Divi parant,
 Totosque fratris, debitum partem imperii 790
 CHOR Quos jam tenet Poppæa concordia fide?
 NUNT Hic viit animos pertinax nimium furor,
 Et in furorem temere præcipites agit
 Quæcumque claro marmore effigies stetit,
 Aut ære fulgens ora Poppææ gerens, 795

enough that the Phrygian shepherd (Paris) should have been proud of his conquest! She, Poppæa will outstrip in beauty this daughter of Tyndarus, and who brought about dreadful war, and levelled the Phrygian Kingdom to the very ground. But who is this rushing on at a pace accelerated by some fright, or what news is he bringing, with his breath panting like that?—(out of breath)

MESSENGER—CHORUS

The Messenger describes the excitement of the populace, on account of the divorce of Octavia, and this marriage with Poppæa

MESSENGER

WHOMsoever that soldier may be who entertains a boastful pride in being a chosen guardian of the emperor's portals let him rouse himself for the defence of the palace which the fury of the populace is now menacing—Behold the streets in a state of trepidation are calling together (mustering) the armed bands to garrison the city with extra protection—nor does this insane feeling which has so rashly sprung up appear amenable to any kind of fear but is acquiring greater and greater intensity

CHOR What mad fury is it that is now agitating the minds of the populace?

MES This multitude of people are seized with rage about this treatment of Octavia and being wild with anger they are rushing on into every kind of crime

CHOR Tell us what they have had the audacity to do and at whose instigation all this has originated

MES They are making preparations to restore Claudia (Octavia) to the household of the Divus the restitution of conjugal rights by her husband and brother and her legitimate share of the imperial dignity

CHOR Of which already Poppæa is in full possession through the legal marriage contracted by unanimous authority in good faith and upheld by one minded approval

MES This excessive uncontrollable fury springs out of the indignation to which these nuptials have given rise and it is that which is urging them on with headlong rashness into this display of madness Whatever statue of Poppæa sculptured out of the purest marble stood in their way or whatever brazen monument was shining forth and revealed the likeness of Poppæa was ruthlessly dashed to the ground by the infuriated hands of the populace and lies there broken up by means of hammers wielded by savage arms, they then dragged the pieces of the statues which had been pulled down from their standing place trailed them along the streets with cords and after kicking them about for some time in an angry fashion they would plaster them all over with filthy mud! And the swearing and cursing that went on and their obscene language was quite in keeping with their acts

Afflicta vulgi manibus, & sævo jacet
 Versa ferro membra per partes trahunt
 Deducta laqueis obiuunt turpi diu
 Calcata cæno verba conveniunt feris
 Immixta fractis, quæ timor recipit meus 800
 Sepne flammis Principis sedem priant,
 Populi nisi hæ conjugem reddat novam,
 Reddat penates Claudiæ vultus suos
 Ut noscat ipse civium motus, mei
 Voce haud morabor iussa Præfecti exsequi 805
 CHOR Quid feræ fustia bella movetis?
 Inventa gerit tela Cupido,
 Flammis vestros obruet ignes
 Quis extinxit fulmina sæpe,
 Captumque Jovem cælo traxit 810
 Læsi tristes dabitur pœnas
 Sanguine vestro non est patiens
 Fervidus iræ faciliisque regi
 Ille ferocem iussit Achillem
 Pulsare lyram, flegit Danaos, 815
 Flegit Atridem, regna evexit
 Priami, claras diruit urbes
 Et nunc animus, quid ferat hominet,
 Vis immitis violenta Dei

ACTUS QUINTUS

NERO, PRÆFECTUS

Aestuas hæc Nero propter tumultum populi, in ipsum sæviri
 jubet, & Octaviam veluti motus causam, depositam
 in Pandatium, interfici

NERO **O** LENTA nimium militis nostri manus, 820
 Et hæc patiens post nefas tantum mea,
 Quod non cruor civilis accensas faces
 Exstinguit in nos, cæde nec populi madet
 Funerea Roma, quæ viros tales tulit!
 Admissa sed jam morte puniri parum est, 825
 Graviores meruit impium plebis scelus

and which was so bad that I should be afraid to repeat it, they are, now preparing to surround, the Palace with flames, unless Nero surrenders this new wife of his, to appease their indignation, and becomes prevailed upon to restore Claudia to her household Gods (her home), and that the Emperor may know of this insurrection, from my

own lips I will make no further delay in carrying out the instructions I have received from the Prefect

CHOR Why dost thou bring about all this cruel strife? it is of no good! Cupid is invincible and has used those arrows of his which will oblige all thy fires (throw them into the shade) Will the flames which he has set up in the heart of Nero ever be cooled down? That little Deity has drawn down even Jupiter himself from lofty Olympus and has extinguished his very lightning Thou wilt pay with thy life any obstacle thou must throw in his way he is hot in his rage and not very patient in his transports of anger or easy to be brought under control—He it was who commanded that ferocious Achilles to strike his lyre and produce his amorous melodies—he it was who was the means of nearly running the Greeks with their ten years war—he it was who paved the way for the downfall of Agamemnon—he it was who destroyed the kingdom of poor old Irum, and has been the means of ruining the beautiful cities of the world and now our minds are simply horrified at what he can really do and at the unrelenting energy now being displayed by that merciless little God!

ACT V

NERO—PREFECT

Nero boiling over with rage on account of the tumultuous rising of the populace orders the most severe measures to be taken against them and that Octavia as the cause of such a rising shall be transported to Pandataria and there slain

NERO

Oh! the excessive sluggishness in the spirit of my soldiery and oh! what anger rages within me suffering as I have done from the commission of such dreadful crimes! Why has not the very life blood of the citizens been made to extinguish the torches which have been kindled against me for my destruction? Why does Rome assuming such a funeral aspect not wade in the blood arising from the slaughter of such a populace? Oh thou Rome! that has ever produced men like them! but it would be a trifling thing for them to be punished only with that death that is the admitted retribution ordained for such deeds No! this impious

Et illa, cui me civium subicit furor,
 Suspecta conjux & soror semper mihi,
 Tandem dolori spiritum reddat meo,
 Iamque nostram sanguine exstinguat suo 830
 Mor tecta flammis concidunt urbis meis
 Ignes, ruinæ, noxium populum premant,
 Impisq; egestas, sæva cum luctu fames
 Exultat ingens seculi nostri bonis
 Corrupta turba nec capit clementiam 835
 Ingrata nostram, ferre nec pacem potest,
 Sed inquieta rapitur hinc audacia,
 Hinc temeritate fertur in præceps sua
 Malis domanda est, & gravi semper iugo
 Premenda, ne quid simile tentare audeat, 840
 Contraque sanctos conjugis vultus meæ
 Attollere oculos fracta per pœnas metu
 Parere discet Principis nutu sui
 Sed adesse cerno, iata quem pietas virum
 Fidesque castris nota præposuit meis 845
 PRÆF Populi furorem cæde pancorum, diu
 Qui iestiterunt temere, compressum affero
 NERO Et hoc sit est? sic miles audisti ducem?
 Compefcis? hæc vindicta debetur mihi?
 PRÆF Cecidere motus impii ferro duces 850
 NERO Quid? illa turba, petere quæ flammis meos
 Ausa est penates, Principi legem dare,
 Abstrahere nostris conjugem calam toris,
 Violare, quantum licuit, incesta manu
 Et voce dira, debita pœna vocat? 855
 PRÆF Pœnam dolori constituet in cives tuos?
 NERO Constituet, ætas nulla quam famæ eximat
 PRÆF Quam tempeiet non na, non nostri timor?

crime of the populace deserves more than that! But she, Octavia, for whom the fury of the citizens has subjected me to all this, and who has always been as a sister and wife to me, but whom I have had every reason to suspect, she shall at last be made to give up her life to me as the cost of that just anger, which she has always excited in my bosom, and she shall extinguish that anger with her blood! Very soon, the homesteads of the citizens shall fall a prey to the conflagrations which I will set going! Fire, utter ruin, shall weigh down this hateful rabble, extremest privations, bitter starvation with weeping and sorrow! The fact is a large proportion of the citizens have been eaten up with corruption and idleness and have grown exultant and surfeited with all the benefits that have accrued to them during my reign, nor does the ungrateful rabble appreciate the clemency they have received during my beneficent rule, nor, further,

can they bear the idea of things going on peaceably but the restless rascals must be seized with some mania or another and in one direction they are carried away by sheer audacity and in another they drift headlong with their rashness! These men must be kept under by terrible punishments and perpetually weighed down by some oppressive yoke lest they may have the audacity to venture upon a repetition of those outrages at some future time! No! they shall be made to raise their eyes with reverential respect at the divine face of my wife and being crushed by the fear of my punishments to obey the very nod of their emperor! But I now see coming towards me a man whose strict habits of discipline and acknowledged fidelity to my sceptre have installed him in his present high position in my camp

PREF I have to report that the fury of the populace has at last been brought under with the slaughter too of only some few who for a time resisted to the last urged on by their foolish obstinacy

NERO And is this, dost thou suppose enough? Is this too, the mode in which thou as a soldier hast dared to address thy Emperor? Thou appeasedst them indeed! No! No! let this hostile little modicum of punishment business fall to my lot!

PREF The wicked leaders of the insurrection have already fallen by the sword

NERO What! that rascally rabble that dared to seek out my very Palace and consign it to the flames in other words to lay down the law to their very Emperor and to drag away my darling wife from my lawfully instituted marriage couch to violate her liberty in short as far as was in their power by their incestuous hands and terrifying language! No! the punishment which they deserve must be left for me to carry out

PREF Will thy anger determine thee to inflict still further punishment upon thy citizens?

NERO My anger will determine me to inflict that punishment which no length of time will ever serve to efface from the memory of man

PREF But canst thou not determine some punishment which will impose some sort of limit to thy anger and which at the same time would diminish our fears

NERO Iram expiabit prima quæ meruit meam
 PRÆF Quam poscat, ede, nostra ne pricet manus 860
 NERO Cædem sororis poscit, & dirum caput
 PRÆF Honore victum trepidus adstrinxit rigori
 NERO Parete dubitans? PRÆF Cui merum damnas fidem?
 NERO Quod pricis hosti PRÆF Femina hoc nomen cepit?
 NERO Si scelestia cepit PRÆF Etne, qui fontem arguit?
 NERO Populi furor PRÆF Quis regere dementes valet?
 NERO Qui concitare potuit PRÆF Haud quemquam ideo
 NERO Mulier, dedit natura cui primum malo
 Animum, ad nocendum pectus instruit dolis
 Sed vim negavit, ut ne inexpugnabilis
 Effet, sed ægrias frangeret vires timor,
 Vel pœna, quæ tam secula damnatam premit
 Diu nocentem tolle consilium, ac pices
 Et imperata perage devectam rate
 Procul in remotum litus interimere jube,
 Taudem ut residat pectoris nostri tumor 875

CHORUS, OCTAVIA

Chorus perniciosum multis favorem populi fuisse eruit mox
 duri fati mulierum domus Cæsareæ commemorat

CHOR **O** FUNESTUS multis populi
 Dirusque favor! qui, cum flatu
 Vela secundo ratis implevit,
 Vexitque procul, languides idem 880

NERO The first object that shall expiate my anger,
 will be that one who deserves it the most

PRÆF Tell me whom thou wilt require for that purpose,
 and do not let our hands spare them

NERO My anger demands the execution of my sister,
 I require her odious life to be taken away

PRÆF I am trembling with horror at thy words—a
 sudden rigor has frozen up my veins! I am spell-bound!

NERO Dost thou hesitate, then, to obey?

PRÆF Why shouldst thou call my fidelity into question?

NERO Why wouldst thou appear inclined to spare an
 enemy?

PREF Dost thou mean to say that any woman as far as thou art concerned, deserves such a name as enemy?

NERO Not if she has lent herself to acts of crime?

PREF Is there any one who can prove Octavia to be guilty of that?

NERO This fury of the populace amply proves it to me

PREF Who is able to exercise any influence over a lot of madmen?

NERO Octavia who was the means of exciting them on to those crimes

PREF I cannot suppose any woman to be capable of such a thing!

NERO A woman in whom nature has implanted the disposition prone to do evil and which has endowed her mind with all the instincts of crime and treachery but yet that nature has withheld from her the requisite power so that she should not in short be so impregnable but that fear might have some chance of breaking down her feeble powers for mischief or the punishment itself which although late in the day threatens to be visited upon her now that she is finally condemned but this only after having been an offender for so long! Therefore abstain from offering me any more suggestions or advancing any more intercessions and see and carry out my orders to the very letter give orders that Octavia be carried away in some craft or other to a remote spot to some far off shore that at last the surging wrath in my breast may be allowed to cool down!

CHORUS—OCTAVIA

The Chorus sings regarding popular favor which has been destructive to so many and after that brings into notice the hard fates which have befallen the Cæsarean Dynasty

CHORUS

O! that favor and enthusiastic preference emanating from the people! What a source of trouble and misery it has proved to so many! It is like the craft which has filled its sails under a favorable wind and has carried thee far away from the shore but which same

rum—men too of such illustrious descent and acknowledged piety fidelity distinguished eloquence moral courage and of unflinching severity in their administration of just laws and thee also Livius, fortune gave up to a similar end whom neither thy magisterial dignity nor the roof of thy very homestead, served as a protection against death! We could adduce many more striking examples if our griefs did not prevent us—it was only quite lately Octavia that citizens were up in arms and were most desirous of restoring to thee thy country—thy palace and to exact from thy brother thy conjugal rights but now forsooth they can calmly look on and see thee weeping and in misery—dragged away to meet thy doom! Poverty in a state of happy contentment lies hidden under the humble roof but the storms of fate shake the lofty palaces or capricious fortune overthrows them altogether!

OCR Where art thou conducting me What has that tyrant Nero ordered now? or what exile has his Queen Poppæa appointed for me? or is it that she is melted by compassion at the troubles I have suffered and my being so utterly cast down by such an array of misfortunes? If Nero is preparing to accumulate my sorrows by my slaughter as a climax to my sufferings why does he even grudge me the privilege of dying in my own paternal soil although my country has been the arena of so much cruelty towards me? But now there is no apparent hope of my ultimate safety—I perceive already in my misery the craft which bore away my brother! Ah! that is the craft too in which his mother was once carried off and now as an unfortunate wretch banished from the marriage bed I shall be carried away by the same conveyance Piety has no tutelary deity now and the Gods above alas! are nowhere to be found! It is that cruel Lirinnys who can now cause me to weep adequately for the evils I have gone through! What Thracian nightingale will ever send forth its plaintive notes equal to mine? I only wish the Fates would give to me in misery a pair of wings! would I not cleave the air with my rapid wings spread out and fly far far away from all my present troubles and remote from the busy haunts of man and the hotbed of cruel slaughter and alone in the desert grove perched on some delicate twig should I then be able to warble my tristful strains from my sorrowing throat!

CHO The race of mortals is governed by the inexorable Fates! Nor does any thing sublunary answer the

Fumum & strabile	
Per quæ casus volvit varios	
Semper nobis metuenda dies	
Animum firment exempla tuum	
Iam multa domus	930
Quæ vestra tulit quid sævior est	
Fortuna tibi? tu mihi primum	
Tot natorum memoranda parens,	
Nata Agrippæ, nurus Augusti,	
Cæsaris uxor, cuius nomen	935
Clivum toto fulsit in orbe,	
Uteio toties enixa gravi	
Pignora precis mox exilium,	
Verbera, sævis passa cætenas,	
Funera, luctus, tandem letum	940
Cruciatu diu Felix thalamis	
Livia Drusi, natique seivum	
Ruit in fœcinus, pœnamque suam	
Iulia matris fata secuta est	
Post longa tamen tempora ferro	945
Cæsa est, quamvis crimine nullo	
Quid non potuit quondam gentium	
Tua, quæ iexit Principis vulum,	
Cara marito, prurique potens?	
Eadem fœculo subjecta suo,	
Cecidit diri militis ense	950
Quid, cui licuit regnum in cœlum	
Sperare, parens tanta Neionis?	
Non funestra violata manu	
Remigis ante,	955
Mox & ferro lacerata diu,	
Sævi jacuit victima nati?	
OCCT Me quoque tistes mittet ad umbras	
Ferus & manes, ecce, tyrannus	
Quid jam frustra miseranda morior?	960
Rapite ad letum, quis jus in nos	
Fortuna dedit testor Superos	
Quid agis, demens? parce precari	
Queis invisa es, numina Divum	
Tartara testor, Erebiqve Ders	965
Sceleium ultices, & te, genitor	
Dignum tali morte & pœna	
Non invisus est mors ista mihi	
Armata iatem, date vela fietis	
Ventisque petat puppis rector	970
Pandatruæ litoru teniæ	

expectations of any one as regards stableness or durability! and the coming day is always to be dreaded, whilst it invariably brings round in its train, such a variety of events! Surely thy Cæsarean dynasty has undergone many troubles! What! Is fortune more cruel to thee,

than it has been to many others before thee.² We will mention thee, first of all oh! thou the daughter of Agrippa the unhappy parent of so many sons the daughter in law of an Augustus the wife of a Cæsar whose name shone so gloriously over the whole world thou that broughtest forth from thy gravid uterus so many pledges of peace to the universe! a double pledge first of love to a husband secondly a guarantee of unbroken succession to the imperial throne by and bye exile stripes undergoing the indignity of being fettered by chains and being thus tormented for a long time the once felicitously married Livia the wife of Drusus happy too with the possession of her sons rushed on to the commission of a terrible crime and its subsequent punishment! Julia her daughter followed the fate of her mother after a long time however she met her death by the sword although for no crime of her own! What could not thy own mother Messalina do who filled the palace of the Emperor so dear to that husband too and so proud and elated with her progeny yet this same woman having submitted to the unlawful advances of an underling (the marriage with Silius) fell by the sword of a savage soldier! What about Agrippina too such an illustrious parent of thy own ~~and~~ who with justice and every show of reason could have aspired to a place in the heavens to absolute Apotheosis as Divus did! was she not however outraged by the terrible hands of the Tyrrenian boatmen before she was seen to be hacked about by the sword for a considerable time and eventually succumbed as the victim of a cruel son!

OCT Behold that cruel tyrant will send me likewise to the tristful shades and the manes! Why in my misery am I detained on earth to no purpose Let me be seized upon for one of death's victims by those to whose power my bitter lot has surrendered me! I call the gods above to witness! But what am I now talking about in my madness? Let me spare myself the mockery of invoking the good will of the deities to whom for some cause or other I have evidently been an object of hatred! I therefore call the deities of Hell to witness and the goddesses of Erebus who are the avengers of crime and thee even oh! my father who really wert worthy of such a death and punishment, as I am now about to suffer from—that death however is by no means unacceptable or hateful to me—Get the craft in readiness unfurl the sails and commit her to the waves and let the commander of that craft steer for the coast of Pandataria with a flowing breeze!

CHOR Lenes auræ, Zephyrique leues,
 Tectum quondam nube æthereæ
 Qui vexistis raptam sevæ
 Virginis iris Iphigeniam,
 Hanc quoque tristi procul a pœnâ
 Portate, precor, templâ ad Triviæ
 Uibe est nostrâ mitior Aulis,
 Et Taurorum barbâra tellus
 Hospitis illic cœde litatur
 Numen Superûm civis gaudet
 Roma cruoire

975

980

CHO Oh! for the gentle breezes Oh! for the light
 and balmy Zephyrs, which caught thee up and wafted
 thee away, Iphigenia, surrounded, by an ethereal cloud,
 far from the altars of the cruel goddess (Diana), Oh! ye
 kind breezes, convey away this victim, Octavia, far away
 from any cruel punishment, I pray, to the temples of
 Trivia, even (Diana) Aulis itself, is a less cruel place than
 thy city of Rome, and so is the land of the Tauri, for
 there it is they sacrifice the blood of any strangers who
 approach their shores, to appease the anger of the god-
 dess whom they worship! But Rome is very different,
 she rejoices only in the slaughter of her own citizens!

NOTES

HEPICLES FUPENS

L

- 6 ARCTOS ALTA—Callisto the daughter of Lycion was debauched by Jupiter and changed by Juno into a Bear she was afterwards placed in the heavens with her son Arca the one was called Helice and the other the Cynosure
- 9 VECTOR—Jupiter disguised as a Bull carried Europa across the sea to Crete—Taurus was the second sign of the Zodiac, and which the poets feign to have been the Bull which conveyed him and which was subsequently placed by Jupiter amongst the constellations
- 11 ATLANTIDES—The seven *Pleiades* between Taurus and the tail of Aries and were the daughters of *Atlas* by Pleione, of which three were debauched by Jupiter, Maia, Electra and Taygetes, they were very dangerous to navigators
- 1 ORION—Born from the combined urines of Jupiter Neptune and Mercury—*ab urina* Ovid says
 ‘Perdidit antiquum littera prima sonum
 “The first letter has lost its ancient sound As the constellation appears on the 9th March and sets on the 1st June, it was generally accompanied at its rising by great rains and storms—Another definition is
 “Quod zelotypam deam male urit
 “Because he sadly ve ed the jealous Goddess Diana But the terrifying character of Orion was that the neighbouring constellations were scared by the severe atmospheric disturbances, with which he heralded his approach
- 13 STELLAS—AUREUS—Sprung from Danae upon whom Jupiter descended, as a golden shower Perseus, as the result of this embrace has in his constellatory retinue, twenty six “golden stars
- 14 CLARA—TYNDARIDÆ—Bright stars, Castor and Pollux, twin brothers and son of Jupiter by Leda, wife of Tyndarus whom he approached as a “Swan
- 16 QUIBUSQUE NATIS—Latona although made a deity is nowhere mentioned as a constellation so that Juno in enumerating the various constellations reminding her of Jupiter’s infidelities, casts her eyes earthward and quote Delos as one of the refreshing mementoes—the rendering therefore which I have given I think, fully elucidate this line

line

- 18 **PULI ET GROSSIACI**—Juno was at the boiling-point of indignation at the wholesale amours of Jupiter, and I have used the word "wench" as applied to Ariadne in order to point out her utter contemptuousity towards that personage, as the term "wench" in our own language is generally used in a sense of disrespect
- 20 **NURIBUS**—As a rule does not signify step daughters but daughters-in-law but here, Nuribus means simply, any woman maid or matron, who through Jupiter's amours, are convertible into step-daughters
- 26 **MILRUM OCLANO JUBAR**—The sun was ordered not to shine upon the earth, for one entire day, practically involving three successive nights
- 38 **BINOS TINGII ÆTHIOPAS**—Understand by "binos" the two black races, the African and the Asiatic, amongst the Ancients, the term Æthiopic was applied to any of the black races, and not confined to Æthiopia proper or as it is now called Abyssinia, those races, therefore, found anywhere from the Coromandel Coast of the Indian Continent to the parallel of Hesperia or West Coast of Africa, were thus designated. Then with regard to the word "propinqua," as necessarily indicating the increasing propinquity of the sun as the power of the solar rays became more intensified—Seneca here falls into an error, as it is, because the sun's rays are less oblique in tropical latitudes, the sun losing its vertical character, in latitudes beyond $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ North and South at which point between that and the Equator they exert their maximum caloric power, for in point of fact, the sun is at a greater distance under such conditions—therefore "propinqua" is here misused by the Poet, the terms "apogee" and "perigee" are used by the moderns, to denote the earth's distance from the sun
- 43 **TYRANNI**—Euystheus, "tyrannus" originally meant King, and is usually employed in this sense by the older writers
- 48 **OPIMA**—The number, 3, is a multiple, closely observed by nature, hence its general application—it is curiously noticeable in the operations and stages of diseased activities, and in the periods of utero-gestation from the human race downwards—we have it observed as regards the three brothers Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto, presiding over the three Kingdoms of nature, the Heavens, the Sea and the Earth—the "three" is observed in the three-forked lightning, the three-pronged trident, and the three-headed Cerberus as regards the foregoing three Deities—thus we have the "three" Graces, the "three" Furies—the "three" Fates—the nine Muses—the Trinity of Scriptural writers, the Trinity of the Hindoo, Brahma, Vishnu and Seva, this rule applies also to the blending of liquors, culinary concoctions and so forth, chymical combinations—three bodies or elements will combine freely—and it is the addition of the third body

L c

or substance which so materially alters disguises or transforms so effectually the other 'two —Opima because Cerberus was the representative of his especial prerogative

- 49 FÆDUS UMBRARUM —This refer to the lea ue which had been entered into by the three brother Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto, but was infringed when Hercules forced the entrance of Hell, and returned to the Earth above
- 67 E VACUO —The rest of the God being drawn from heaven
- 80 SICULI —Liberate the giant Enceladus, who was struck by lightning, and kept down by the weight of Ætna pressing upon him, and who, when he moved his weary side shook Trinacria, with a terrific rumbling
- 83 LUNA —The ancients believed that the Nemæan lion had fallen from the moon, and that of course other wild beasts were still there moreover, they thought that the moon was in all respect like our own earth—hence *concepit feras*?
- 98 ERRORQUE—FUROR —Both these terms refer to the mental condition—the former especially denoting hallucinations or what we might call 'Amentia', or a wandering purposeless condition, but not unconnected occasionally with the suicidal element, whilst the latter represents the advanced forms of mental alienation, downright uncontrollable madness destructive to the lives of the objects themselves, as well as dangerous to others and this was what Juno is supposed to have had in her mind, with which to visit upon Hercules and which, indeed, she carried into effect
- 100 FAMULÆ —The Furies, the avenging Goddesses
- 134 CADMEIS INCLITA BACCHIS —The poet here alludes to Mount Cithæron in Bœotia sacred to Bacchus the Bacchanal celebrated their revels there, and it was on this mountain, that Pentheus was torn in pieces by Agave
- 173 JURGIA VENDENS IMPROBUS —I have been rather lavish perhaps, in my delineation of the character alluded to by the Poet, as "improbus" Of course I have travelled much beyond the "*ipsissima verba*" of the Text, but to my mind it only serves to fully exemplify the style of man who existed in those days as portrayed by Seneca and as to whose characteristics the Poet appears to have been fully alive
- 26 STABULA—BISTONII —Diomedes, King of Thrace fed his horses on the flesh and blood of strangers he visited his dominions Hercules punished him for his cruelty, and gave him, in turn to his own horses to be devoured. The Thracians are likewise called Bistonians, from Bistonius the son of Mars and Calirrhoe
- 28 ERYMANTHUS —A mountainous forest of Arcadia, on the confines of Elis and Arcadia, twas here that Hercules slew the famous Erymanthian bear

Line

- 229 MÆNALIUM—The wild boar of Mænalius, which had waste the country of Arcadia, Hercules brought it alive to Eurystheus
- 230 TAURUMQUE—The Cretan Bull, the terror of a hundred peoples—Neptune caused this Bull to be so furious, as he was deceived by Minos, who gave it to him instead of the one he had originally admired so much. Hercules took this, also, alive to Eurystheus
- 239 NEMORIS OPULENTI—Hercules killed the Dragon which guarded the garden of the Hesperides, and gave to Eurystheus all the golden apples he found there
- 244 PETIT AB IPSIS NUBIBUS—SYMPHALIDES—They were named, "Maitis Alumnæ aves," inasmuch as they furnished a very hard kind of steel from their beaks and claws, as well as from their feathers which were tipped with that metal, which Mars used for his weapons, instead of arrows—They gave forth abominable stercoraceous odors from their bodies, and the tips of their wings, when brought to bear against the objects of attack, operated like swiftly-shot arrows. They preyed alike upon human beings and the lower animals. They fairly darkened the sky when in flight near the earth, and the natives, reminded of what Phineus had suffered from the Harpies, freely used their spears and shields in order to scare them away, by the clangorous din they set up.
- "Ex monitu Phinei, clypeos et hastas sumpserunt et more curetum (Corybantice) sonitu eas abegerunt,"
- Hercules destroyed them effectually
- 248 STABULI—The stables of Augias, containing three thousand heads of cattle, and which had not been cleaned out for thirty years, they were a source of disease to the country around, from their stench and poisonous exhalations. Hercules cleaned them out in one day, and caused the river, the flow of which had been interrupted by this vast accumulation of filth, to resume its ancient course
- 261 JUVENTUS ORFA—Cadmus having killed the Dragon, an armed warrior sprang up from each tooth of that monster—these men, directly they were born, fell to fighting most furiously with each other, till only five of them were left. These survivors of such unique warfare afterwards became the companions of Cadmus, and assisted him in the building of Thebes
- 262 CUJUSQUE MUROS—Amphion, son of Jupiter and Antiope, at the building of Thebes, who so enchanted the very stones with his melodious strains, that they all rose of their own accord, and took up the places assigned to them, without any manual interference—Mercury gave Amphion his lyre. This skill is mentioned by Virgil—Eclogue 2, verse 24, as also by Ovid

11

- 391 **MISTUS**—Niobe had been changed into a rock and from which, the poet signified, tears still continued to flow
- 398 **ALCIDES PATI**—The cardinal duty to obey kings as Hercules was, in carrying out the orders of Eurystheus
- 437 **ILLUMINE FICTUS IURA**—Juno in order to avenge her jealousy of Semele caused her not to be satisfied till she had seen Jupiter in all his celestial raiment she was then pregnant with Bacchus Jupiter tried in vain to dissuade her from this desire—and as he appeared before him on his heavenly throne she was consumed by lightning—Jupiter however preserved the child in his thigh, where he finished the period which should have been passed in his mother's womb which was regarded by the ancients according to Aulus Gellius and other writers to have been ten months and from the fact of Bacchus having emerged from two places or doors—namely his mother's womb and Jupiter's thigh he was surnamed amongst other cognomens *Dithyris*, and the canticles sung in his honor were called *Dithyrambs*
- 477 **IUPATUS**—The father of Iole and king of Oichalia he was killed and his country devastated by Hercules who captured his daughter When Hercules died on Mount Oeta he gave Iole in marriage to his son Hyllus—see Hercules Oeta
- 56 **PIARTANI JANUA LACONIA**—This was a promontory of Laconia and signified by the Poets to have been the entrance to the infernal regions
- 643 **INSTANT EST DAMUS DAT IEDIT**—This implies an allusion to the rapidity, with which Hercules always carried out his intentions—'no sooner thought of than done' The reiteration of a verb in certain expressions is noticeable in 'Vale, Vales Volebit and Voles Voleat Valeam'
- 678 **CRADUMQUL IETRO**—Hoc opus, hic labor est (Virgil)—the identical words occur in one of the verses of Ovid it would therefore seem to have been a colloquialism with the Latins and the equivalent vernacular for our 'Ah! that's the rub'
- 758 **IRRANT FLUVIUS**—The three daughters Ino, Agave and Antiope the latter of whom was the mother of Acteon Ino had one of her sons Perichorus slain by her husband Athamas and with the other Melicertes leaped into the sea and was afterwards worshipped as a Godless Pentheus was the son of Agave by Echion, and was torn to pieces by his mother, during one of her fits of Bacchanal delirium
- 759 **AVIDA**—These were the Harpies the daughter of Pontus and Terra thus they lived partly on the sea and partly on the land they had the face of Virgins and the bodies of obscene birds Hesiod calls them—Iris—Aello and Ocypeta Virgil calls them, Furiae and Dirae To the lively imagination of the Greeks, they were something like demons urging on the fury of the storm—and then were named

"Ocypeta" rapid, "Aello" a storm, and "Celeno," obscurity

- 776 SUCCUBUIT UNI —Alluding to the weight of Hercules, when he stepped on board the craft of Charon to be conveyed across the Styx, Charon looked aghast. Virgil says the same thing about Æneas when similarly crossing that river

—"gemuit sub pondere cymba

"Sutulis et multam accepit imosa puludem"

- 915 CONDITORES URBIS —Cadmus and his followers. Cadmus was the son of Agenor, and brother of Europa, in search of whom he was sent by his father

- 916 TRUCIS ZETHI —Zethus was brother to Amphion, and whilst the latter amused himself with his musical studies, Zethus betook himself to the woods and hunted wild animals—Seneca thus gives him the prænomén of Trux

979. CITHÆRON —A mountain of Bæotia, constantly alluded to in these tragedies, the most notable occurrence connected with it, is that of the son of Laius being taken thither soon after he was born, and exposed with his feet transfixed with a skewer, which treatment caused that condition of the feet, which obtained for him the name of Œdipus, from the Greek words, ΠΟΤΖ and ΟΙΔΕΩ "foot" and "to swell." The Oracle had warned Laius that he would be slain by a son

THYESTES.

- 140 MYRTILUS —Ænomaus was told by the Oracle that he who obtained his daughter Hippodamia in marriage would kill him—he therefore resolved she should not marry, but at length being prevailed upon, he declared that no one should have her unless he could be outstripped in a chariot-race with the suitors, accordingly, Pelops became a suitor, and induced Myrtilus to tamper with the axles, detaching them in some way, prior to the race, so that the chariot would break down and secure the victory for Pelops—Ænomaus felt the fullest confidence in himself as a charioteer. This was brought about, under promises from Pelops, which he never intended to carry out, one of which was that he share sexual favors from Hippodamia. Pelops did not approve of this novel kind of partnership, and when Myrtilus demanded that the promise should be ratified, instead of complying with such a request, threw him unto the sea, which received its new name from that circumstance

- 142 VECTUS —The word "Vectus" is used here quite in a figurative sense—as it is not to be supposed that Myrtilus was carried in any way, but only that as Ænomaus was deceived by Myrtilus, so Myrtilus was deceived by Pelops, as to the kind of death which was prepared for him, in lieu of what had been promised him by Pelops

L

- 214 SED OCCUPATUM—Atreus hints that he was not the first who had done what he had in view and would prefer, if possible, some novel crime Philomela for example
- 296 NATIS—Agamemnon and Menelaus
- 345 TYRIÆ—From Tyre in Phœnicia, where the fish yielding the celebrated purple dyes chiefly abound
- 357 FERVENS—Allusion is here made to the increase of temperature produced by the continuous treading of the oven which were used in those days for threshing out the corn
- 379 SERES—A people often quoted by Seneca who lived in some far off country, and gathered the materials which were worked into the finest fabrics, from the trees, possibly from the silk worm hence the Latin word for silk "Sericum"—Could this far off country have been China?
- 386 MACHINIS—These were used for hurling great stones for the purpose of breaking down the walls of a city—a kind of battering ram
- 579 SCYLLA—A rock in the Sicilian Straits, which on account of the waves beating against it, gave forth a sound which resembled the barking of dogs hence the fable of Scylla being turned into a sea monster and always surrounded by a pack of dogs—"canibus pube tenus succincta"
- 582 FERUS CYCLOPS—Polyphemus fears lest his father, Neptune should at any time extinguish the fires of Ætna
- 730 GEMINÆ—Tantalus and Phœbenes
- 810 PHLEGRÆOS—From Phlegra, a valley of Thessaly where the giants fought with the Gods
- 841 CURVO—The oblique track of the Zodiac
- 864 ÆGOCEROS or Capricorn, which derived some trifling recognition from Heaven, as Pan from his curious face and ugly figure, once frightened the giants
- 991 DESERTUS—Deserted by the Sun the moon and the stars
- 1006 SUSTINES—Seneca here personifies the 'Earth' as he does elsewhere "Ferre and the 'Sea'—a very consummation of poetic license—he uses this prosopopœia very frequently and with great effect
- 1049 HENIOCHUS—Many writers believe there was once a people by this name, in Asia noted for the ferocity of their custom
- 1089 TRIFULCO—Lightning, which splits up and burns every thing with its subtle fire

PHŒNISSÆ

- 14 JACULIT ACTÆON—Actæon, for having surprised Diana, whilst she was bathing, was turned into a stag and torn to pieces by his own dogs

Time

- 17 **SORORIS MATR**—Agave, with her two sisters Ino and Antiope, killed Pentheus, when under the influence of the Bacchanal fury. Agave fancied that Pentheus was a calf.
- 18 **VIBRANTE**—They carried the head of Pentheus, at the end of a spear bound round with vine leaves.
- 47 **MORTEMQUE**—Metaphorically, from the gladiators.
- 70 **TELLUS**—"Tellus" is usually applied to the Earth's surface, from "tero" to rub, as substances rub in contact with it—"tellus" is applied to the interior and undisturbed portion of the earth.
- 71 **RAPAX**—Proper term for a torrent, Lucretius and Virgil call them 'rapacious rivers'. Iustus says it signifies a river lashed into motion by sudden downfalls of rain.
- 128 **SPARTANQUE FRATRI NOBILIT**—Cæstor and Pollux.
- 153 **MUNIT**—On all sides, a thousand ways of escaping from life—many short, easy—starvation, beating your head against a wall, holding your breath—Martial alludes to the kinds of death, in his epigram "De Bruti Portu"—Lib. I Epig. 43.
- 237 **VIRTUS**—My courage, which was described by the ancients, as "solæ virtus"—ut virtus, a viro, since the noble courageous spirit resided in the male as opposed to the milder characteristics of the female.
- 248 **NOX OCCUPAVIT**—Sometimes, 'nox'—but it is the same in effect—"nox" is "night" as opposed to "lux" light and therefore "lux" is "life" and "nox"—"death".
- 326 **SEPTENA MUROS**—The seven Kings were, Adrastus, Tydeus, Polynices, Hippomedon, Amphiaraus, Parthenopæus, Capaneus.
- 339 **NOBILITAS**—Can be applied either for a good or bad cause—here, it refers to the latter.
- 471 **VINCULO**—Head-pieces or Helmets.
- 503 **REGIS**—Adriastus.
- 549 **ET THEBIS**—To which country, no crime whatever is a novel occurrence.
- 604 **PACTOLUS**—A river in Lydia, carrying along in its flowing course, golden sands.
- 608 **GARGARA**—The top of mount Ida, remarkable for its fertility, its corn productiveness.
- The remainder (and the greater part of this fine tragedy) is lost.

HIPPOLYTUS

- 65 **FERI CORNIBUS URI**—This race of animals with huge horns and great size, appears to be extinct—this must have resulted from the untiring perseverance of the hunting princes, always bent on the chase.

I

- 7 *INPERTA SVAM IST*—Theseus in a fit of anger slew Antiope, otherwise named Hippolyte—Hippolyte was presented to him by Hercules
- 322 *IUTFO PLANTAS*—Latin Authors agree as to the color yellow or orange, having been that chosen for the dresses and appendages of a newly created bride
- 401 *IANAITIS ALT MAOTIS*—These designations point to the Amazons, who dwelt in those vicinities—they made their incursions into Africa and were conquered by Hercules
- 419 *CORNIBUS*—The horned heifer was held sacred to the moon, by the Egyptians as Lucian
- 760 *IIATRA QUESI BROMO*—Ariadne had been jilted by Theseus, and left on the island of Naxos but was afterwards married to Bacchus and promoted to the stars
- 10 *NUMEN IPIDAURII DEI*—This alludes to the temple erected to the honor and worship of Asclepius the father of physic It is asserted that his two sons Machron and Iodalarus went to the Trojan War, and therefore the fate of the latter must be the same as that in which Asclepius flourished
- 1049 *ISTRIN*—A marine monster of such an enormous size that it swallowed ships entirely and then vomited them up again—spoken of by Pliny
- 1169 *MEMBRA QVIS SERVUS*—To render her reproaches more stinging to Theseus she quotes the robbers and the monster he had killed (the Minotaur)

CITHULUS

- 36 *IECIMUS COLUM NOCFNS*—The plague has been described by various authors in the *Cidippus* of Sophocle—Thucydide Lib II—Lucretius Lib V—Virgil—Georgic III
- 9 *NEC SIMINCA*—This monster, with the face of a virgin wings like a bird the body of a dog and claws like a lion was found near Thebes, and destroyed everyone who could not explain the enigmas she proposed for solution
- 117 *CINNAM SILVIS*—Arabia Felix, where all the perfumes were obtained
- 119 *TERGA FALLACIS*—The flight of the Parthians was always dreadful, because it was then they made their aims more certain
- 282 *BIMAPIS SISYPHI TI PRAS*—Sisyphus founded on this isthmus a city which received in succession the names of Coreyra Epirus and lastly Corinth
- 43 *BASSARIDUM*—The Bassarides were priest of Bacchus
- 445 *MATERTERA*—Ino, sister of Semele, and therefore aunt to Bacchus
- 485 *OPHIANAQUE CÆDE*—This term refers to the Thebans killed on Mount Cithæron during the orgies—from Ophion

- spring from the serpent's teeth and who was one of those, that accompanied Cadmus to Thebes
- 500 GEMINUS CUPIDO—This epithet applies to the two forms of what is called Love, Eros and Anteros—the one a holy feeling sanctified by good principles—the other, a gross animal, lustful passion
- 557 ATRÆ BOVES—Black animals were selected for sacrifices connected with things infernal, and white ones, when the gods above were concerned
- 728 CHAONIA—This term does not designate any particular variety of Oak, but simply refers to those growing in Chaonia
- 824 FAMULI—Shepherds—herdsmen of the flocks
- 859 LUE—Decomposition
- 930 SCELERUM—The crimes of Agave and the other Bacchantes
- 1000 ATRA—As all seems black to the blind, black being the absence of all colours

TROADES

- 7 CÆLITUM EGREGIUS LABOR—The walls of Troy, according to the story, were built by Neptune and Apollo
- 12 QUÆ VAGOS VICINA—The poet here alludes to the Amazons, and their queen Penthesilea
- 17 ASSARACI DOMUS—Assaracus, King of the Trojans, was son of Ilus, who built the citadel called Ilium
- 38 ITHACI COMES—This companion of Ulysses was Diomedes, with whom he went in the night to steal the horses of Rhesus
- 70 GRAIAS HOSPES AMYCLAS—Amyclæ, a city of Laconia—there was one of the same name in Campania
- 134 NIL TROJA SEMEL—Troy was taken twice during the life of Priam—once whilst Laomedon reigned, and the second time, when Priam was King
- 224 CAUSA LITIS REGIBUS—The capture of Chrysa, was in its consequences the cause of the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon
- 519 CEPHALLENUM—The Cephallenians were inhabitants of an island in the Ionian sea, having followed Ulysses to the siege of Troy
- 535 DICEBAT HECTOR—Not that Hector did literally say this or that, but that it was implied by his acts, by his prestige, as we say, a thing speaks for itself, when it was obvious or self-apparent
- 665 QUÆ VENDIDISTIS—The Greeks being Masters of the plains surrounding Troy, Priam was compelled to buy the spot on which to erect the tomb for his son Hector

- 1
 80 IOICHOS — Iolchos was the land of Jason who attempted the first sea expedition, that of the Argonauts
- 830 IICNUM PROTHOI — Prothos reigned in the country which overlooked Iolchos one of the three mountains which the giants piled up when they invaded heaven
- 848 TITARISSOS — A river of Thessaly whose waters were so oily that they would not mix with those of Peneus
- 1010 DULCE LAMENTIS — Iuvenal lib II l. 10 I say it a pleasing consolation to behold from the land the great exertions made by another who is struggling with the waves tenderly violent by the storm not that it is an object of pleasure in itself to witness the sufferings of another, but a source of comfort that we are not in a similar plight ourselves — The chorus here are thankful that others are in sympathy with their calamities
- “*Survive mari magno turbulentibus equora ventis*
I terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem
Non quia vexari est quemquam jucunda voluptas
Sed quibus ipse malis careat quia cernere urve est”
- 1069 UNA MACNA TURRIS — This was likely the tower from which Helen pointed out to Priam the principal leaders of the Grecian Army

MIDI A

- 1 DII CONJUGALES — The deities here invoked as presiding over conjugialities — were, Jupiter Juno and Itho amongst the Greeks, — *Suavis* Diana or *Iuventas* and Venus amongst the Romans
- 60 PAULUS TERREI CANIDO — Tergum here used for the color of the hair on the hilt — They always see if it is a white one to Jupiter, and one whose neck had never been lent to the yoke
- 87 VIRGINIS ASPERY — Diana the chaste goddess who amused herself with following the rough pursuit of the forest
- 130 INCENTUM REGNI DECUS — Here is meant the celebrated golden fleece
- 231 SATIQLI BORLEA — Calais and Zetes sons of Boreas and the nymph Orithyas
- 634 AQUILONE — Used to signify Boreas also used to signify the North Wind
- 652 IDMON — The son of Apollo and a very learned augur, who died from the bite of a serpent
- 698 OPHILCHUS — A constellation composed of 17 stars but the serpent immediately above Scorpion is accented with 23 It is likewise called, “*Anguipennis*” *Anousifer* and “*Serpentaria*” by Cicero — see Manilius lib I, v. 331

Medea in the fulness of her object to revenge herself upon Jason, leaves no stone (serpent) unturned to bring it about. She wishes to include the heavens as well as the earth, in marring every thing of a poisonous or deleterious nature.

- 726 BÆTIS—A river of Spain, now called the Guadalquivir.
- 730 SIGES—This word is used by Medea to accentuate the importance of a certain plant which had been nicked by some magician's nail and she forthwith pronounces it as a regular harvest in itself as a veritable god-send.
- 781 RELIQUIT ISTAS—Zetes and Calais in return for the kindness thus received from Phineus delivered him from the Harpies.
- 785 *ai, ai*—This is a Greek exclamation and is used to denote that the lugubrious sound which she hears is from the Infernal Deities, and is recognised by her, and she simply ejaculates her acknowledgment by *ai, ai*, which is tantamount to our English, "Hic! Surely that is some significant sound I heard."
- 795 DICTYNNA—One of the names of Diana, derived from the Greek, *δινύσσων*, a net in her capacity of huntress, the Goddess used nets to ensnare the wild animals.
- 796 ÆRA CORINTHII—It is to be inferred from the recorded exceptional sonorousness of the cymbals, bells and brasses cast at Corinth that they owed this property to some judicious combination of various metals. Delius thinks that gold was one of the constituents. This may have been the case and must have augmented their value, but this metal surely could not have enhanced the quality of the sound, on the other hand, silver can easily be supposed to have added to their enchantingness of tone—ne scilicet Luna incantatione auditâ cœlo detraheretur.
- 814 PERSEI—Perseis is another name for Diana.
- 1022 SIC FUGERE SOLLO—In flying from *Colchis* Medea slew her brother, in flying from Thessaly, Pelias—from Ithebes, Creon, Creusa and her two children.

AGAMEMNON

- 6 IMO FRATERNOS LARES—Calls to the memory of Thyestes, the repast given to him by Atreus.
- 30 GNATÆ INFANDOS—Thyestes, after the treachery of his brother, consults the oracle, which advises him to marry his own daughter Pelopeia, and that a son by her, Ægisthus, would be the means of carrying out his revenge.
- 133 MIXTUS DOLORI—In the present passage, as well as in many others, "dolor" is used for "jealousy", whilst Seneca employs this word in all its principal meanings—jealousy, grief, pain, and anger.

Lan

- 16 **TYNDARIS CYCIGENE**—Clytemnestra was the daughter of Tyndarus, who was the grandson of Jupiter.
- 16 **THESEO**—Theseus killed Lyssa in his camp at night.
- 314 **STIRIS INACHIA**—This chorus is composed of the Argolian women. Inachus was the first king of Argos.
- 451 **TYRRHENI S FISCIS**—These words refer to the fish called the Dolphin into which the Turies were changed.
- 566 **SCUTERE LEMNOS NOBILIS**—The women in the island of Lemnos, being neglected by their husbands, killed all the men who were husbands on the island on the same day. Lemnos was also the scene of another massacre the Athenians killing all the children they had by some Athenian women, whom they had carried away to become their wives—Hence arose the proverb *Lemnian Deed* as applied to any acts of uncommon cruelty.
- 673 **BISTONIS**—Iroge who killed Irys, her infant and was changed into a swallow.
- 686 **MOILES VIROS**—The poet here speaks of the Galli priests of Cybele because they mutilated themselves even to castration so as to render themselves effeminate which they became by this means of emasculation—in memory of the mutilation of the young Atys.
- 731 **MARMARICUS LEO**—The Marmaric Lion found in a country north of Italy, bordering on Egypt.
- 748 **TROILUS**—The youngest son of Priam, rash enough to challenge Achilles by whom he was killed.
- 863 **MFANDAN DARDANIL DOMUS**—Allusion to Priam's house especially, who was punished by Hercules.

HERCULES OTTUS

- 24 **ANTEUS LIBUS**—Anteus the son of Neptune and Terra, whom Hercules squeezed to death in his arms—as he only gained additional strength every time he came in maternal contact with Terra.
- 69 **ASTREA**—The Constellation Virgo of the Zodiac which follows Leo—Astrea quitted this earth in disgust at the wickedness of the human race.
- 160 **NABATHÆ**—The people who inhabited Arabia Petrea.
- 369 **THESPIADES**—The fifty daughters of Thespius whose great ambition was that they should all be made pregnant by Hercules, a task which Hercules cheerfully undertook, and succeeded with all but one of them upon whom Hercules however, visited his revenge for her non-compliance—some classical wags have dubbed this performance as the 13th Labor in the subjoined hexametric couplet:
*“Tertius huic decimus labor est durissimus una
 Quinquaginta simul stupravit nocte puellas*
 which I have anglicized
*‘ This thirteenth labor did most surely test his might
 To make those fifty Virgins Mothers in one night*

Line

492 GRAVIDA NIPHIL.—The cloud which is fabled to have given birth to the Centaurs

574 JECUR.—The seat of one's longing desires chiefly of love, which is supposed to be associated in the mind with yellowish bile, that of anger with bile of a blackish tinge "Fors" is used here adverbially, so in Virgil-Aeneid 5, line 232
"Et fors aequatis cepissent prunæ rostris"

This is a word frequently used by Seneca,

"Sanguinis quondam capax"

and was employed colloquially by the Latins to represent various internal organs, as well as to denote certain conditions of the mind, disposition etc.—The Liver was supposed, and very properly so to preside largely over the temper, which it does and will continue to do, the spleen, too, comes in for its share in this respect the small intestine likewise, "O' dura ilia messorum"—O' durum jecur' by Seneca, Line 1733 But it is not in its figurative sense that it is used here, any more than it is at Line 709

"Cor attonitum salit prœdumque"

"Trepidis palpitat venis jecur"

However, it appears in above 1220, that it clearly refers to the substance of the lungs either functionally or anatomically, and I have rendered the passage accordingly, are we right, then, in assuming that the word "jecur" was employed to designate any larger organ? It is evident that the liver cannot palpitate, as at Line 709, but it may have been used by Seneca in the sense of that organ ("Jecur" following "Cor" in the line preceding)

I have reason to think that the knowledge of anatomy was not so backward as it might appear, in Seneca's day, and that he might have known of the existence of a diaphragm, dividing the thoracic and abdominal cavities, and if this "Jecur" were applied to the act of breathing, which it obviously was, I think that the rendering which I have advanced will serve to dissipate any physiological or anatomical inconsistencies and impossibilities. Some commentators give "vigor" instead of "jecur", clearly implying the function of the Lung

582 CALYDONIÆ—Calydon, the principal city of Ætolia

706 VAGUS PER ARTUS—I am so bewildered in my mind, and my natural susceptibilities are so much wrought upon, that my terrified heart leaps and throbs, and my very liver, as the result of fear beats against my side with its blood-vessels in tremulous commotion

709 COR—JECUR.—These words occur in following lines, and one of them must be rendered "the heart", which, if beating very forcibly, might be supposed to extend its impulsive movements, just over the left lobe of the liver, and thus simulating the pulsation of the liver itself, thus, in deference to Seneca, I have recognized the anatomical anomaly of the liver palpitating, and have thus rendered the word

L e

"Jecur as the 'liver' Horace uses the word 'Jecur' eight times for the liver, and once for the 'heart' 'Jecur' may likewise be taken for strength, courage, endurance disposition

- 739 *TUMENSQUE TACITA SEQUITUR*—This line is italicized in the Latin text, owing to some difference with the commentator as to its proper position

'Locus desperatus in quo deserit dux noster ab Etruria' Detrius suggests that it should come after lines 1001-1002. 'Quenam ista?' But Gronovius thinks that he has overshot the mark, sed frustra gratulatur sibi, as he remarks. Dejanira does not see Megera following her from behind but before her eyes, with the brandished torch so that I prefer to render the passage where it is, besides it is a fitting prelude enough to the verse which follows, when Dejanira's train of thought is interrupted as she sees her son hastening with rapid steps, 'and although swelling with pent up anger, without saying a word, she ponders over the situation as presented to her senses, and merely shakes her head significantly. The absurdity of Dejanira having eyes at the back of her head, would shock the most indulgent of readers even allowing fully for the vagaries of poetic fictions

- 776 *PHRYEUM MARE*—The Hellespont

- 820 *CYDON*—The archers in the city of Crete were famous for their skill

- 960 *CAULENT BELIAS*—The Danaides were grand daughters of Belus

- 975 *MORS DIFFERATUR*—Let me put off death as determined upon by myself, and let me perish as Lichas did only that I choose that death, and Lichas had no choice about the matter

- 1168 *TRUCI RICTU GYGES*—The giant Gyges was reckoned the most ugly and the most formidable of all the giants

- 104 *TURBA*—I have given a rendering of this word as 'Staff', as whilst Hercules was disposing of Ceryon it is not likely that Eurythion, although a less formidable giant, and the two headed dog Orthrus stood by as passive spectators, whilst the conflict went on

- 120 *SANGUINIS QUONDAM CAPAX*—Seneca is very fond of this word "Jecur" and employs it here as a figurative expression implying the normal action of the respiratory apparatus the due circulation of the blood throughout the pulmonary tissue and draws attention to the consequences of its having been interrupted as hinted at in the text "Jecur" appears to apply to the function of any organ and then simply signifies the physiological duties thereof and I have used it in this sense without any hesitation, as applied to the lines 1220—1221

Line

- 1811 CLEONAS—Between Argos and Corinth, near the spot where the Nemæan lion was killed
- 1973 PÆNAS—This prediction of Hercules was accomplished Euiystheus was conquered by Hyllus near Marathon—some say that Hyllus cut off his head, and handed it over to Alcmena as an especial present

OCTAVIA

- 10 GENITRIX—Uigulamilia and Alia Pætina were divorced by Claudius before he married Messalina. Messalina, the mother of Octavia, was noted for her lustful propensities supposedly, I should think, suffering from the "furo uterinus", which was not very mercifully regarded in those days. At all events, consistent with this notion of nymphomania, which led to such doings, so derogatory to her dignity as a Queen Consort, she had been guilty of a series of immoralities, before the disgraceful mockery of marriage with Silus, which, this time, however, cost her her life.
- 22 NOVERCA—The marriage of Claudius with Agrippina was regarded in Rome, as an incestuous marriage, although according to Juvenal, sexual morality was not a canon held in the strictest observance in those days of Patrician licentiousness.
- 60 ELECTRA—Sophocles has alluded copiously to the weeping of Electra, and her strong desire for the return of Orestes to revenge the death of their father, Agamemnon.
- 105 SUBJECTA FAMULÆ—Seneca constantly uses this word and in very different senses. Poppæa was not a slave, but a woman of good descent. Her father had filled the office of Quæstor.
- 148 SILANUS—Silanus was not killed, but committed suicide the same day that Claudius married Agrippina, and Tacitus says this added to the public indignation.
- 231 VIDIMUS CÆLO IUBAR—Tacitus alludes to this comet, and Seneca in the Quæst. Natur.
- 382 REMOTUS—Seneca had been accused of adultery with Julia the daughter of Germanicus, and was expatriated by Claudius to the island of Corsica. Agrippina obtained his return and made him the tutor of Nero.
- 437—8 PLAUTI SULLÆQUE—Plautus Rabellius had been exiled into Asia, and Sulla into Narbonensian Gaul, but they were both executed by Nero's orders—Tacitus, Lib. 12 Annal., and Suetonius apud Neronem, Cap. 15.
- 515 PAVERE—It was at Philippi, where a great battle was fought by Octavius and Antony, against Brutus and Cassius, and allusion is here made to the immense number of the slain which were left exposed, unburied, on the plains for the birds of prey to feast upon.

L

- 63 ISTRI—I prefer *Indi*—which is suggested in some editions the latter river being more associated with the idea of gems and precious stones than the Ister or Danube can be so imagined
- 696 CULPA SENECE—I think that the rendering I have given of the word “*Culpa*,” represents the poet’s meaning
- 882 MISERANDA PARENS—This unfortunate woman was Cornelia the daughter of Scipio Africanus, and being sprung from him was consequently a scion of one of the principal families in Rome
- 887 TE QUOQUE LIVI—The tribune Livius Drusus, established great reforms in the laws. He was assassinated just as he was leaving his own house
- 942 LIVIA—Livia poisoned her husband, Drusus
- 943 JULIA—Julia, the daughter of Livia was accused of complicity in the poisoning of Drusus but it was not proved she was nevertheless, exiled and ultimately suffered death
- 979 TAURORUM—The Tauri were a people of Scythia, and they sacrificed strangers on the altars of Diana